THE

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ANTI-MATHEW;

OR,

A CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

It is utterly in vain to think of stemming the tide of opinion—*taste* it cannot well be called—which in these our days is running, gushing, streaming, and roaring in favour of cold water. Aquarius is the sign of the times. The world is all abroad on an universal aquatic excursion; ducking, dabbling, drenching, soaking, and sousing being the order of the day—which is the wettest day ever known even in the history of this wet climate, thanks to a Mathew and glory to a Priessnitz! Voices now there are heard none, save those of the teetotaller and the hydropathist, which are as the roar of many waters, and comparable to no mortal eloquence.

The waters are out with a vengeance; and, what is more, they will soon be *out* in the sense of exhaustion, if the water-drinkers are not more abstemious, or if the pleasures of the pump are not to be enjoyed in moderation. It is evident from the enthusiasm of the Mathewites (who are not Luke-warm), that men may be intoxicated with water as well as with wine, and that sobriety is by no means necessarily one of the virtues of *aqua pura*. The father of temperance himself must clearly have been more than *half seas over* before he landed on the British shores. We can only compare his visit to an inundation; and we felt, when we heard of his coming, as if the river Shannon had announced his intention to make the tour of England, and wait on the Thames.

It is comfortable to think that his reverence can only work wonders, and has not the gift of working miracles; otherwise he would turn all our own wine into water,—a transmutation decidedly contrary to sacred precedent, and infinitely more worthy of a Mohammedan divine than a Christian minister.

We have no antipathy to water, although we have the vile taste to

prefer claret; we think, as the proverb goes, there is a place for every thing, and of course there is a place for water: there is, for instance, the sea, where there is ample room for it; the beds of rivers, where we engage never to disturb its repose; ponds, where it is a great convenience and satisfaction to fish; tanks in which we promise never to dip our tankard; and the tea-kettle, with which we would gladly live upon terms of good-fellowship, only stipulating that it is not, like an insolent usurper, to push the decanter off the table. But water is just now the most intolerant, domineering, intrusive, and encroaching of all the elements. Instead of standing quietly in our ewers and vases, it insists on usurping our glasses, and endeavours to wash the wine out of our cellars.

The Humane Society is bound to protect us against a system which threatens to drown us like a second deluge of Deucalion, who was probably the Mathew of his day, which Noah certainly was not.

What confirms us in this opinion, which we have here thrown out for the consideration of the historical antiquary, is the course which the fish are said to have taken in the days of Deucalion, and which Horace alludes to, where he says,

> Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
> Visere montes.

Now *visere montes* ought to be translated "to look for mountain," the poor fishes having been under the necessity of resorting to wine, when the teetotallers of those early days drank up all the water. "Any *port* in a storm" is a proverb which a salmon would see the full force of in such afflicting circumstances. He might make some shift for his life in dry sherry, but could have no chance whatever on dry land.

Having long been *dipped* figuratively, we are now on the point of being dipped in fact, and besides being over head and ears in debt, we shall very soon be over head and ears in water. While politicians apprehend a national decline, our fear is, that we shall perish of a national dropsy. Britannia rules the waves no more; the waves now rule Britannia, and Mathew "wields his little trident" as viceroy of the waters. These affusions, effusions, and infusions, will infallibly terminate in confusion; the only statesman capable of helping us in this "rainy day" is Mackintosh; and, unless the waters speedily abate, we can only be saved, like Dutchmen, by being dammed. Theologians assure us that men are not to be saved by works, yet here is a school of divinity, of which Father Mathew is the principal, which maintains that men are to be saved, not only by works, but by water-works! The doctors of this school ought to settle at Chelsea, and open their academy in a reservoir. As in a conflagration, people cry —"Fire! fire! fire!" So the shout should now be—"Water! water! water!"

There ought to be formed a Water Assurance Company without delay, and instead of fire-engines charged with water, there ought to be water-engines provided with all manner of combustibles, to be used at temperance festivals, and in all cases of the like inundations.

"Holloah!—there is water at Mr. Dribble's!—Water!—water!—water!"

"No fire to be had, as usual.—Water!—water!—water! Where is Dribble insured?"

"In the Dolphin—send for the Dolphin water-engine.—Water!—water!—water!"

"Where did the water break out?"

"At the pump."

"No, it was in the cistern.—Water!—water!—Not a spark of fire to be got!"

"Save me!—save me!—I am drowning!"

"I know that voice. It's poor Mrs. Brook; her husband is Secretary of the St. Dunstan's Total Abstinence Society."

"Which meets at Mr. Dribble's!"

"That explains all; Brook and Dribble are lost; I have no doubt they were irreclaimable; I prophesied their fate six months ago."

"No, no! poor Brook has escaped this time; but with such a drenching as will be a lesson to him while he lives."

"Brook, where's Ford?"

"Ducked."

"And Dribble?"

"Dribble's drowned."

The thought has occurred to us that the late dreadful ravages occasioned by fire in the metropolis may be accounted for by the natural spleen of that destructive element at witnessing the triumphs of its ancient rival, water, in the person of the apostle of temperance. Vulcan was determined to show that he was not to be put down, or rather put *out*, without a struggle; so that we have narrowly escaped being indebted to St. Mathew for a second fire of London. It is quite clear, that the excessive water-drinking promoted by the reverend gentleman during his mission amongst us diminished the supply of that fluid, when it was so imperatively required to arrest the progress of the conflagrations we allude to. With all his cold water, therefore, we cannot but pronounce his apostleship an incendiary; and we must add our deliberate opinion that the incendiary who keeps a country in hot water is not half so much to be reprobated as the incendiary who keeps it in cold water. But as this is the age of compromise, we are disposed to suggest a concordatum between the conflicting principles, and would humbly recommend, as a middle course between fire on one side, and water on the other, a common resort to the liquid which the Indian tribes call *fire-water!* The advantage of this would be, that those who love an innocent tumbler of punch would be reinstated in the enjoyment of that cheap luxury; and the excise would exhibit handsome returns.

"Raising the wind," used to be a favourite occupation in this great city; but raising the water is now the only employment in vogue, and there is nearly as much humbug in the latter as in the former vocation. There is so much pumping at present, that there will soon be no such thing as a secret, and in this respect water may lay claim to one of the established properties of wine. This is perfectly consonant with the two proverbial positions, hitherto thought to be somewhat at variance, —namely, "*in vino veritas*," and "truth is found in a well." Truth may properly be said to be found in a well, since it is notoriously discoverable by pumping, and the Mathewites ought accordingly to be the soundest philosophers of the day; it is their distinctive

glory to penetrate to the very springs and drink at the fountain-head —they may say with Lucretius—

Juvat novos accedere fontes,

or with *blind* Samson—

Wherever fountain, or fresh current flowed
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,
I drank.

For our own part, the only truth we ever found in a well was of that too common kind which is called *disagreeable truth;* a sort of pearl which we are not disposed to risk our lives in diving for, although it may be said to be one of the first *water*. We prefer the truth that is in the bottle to the truth that is in the croft, and one smile of Bacchus with his "honest face" to the cold favours of all the naiads. We detest the shivering joviality of a circle about a pump, and think an absolute stagnation of "soul" preferable to its most rapid "flow," when "cold as winter," under the freezing influence of the spirit of the waters. This Temperate Zone is far too Frigid for us. With all the vices and rank disorders of Master Comus, who would not rather spend a jolly night with his dissolute crew, than pass a twelvemonth with Sabrina, in the sober sadness of her sub-aqueous retreat—

Where she is sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave?

We have no objection to drop odours (provided the sweet incense of flattery is spared us), but we have every objection to "*dropping* wine" in the sense in which the temperance societies propose to drop it. If wine be poison, at least it is "sweet poison," which cannot be said of those essentially insipid potations which the wild Irish are grown so perversely addicted to. Better to die of a grape-stone with Anacreon, than run the hazard of a death as damp and dreary as that of Lycidas; —although the teetotallers would have grudged that hapless youth even the "watry *beer*" on which the poet represents him floating.

Had Mr. John Gilpin been a teetotaller, he would have taken his holiday at Edmonton for the sake of "the Wash," not to enjoy the cheering contents of his "two stone bottles." A party on the Thames now means a party to drink Thames water; and Donnybrook fair is resorted to for the sake of *the brook itself!* Guinness in vain multiplies the X's on his barrels; he will soon be X-Guinness, expelled by the Teetotallers and excommunicated by Father Mathew. The good old Irish usquebaugh (which is Hibernian for *eau-de-vie*) is of less account than ditch-water: the *water* remains, but the *life* is extinct; life in Ireland is now the life of a fish or a water-fowl—a sort of game of duck and drake; the Irish have ceased to be sons of song, and are become, through their aquatic habits, mere studies for a naturalist. Moore ought to leave the concluding chapters of their history to be written by Waterton.

The tranquillity produced by temperance is the very reverse of *still*-life, and the canker in the heart of the country is no longer a *worm*. The *worm* of the still is not the worm that "dieth not," for it is almost

at its last gasp, and the distillers are filling their vats with tears, as Milton's daffodillies filled their cups, for want of a more generous liquor to replenish them. We are informed that the popular melody at Donnybrook, in August last, was the "Meeting of the waters."

O, quantum mutatus ab illo!

The popular air in the merry days before Mathew threw his wet blanket over the green isle, used to be,

Oft in the stilly night,

and oft was the jug renewed and oft did the glass go round in harmony with that spirit-stirring air. Need it be recorded that there is an end of the "tipsy dance and jollity," which once made the suburban fête the "envy of surrounding nations and the wonder of the world?" The only grasshoppers remaining strongly resemble Cowley's, whose drink is—

The dewy morning's gentle wine,

and this is not the "morning" which Irishmen were wont to call for, and which made them of old so full of frolic and fun, that they danced jigged, and capered, and

Played such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As made the angels *laugh*.

For a long time we thought a temperance festival the height of absurdity; but a temperance booth at Donnybrook fair was a pitch of contradiction beyond all our experience in what is preposterous. Were a friend Jonathan or Obadiah to rise in a quaker meeting-house, and propose to dance "Sir Roger de Coverley," the exhibition would not be a whit more ludicrous. Not to speak of angels, the spectacle in question must have been one to make the most melancholy blue devil in the dullest nook of Tartarus shake his infernal sides with laughter. Then to hear the fallen Flanagans, the degenerated Delanys, and the moping Murphies, complimented by the podestas of Dublin upon their good behaviour during the fair week! Good behaviour, quoth-a! As if Donnybrook fair was a place or a time for any conduct of the kind! How much has the man to answer for who has thus fearfully corrupted the Irish masses! We never felt so much disposed to "kick the bucket."

Pindar has affirmed that "water is the best of things;" but Pindar was a poet, and a poet's assertion is only worth a song. Probably, however, he only meant that water was the best thing in the world for cooling wine; for we know that the Greeks were wont to plunge their flaming cups in the cold streams that gushed from Parnassus and Cithæron. Or the water intended by the bard may have been *eau-de-vie*. Should none of these interpretations satisfy, we shall just beg the reader to recollect that Pindar was not an Athenian, or even a Spartan, but a native of the land of boobies—a Theban! And so is every man who objects to a flask of wine.

The only army of water-drinkers mentioned in history was the army of Xerxes, which, the Greek chroniclers assure us, drank a river dry at every meal. No wonder the Greeks thrashed them! Juvenal affects

to discredit the story, but we think it an extremely probable one, when we reflect on the fate of the Persian armament:

> He counted them at break of day,
> But when the sun set where were they?

Had they drank by the vintages of Hellas, instead of drenching themselves with its streams, Marathon and Thermopylæ would not have terminated as they did. Mars is never so martial as when he is backed by Bacchus. There is no artillery equal to grape, a principle which the Romans understood so well that they drilled their matchless soldiery "sub *vite;*" which has been construed to mean the baton of the Roman centurion, but was indubitably the vine itself, with its glorious clusters, the source of the warrior's spirit, as of the poet's inspiration. Imagine our Cold-stream guards opposed in action to the mellow troops of imperial Rome, rushing to fight with their "Io Bacche!" and grafting their laurels on the Falernian vine! We are disposed to consider *Bibulus* as upon the whole a greater man than Cæsar, for we do not read of the latter having ever called for drink but upon one occasion, and then no doubt it was water-gruel, or some such slop, he required from the hands of Titinius. We may be sure there was no teetotalling allowed in Rome while Bibulus was consul. He would have thrown Father Mathew into the Tiber in the twinkling of a cup of Chian.

The ancient philosophers appear to have given no countenance to the water-drinking mania. Diogenes, although a cynic, showed his respect for wine in the choice he made of his abode. No sooner did he drain his cask than he resolved to reside in it, for the sake of the bouquet which still adhered to the staves,

> Diogenes surly and proud,
> He snarled at the Macedon youth,
> Delighted in wine that was good,
> Because in good wine there is truth.
> But growing as poor as a Job,
> And unable to purchase a flask,
> He chose for his mansion a tub,
> And lived by the scent of the cask.

Aristotle's convivial character is beyond dispute. He is known all the world over by the name of the *Stagger*-ite, on account of the extraordinary freedom of his libations. His works bear witness to his celebrity as a toper, for they have been *staggering* the learned world ever since they were composed. It has even been remarked that the name of Aristotle rhymes to bottle; but this was probably accidental.

The story of the continual weeping of Heraclitus is only to be accounted for by supposing that he was one of the *maudlin* philosophers of his day. His tears were, no doubt, the "tears of the cup;" and with all his crying, his works would probably be found sufficiently dry if they had reached us, which we are well pleased to think that they have not, as there is maudlin philosophy enough in our own age and language.

The case of Aristippus is too notorious to require an observation;

and as to Socrates, it is as certain as any historical fact can be, that drinking caused his death. He probably acquired the habit of tippling by resorting to the taverns and gin-shops of Athens, to escape the voluble tongue of his lady, who, being a practical hydropathist, usually treated him on his return home to a cool shower-bath,—"A woman's weapons,—water-drops."

It is time for the rivers themselves to feel alarmed, particularly for the interest of the fish, who have dangerous rivals in the teetotallers. A fish out of water is the most melancholy object in creation. Would not a "meeting of the waters" be expedient? The Shannon should of course head the movement, and issue a manifesto commencing with "Rivers, arise!" The Boyne-water is notorious for its powers of public excitement; but in every part of the island there are plenty of murmuring streams and brawling brooks to get up a most respectable agitation, and there would be no want of the habit of *spouting*, or of the "torrens copia." The cause is enough to make a standing pool fluent, and put a puddle in a storm. We do not presume to offer an opinion as to the steps the rivers should take in this emergency; but a "run on the banks" will be probably recommended.*

A run on the banks, or at least a run *to* the banks, may be said to be the course recommended by the Irish apostle. We see no objection to the banks, if men would only stop there; but the sight of water makes a teetotaller's mouth water, and he can resist any temptation but a draught of the cold element. This is a frailty which it is very difficult for us to understand, who think the ruby so far superior to the crystal, and would willingly exchange all the waters of the Rhine and the Rhone for one bottle of hock or hermitage from their delicious banks. Every man however has his weak point, his "foiblesse plus forte que soi," and it is to be hoped that even the blasphemers of Bacchus will find mercy.

It is also to be hoped that the waters will soon subside, either through the preaching of some jovial missionary, or the return of mankind *from* their sober senses. For the present the mania must run its course—which in this instance is a water-course. We must wait, like the swain in the satire, "dum defluit *amnis*."

It does not rain for ever even at the lakes of Killarney, or in the realms of Connemara. But should the water-king menace us with an actual deluge, we must only resist him to the last drop of wine in our cellars, and then trusting ourselves to some scented hogshead by way of an ark, go in quest of another Ararat, and with a "hip, hip, hurrah," from its glorious summit, assert to the last the divinity of the grape.

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* Troubled waters are now more alarming than ever, since a commission of *savans* in the north of Europe have ascertained by experiment that oil has not the property proverbially ascribed to it, of quelling the tumults of the deep.

THE MASTER-PASSION:

A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

By T. C. Grattan, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

It was on one of the highest of the mountains overlooking the valley of Chamouni, and while I marked far below me its apparently pigmy population moving in scarcely discernible groups, that the thought struck me that there certainly existed there, if one could but find them out, some traditions of suffering or sentiment—some of those materials common to mankind elsewhere, out of which the webs of story-tellers are spun. As the thought occurred, I turned to Pierre Payot, my intelligent guide, and remarked that in a place so remote from the busy world events doubtless occurred, from time to time, of an out of the way kind.

"Why, as for that, sir," said he, "there is a good deal of honesty in our valley, and they say that is not very common in the world you speak of. I could tell you some true instances; and it is odd enough that I see a woman going along the road there this moment, who is a living proof of it."

"You cannot distinguish any particular individual at this great distance, can you?" asked I.

"Easily, sir," replied Payot. "Custom gives to us guides great sharpness of vision. What is it that enables the eagles to see objects from such a height but the habit of looking after their prey?"

"As you watch for a stray traveller, eh, my good friend?"

"No, no, sir, we are not so bad as that," returned he, with a good-humoured smile. "I assure you that some of us are almost as honest as Marie Cachat there below; and probably we are as little the better of it as she was on one memorable occasion."

"A memorable occasion?" said I, concealing as much as possible the pleasure which rose up in anticipation of some very interesting recital.

"Yes, indeed, it was so, sir; for it rarely falls to the lot of a poor woman with four helpless children to find a portfolio containing bank notes to the value of 5000 francs."

"And she had this good luck, had she?"

"She had, sir,—there, on the very road, and probably not a hundred yards from the spot where she is now walking. I am sure I should not wonder if the devil rose up every time she passes the place, and laughed at her for her profitless honesty."

"Honesty is its own reward, my friend," said I, in all the complacency of commonplace.

"So is avarice, sir," retorted Payot; "and the vice being better paid than the virtue, it is no wonder it is the most *à la mode*."

Hating argument when I am enjoying nature, and fearful of clogging with metaphysics the story I anticipated, I forbore from any

rejoinder, and merely begged my guide to tell me the one in question.

"Bless you, sir," said he—and it was quite an original answer, though a wonderful coincidence—"bless you, sir, I have no story to tell; but only just that poor, honest Marie Cachat, having picked up the portfolio and ascertained its value, ran three leagues and a half on the road to Sallenches before she could overtake its owner, a rich milord, and when she gave it to him—"

"Well, what then?" said I, impatiently.

"Why, he *thanked* her, sir, and that was all she got for her pains."

"The devil take him, whoever he was!" exclaimed I, bouncing up from the granite seat on which I had been resting. "And is that all?"

"All! why it was nothing, sir."

"And your story is finished?"

"I told you I had no story, sir. But it would not be hard to invent one here. It was on that mountain yonder, by the side of a little spring which feeds that puny cascade, that the celebrated Monsieur Florian commenced his—"

"Trashy tale of 'Claudin,'" said I, interrupting Payot rather uncivilly. "But, as you say, any one might invent a story here. But I want truth, my friend. Have you nothing extraordinary to tell me—no terrible crimes or strange misdemeanors—or the like?"

"Alas! nothing sir. People here are, I believe, much the same as in other places; neither very good nor very bad, and they rarely commit crimes."

I wandered over the huge hills for the rest of the day, hoping in vain for some flesh-and-blood adventure, to break the monotony of my admiration at the wonders of inanimate nature.

Next morning we were early on the road towards Martigny, Payot carrying my light portmanteau; and the weather being like that of the preceding day, splendid, I was in good heart, reconciled to the dull virtues of Chamouni, had forgotten all my anxiety for story-telling, and was never in a mood of more thorough enjoyment.

As we stepped along merrily, I marked the beams playing round the peaks of "The Monarch," and telling us that the sun had risen, though he was far hidden from our ken by the giant mountain, which he had yet some hours to climb before he could overlook the valley where I and my guide trudged on.

We had not proceeded half a league, when Payot said to me,

"I am glad, sir, to find you in a better humour than you were yesterday. I have been worrying myself all night to recollect some gloomy anecdote to put you in good temper, but I could not succeed. However, my wife—you know women are better hands than we are, sir, at remembering romance—it's more in their way—told me that I should be sure, as I went along the road this morning, to stumble on something to suit your fancy.

"'Don't you remember,' says she, 'the Bloody Mill and the Skeleton Hand?'"

"The what?" asked I, abruptly, and coming to a full stop.

"The Bloody Mill and the Skeleton Hand," returned my guide. "Do you like the title, sir?"

"Amazingly!" answered I.

"Then look there, sir, at those ruined walls close by the river."

I cast my eyes to the right, and saw the crumbling remains of a house.

"That is the Bloody Mill, sir."

"And the Skeleton Hand?" asked I, with the true gluttony of a legend hunter.

"Oh, you shall have that too, all in good time, sir," replied Payot, smiling; "but you must have a little patience, and let things come on gradually and in due succession."

"Certainly, certainly, I am not in the least hurry—only you know the words are enough to excite a little curiosity."

"Well then, sir, you shall not be kept in suspense," said my guide; and after drawing all my attention to another mill about a quarter of a mile further up the valley, but one forming a most flourishing and wealthy-looking contrast to the desolate ruin of the other, he related in substance pretty nearly as follows:

In the latest years of the last century, two millers had established themselves in that unfortunate contiguity which, with a rivalry of pursuits and similarity of interests, was almost sure to produce envy, hatred, and malice. On one side, at least, these results were decided and violent.

Gabriel Balmat, the occupant of the dwelling whose ruins are now the only visible records of his existence, was a man of dark and direful character. Unmated and solitary in the world, he had no check in domestic associations to the baneful passions of an idle-regulated mind. He was poor, and had from early youth maintained a hard struggle against fate. But there was neither dignity nor virtue in the contest. He worked his way through life in bitterness and gloom, finding congenial associations in the desolate rocks and glaciers, and seeking none with any of his own species, beyond what was prescribed by the actual necessities of his calling.

The evil disposition of this unhappy man was chiefly excited against his rival in trade, Paul Corryeur, who was, even earlier than he, established in the mill that had been his father's before him; so that Balmat had really no excuse, much less a justification, for his enmity. The man he hated so much was simple and honest in his manners and dealings; a fair competitor, in a business which afforded ample employment for two persons, and a fair chance of respectable provision for at least two families.

It was not, however, wonderful that the amiable and conciliating manners of Corryeur made him the favourite with the small farmers and the smaller peasantry. Nothing "brings grist to the mill," literally or figuratively, so much as an easy temper and a kindly bearing. The consequence, in the present instance, was, that the possessor of these happy qualities had generally more corn to grind than his hopper could accommodate; that his wife and children were well dressed, and his little household in a state of great comfort; while his unpopular neigh-

bour got but little employment, and was continually forced to expend his indifferent profits in lawsuits.

The vexations and injuries he, on many occasions, caused to Corryeur and his property, were considerable. But the latter never would follow the example of others, by retaliating or going to law, trusting to his own industry to repair the mischief, and benevolently hoping for a change of character in his disagreeable and dangerous neighbour.

The wisdom of this conduct was in some measure justified by the result;—for in the course of time a feeling did accidentally rise up in the breast of Gabriel, which, if it did not altogether change his disposition, at least modified it in some measure, in respect to its injurious effects upon the Corryeur family.

It happened one morning early that Gabriel was taking a solitary walk up that side of the Arne, the little river of Chamouni, on which his own mill and dwelling-house were situate, his mind fixed, as usual, on some project of ill, or occupied with some reflection of discomfort; when his attention was suddenly attracted to a group of children on the opposite bank, whom he at once recognised as the junior branches of Corryeur's family. He had never before been so near those young creatures, for they had such an extreme dread of him, that they on all possible occasions avoided his very neighbourhood. He now stood gazing on them with folded arms and scowling aspect, and at sight of those living reproaches to his misanthropy and malice, his bad feelings were still more excited, and they at length arose to absolute fury, on observing that as soon as the children saw him, they fled towards their home, uttering piercing screams, and throwing behind them looks of terror. The first impulse of his passion made him also run in the same direction, shouting and uttering imprecations, so as to increase their fright; and at last one of the little urchins—a mere infant—was tripped up by a stone on the path, and fell headlong from the bank into the stream. Shallow as it was, there was quite water enough to drown a child of that helpless age; and such might have been the fate of the little victim had Balmat left it to itself. But urged by his impetuous temper, and acting from impulse more than design, he rushed into the river, over the rocky impediments, and was just within arm's length of the struggling innocent, and on the point of either plunging it deeper into the water, and so suffocating it, or raising it up to dash it to a certain death against the granite blocks around, when he was arrested, in time to save him from the commission of this ferocious and cowardly crime.

It was no stalwart arm that interposed to save the helpless object of his rage; it was that of a little girl of about twelve years old, the eldest sister of the drowning child, who, while her two younger brothers continued their flight towards home, had intrepidly stopped on her path, and immediately ran into the water, to interpose between the double death which seemed to menace her little sister.

"Oh, sir, kill me, kill me! but not little Josephine—that would break my mother's heart," cried the pale and agitated girl, piteously looking towards Balmat's terrible countenance, while her hands were employed in raising the child from its perilous position.

Almost every mind does homage to the quality of courage—none more so than those in which it degenerates into ferocity. The cruel

Balmat was struck with astonishment and admiration. The boldness of this girl, herself a mere child, in rushing to what she evidently believed a self-sacrifice, to save her sister's life and her mother's feelings, appeared to him an act of such sublimity, that even the callous heart of "Gabriel the cruel," as he was usually called, was touched by it in a way unknown to him before.

"No, I'll not kill either you or her," said he, with a grim smile, as he took the children, one in each hand, and helped them out of the water; and as he lifted them up the bank, he asked the eldest what was her name?

"Julie Corryeur," replied she, timidly, and turning towards home, as though still afraid to trust herself in such perilous company.

"You are afraid of me?" said Balmat.

"Yes, sir," answered Julie.

"You know me, then? Who am I?"

"The wicked miller of Chamouni, sir."

Balmat could not help laughing at the candour and civility combined in this rough answer; but before he could continue the conversation, his attention was attracted to the approach of a group from the rival mill, consisting of Corryeur, his wife, and two of their servants, who had hastened out on hearing the screams of the children, and now rapidly approached with menacing air. Balmat, having quite recovered his calmness, proceeded to ascend the broken and rocky bank, with his dripping companions, one in each hand; and as he reached the level ground, the hostile group arrived on the spot.

The children immediately disengaged themselves from his hold, and rushed into the open arms of their parents, both of whom anxiously gazed to see that all was safe and well; and the father being the soonest satisfied, he stepped close up to Balmat, and exclaimed in an angry tone,

"What does all this mean, neighbour Gabriel? What have you been doing to my children?"

On hearing this, Julie turned again quickly, and taking hold of her father's hand, she said with much earnestness,

"Oh, nothing, nothing, father, but what was good and very kind to us. Little Josephine fell into the river, and Monsieur Balmat ran in to save her from being drowned."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Corryeur, "then I am more obliged to him than I would have been to any man in the district. One expects a good turn from a friend and no thanks; but when an enemy does it he deserves our gratitude. Come, Gabriel, give me your hand, and let us be *good* neighbours henceforward!"

"Not so fast, Paul Corryeur," replied Balmat, with a tone more serious than sullen, and folding his arms across his breast; "I cannot give my hand to a man who has not some share of my heart. I am an open enemy at any rate. But I have no objection to be friends with little Julie there. Will you let her embrace me?"

"To be sure I will if she likes it. It would be hard to refuse that to him who saved her sister's life."

"Tut, tut, man! I did not save the child's life, and had no notion of doing it—and Julie knows that—but she is a brave and a good-hearted

girl, and there's something about her that has struck a new light into my mind altogether; and so will you give me a kiss, Julie?"

Half reluctant, half willing, the little girl received the proffered embrace.

"Thank you, thank you, and God bless you! you are a good child," said Balmat, abruptly, and he then turned away and walked rapidly down the river's side, till he came to the rustic bridge of planks just opposite the source of the Aveyron, at the foot of the Glacier des Bois, and which led up close to his own house.

Chap. II.

The effect produced by this occurrence on the wayward mind of Balmat was extraordinary. It was like that caused by some heavy substance flung into a dark and stagnant lake. It seemed to heave it up in wild convulsion from its very depths, without purifying its nature or changing its hue. The colour of Balmat's character was the same as ever—but one beam shone upon and trembled in it, like the reflection of a single star in the water's gloom. Unloving and unloved, he felt suddenly as though it were possible for him to feel and to inspire regard. The courage shown by Julie in braving his rage, her goodness in interposing between him and her father, the fine expression of her countenance as she received his embrace, were all stirring in his memory during the whole of that day, and, without his knowing it, they had sunk deep and softly into his heart.

The first actual proof which spoke to him in conviction of this effect was a wish that he had happened to marry young, like Paul Corryeur, and that like him he had such a daughter as little Julie.

His next notion was that he would immediately marry, on the chance of having a child that he could love, and who might love him. But the impossibility of this without also having a wife, and the repugnance with which he had ever considered such an incumbrance on his freedom, soon removed that thought. A hundred other cogitations, each succeeding one wilder and more complicated than the last, occupied him for hours on this eventful day, and as it closed in he was himself convinced that he had never passed one so free from evil thoughts or unkindly feelings. His workmen and his old woman-servant could not imagine what had come over him. He neither cursed, nor swore, nor frowned, nor looked vicious from morning till night, and on retiring to bed he actually muttered a "*Bon soir, Jeannette!*" He even dreamed pleasantly—a greater proof than even the tenour of his waking thoughts, that his mind was imbued with a happy influence, which shone through its most shadowy mysteries.

But as he awoke to a full sense of all that had been passing in his brain, another change came rapidly through it, forcing him back to almost his original state of feeling. Pride flashed fiercely upon his relaxing violence of character, and he felt as though degraded by the incipient tenderness which had been stealing on him. The reaction was desperate. His ferocity wholly returned, against all mankind—with one exception: little Julie came in for no share of it.

Some weeks passed by without any outward change being evident in Gabriel Balmat. An overture towards a better acquaintanceship had

been made to him on the part of Paul Corryeur, by one of the farmers with whom they both had dealings, but it was peremptorily rejected; and as the report of his having saved a child from drowning spread in the neighbourhood, Balmat seemed resolved to give it the lie by every practical contradiction in his power. He showed all his usual symptoms of cruelty to animals and moroseness to human beings. He mercilessly shot or stoned to death every intruding dog or cat which prowled into his premises; he severely beat two or three boys who in some way excited his ire, and he even struck one of the mothers—a poor widow, who ventured a remonstrance. Private quarrels, prosecutions before the village magistrates, and threatened lawsuits, were the consequences; but these had no terrors for Gabriel, to whom they were the familiar circumstances of his uneasy life.

Yet still, mixed with all this odious perversity, and now perhaps by some possible caprice of nature exciting to it, was the extraordinary sentiment of affection, or something like it, towards Julie Corryeur. There was no positive evidence of this beyond Gabriel's own consciousness; for he made no open attempt to see the child, but negative presumption was afforded, in his abstinence from all acts of annoyance towards the father of the little peacemaker.

Balmat several times indeed took a solitary stroll up the river's side early in the morning, at noontide, or in the evening; but if he sought for Julie, or hoped to meet her again, he was disappointed; for her mother, blessing the Virgin for her children's late escape, strictly watched their movements now, that they might not again encounter such risk. But from another point of view, often reached in the course of his wanderings, he frequently saw the happy little girl. It was on one of the elevations near the Glacier des Bois, and from which travellers are sometimes indulged with an imperfect view of the Mer de Glace, that Balmat used, unobserved himself, to gaze down upon Julie, sporting about with her young brothers and sister, and the goats, which it was part of her duty to attend in their pasturage, close to the precincts of her father's mill.

It was in the solitude of this isolated spot that Gabriel resolved on the execution of a plan which was to combine with his own gratification the sure infliction of much misery on Paul Corryeur, his hatred for whom seemed to increase in proportion to the unaccountable fancy he had taken for his daughter.

It would seem however, that before putting this plan into execution, he considered it necessary to have the sanction of a recognition, a look of regard, a negative acceptance of his proffered friendship, from the innocent object so unconsciously implicated in his projects. It was therefore that one Sunday morning—that which was fixed on for Julie's going through the ceremony of her first communion—five or six weeks after the river adventure, Balmat was seen (a most unusual circumstance) lounging in the close neighbourhood of the village church, as the congregation were pouring out after the conclusion of the service. The rigid figure and sullen look of "the wicked miller" formed no pleasant object for the rustics; several of the females as they passed him muttered a holy incantation, or made the sign of the cross on their breast as a preservative against evil; and when the Corryeur family appeared, still more decided indications were shown of their abhorrence

and alarm. One of the little boys, who first perceived Gabriel, ran screaming back to his mother, who, catching a sight of the cause of terror, immediately clasped the child closely with one arm, at the same time snatching little Julie towards her, and calling for protection to her husband, who followed her. The latter also perceiving Balmat at the same instant, stepped forward between him and the beloved group, and stood without speaking, but with a look expressive of his determination to defend them against any attempt at ill treatment.

Balmat regarded all these symptoms with a smile of deadly contempt; but it vanished in a moment from his countenance, to give way to an earnest and insinuating look directed to Julie.

Balmat's look, fixed on the handsome and interesting child, spoke almost as plainly as words could have done, "Do you remember me? You do not hate me, in spite of all this hostility?"

Julie certainly caught the spirit of the look, if not quite the letter of its meaning, and she answered it by a smile full of sweetness, sensibility, and good feeling.

"Enough," said Balmat, aloud; "now good morning to you, neighbour Paul! You and your wife may keep your angry looks until there is occasion for them."

With these words he turned away, and poor Corryeur and his wife, alarmed more at the tone and look than at the words themselves, walked silently home to the mill, keeping the children within arm's length all the way, and throwing many a wistful glance around, apprehensive of some hidden treachery at every turn of the road.

A month more passed by, and this untoward rencounter was almost forgotten. The continued absence of local annoyance gave hopes to the Corryeurs that Balmat's hostile feelings were after all subsiding, and honest Paul, and even his less confiding wife, relaxed in their strict measures of precaution, and began to think that they had judged too hastily, and probably looked too harshly, on the memorable day which now began to be distinguished in the recollection and the conversation of the villagers as "Gabriel's Sunday," from the uncommon circumstance of his having been then for the first time seen at the church door.

Chap. III.

It was now summer. The snows had melted from the mountain pasturage, and the flocks and herds resumed their wonted stations, driven carefully up the hilly paths at dawn, and down again at sunset, to the cadenced monotony of the Ranz de Vaches, or the deep-sounding horn. Gabriel Balmat, being a mountaineer as well as a miller, followed, in the summer season especially, the idle, rambling pursuits that he was born to, in a more absolute degree than the steady and regular habits of the calling to which he was brought up. He often took his rifle and joined the chamois hunters of the Breven or the Buet, or straggled alone to the glaciers, or wandered off to the mines of Foully, and wasted precious hours in looking listlessly at the operations of the workmen. His long absences from home were therefore nothing remarkable, and nobody wondered, just at the epoch now in question, that the business of the mill was almost completely neglected by its

wayward master; nor did any one trouble themselves with conjectures as to the particular motives which led him thus away.—But a faint light soon broke on the darkness of his recent doings.

One morning, soon after sunrise, Balmat returned to his solitary and unsocial home, and found the old woman fatigued with her night's watching, and wondering at the unusual circumstance of his having slept abroad.

"Slept!" echoed Gabriel, in a tone of savage jocularity, "did the sun sleep, old Jeannette, before it rose up into heaven, ere while, and lit the mountain-tops? So much did I sleep, and no more. Sleep! no, no! I am not the man to sleep when an enemy is to be injured, or a service rendered to myself, old girl."

"Holy Mary! you have not done any harm to Paul Corryeur?" asked Jeannette, in alarm.

"Make your mind easy, my good old friend, I have not seen him."

"Nor done him a mischief in the dark?"

"Humph! you question me too closely, Jeannette—but nothing can make me angry to-day—so give me a cup of coffee; I must prepare for business."

"For bed you mean, my master, you want repose even more than I do, it seems."

"Repose! not I, Jeannette. I am as light and refreshed as though I had slept since sunset. More so than neighbour Paul will be perhaps when he rises, by and by."

"Well that *is* strange!" exclaimed the old woman, looking out of the open window; "the old saying holds good: no sooner do we talk of Master Corryeur than he appears!"

"The devil he does!" cried Balmat; "is he here so soon? Let me to bed now, in earnest. Prudence, prudence, Jeannette, as you value your own place, or dread my anger."

So saying he hurried into an inner room, threw off his clothes, and flung himself on the bed. In a moment more Paul Corryeur had reached the house, walked round to the front door, and struck loudly at it for admission. The old woman hobbled towards it, and slowly let him in.

"Where is your master?" asked Corryeur, with a voice almost choked from agitation, "I must speak with him."

"Lord love you, neighbour, he does not talk in his sleep," said the old woman. "Where is he? He is in his bed, to be sure—what's the matter?"

"The matter, old woman! you know what brings me here," answered Corryeur, with a scrutinizing glance.

"In good troth I do not, and I hope from my heart that no evil has happened to you, Master Corryeur."

"The matter, Jeannette? I have lost my child!"

"Gracious powers!"

"My eldest girl, my Julie—she whom her mother and myself love better than all the rest—God forgive us if it be a sin—perhaps this is for our punishment. You know nothing of her—she is not here?" uttered the father, in rapid agitation.

"No, as I hope for heaven."

"Then I must instantly have speech with Gabriel—let him arise immediately—tell him I am here."

"Assuredly, good Master Corryeur, that would not be the most likely way to make him rise quickly, for you can have no welcome to expect from him."

"Woman, it is my child I expect from him—ay, and that I will have, or his life's blood."

"Hush, hush, Paul Corryeur; if he hear you, it will end badly for one or both of you. What can he know of your little girl? I tell you that she isn't here."

"And I tell you that no one knows of her but he—and I will tell him so too—and I will not be baffled by your cunning, nor browbeat by his brutality. I am sure that Julie is concealed here. Julie! Julie! speak out, my child—don't be afraid to answer me. It is your father that calls you—Julie! Julie! Julie!"

As Corryeur cried forth in this wild manner for his lost daughter, he stalked up and down the little hall, striking his stick against the doors and presses.

"Halloa! furies and hell! what does all this mean?" roared Balmat from an inner room, and at the noise of his leaping out of bed Jeannette screamed nervously, fearing the consequence of some terrible collision between the two men.

The parlour-door was dashed open, and Balmat plunged into the passage undressed, his blue cotton nightcap on his head, and a drawn cutlass—his constant weapon—in his raised hand. As he appeared, he exclaimed,

"What, robbers in the house! Ha! it is you, neighbour Corryeur. How's this?—is Mont Blanc turned upside down? Is this really you?—and to what do I owe the honour of this early and unlooked for visit?"

"Gabriel Balmat," said Corryeur, stopping short, and looking sternly in the face of him he addressed, "these sarcastic words and that sneering smile come from a hard heart. You know well what brings me here. It needs no miracle to make a half-maddened father seek his child in the place where he is convinced she is hidden. Give her back to me instantly."

"Pray, Monsieur Corryeur, do me the favour to sit down," said Balmat, coolly, and at the same time offering a chair to his angry visiter, who had followed him into the parlour; "I shall be ready to receive you in a fitting dress presently, but really you broke my dreams so suddenly, that I know not what to think of all this—I don't quite understand you."

As Balmat retreated into the inner room, Corryeur mechanically sat down, overcome with astonishment, and shocked by his air of sullen indifference, which the unhappy parent could not suppose coupled with the monstrous guilt of which he suspected and accused him.

"Oh, God! where is she then?" exclaimed Corryeur, starting up again. "What has become of her?"

And he was on the point of rushing out of the house, when the well-intentioned but timorous old woman interposed between him and the doorway, saying significantly,

"Don't be so hasty, good Master Paul; don't throw away a chance of finding what you seek."

"She *is* here then, after all? Gabriel has hidden her?" sternly whispered the father.

"No, she is not here; nor do I *say* he has hidden her," replied Jeannette, in a muttering under voice; "but," added she aloud, "the counsel of a neighbour is worth having in such a case, and it is better for you to take my master's advice than provoke his resentment. You have accused him rashly—he is not a man to bear a wrong tamely."

"Well, well, I'll wait till he is ready," said Corryeur, a gleam of hope flashing across his mind.

He returned into the parlour, and was immediately joined by Balmat, wrapped up in his coarse morning costume.

"Now, neighbour Paul," said the latter, as both at the same time seated themselves, "let me hear what you have to say to me, and remember a drowsy man roused out of his sleep is rarely in a temper to bear hard words, particularly from an enemy. What has happened?"

"Gabriel," replied Corryeur, "we have no need to be enemies. Our fathers were friends before we were born, and God knows I have done nothing to provoke your hatred—have I?"

"Never mind—that has nothing to do with what you are now come about."

"I think it has, Gabriel; but I will forgive you every thing freely, amply—all the evil you have done me for years past, if you will now give me—"

"What?" asked Balmat, fiercely.

"Your advice as to the best means of recovering my poor child," sobbed the unhappy father, held in check by the warning of the old woman, and by Balmat's ferocious tone and look.

"Why what do you take me for, neighbour Corryeur—a conjurer, or a gipsy fortune-teller? What should I know about your children, more than I do of yourself? Which of them have you lost?"

"Which! she that is worth all the rest—my own darling pet, and her mother's too—little Julie."

"Julie—which is that?"

"Not the one that you saved from drowning, Gabriel, but the eldest—she whom you kissed, and who spoke so well of you—she with the black eyes, and long plaited hair. Oh! Balmat, if you have the feelings of a man, think what I suffer, and for the love of heaven, and in mercy to my poor heart, tell me—what you would recommend me to do."

"What put it into your head that she was here?"

"What?—why—because—really I cannot well answer that question—but I suppose it was because I thought you had taken a fancy to her and—"

"Did you think I had kidnapped her?"

"Oh no, no—not at all—but I thought she might have straggled over here from the mill, and just that you had kept her out of a frolic, that's all—that's all," said Corryeur, with a forced smile, and scarce able to restrain his tears.

"I am such a frolicsome fellow, eh, Paul? Now did you ever know me to play a funny trick in your life?" asked Balmat, with a diabolical grin.

"Why, I cannot say I ever did, before; but this time you have done

so—confess that you have. Oh, Gabriel, put me out of pain—do, like an honest, good fellow, as I am sure you are after all. Come, come, she is here—you have her safe for me—call her forth, Gabriel—do, do!"

Balmat never winced under the touch of poor Corryeur's palm, which lay upon his shoulder entreatingly, nor did he shrink from the brimful look of supplication sent from the father's eyes. On the contrary, he stared him full in the face and asked him, "What does your wife say to all this?"

"Oh, thank God! she knows nothing of it—she would be distracted if she did. But she was asleep when I left the mill, for she has been up nearly all night nursing the youngest boy, who is sore ailing. No, no, my good Christine knows nothing of it."

"Perhaps she will be able to put you on the right scent—for you are grievously out of it here, friend Paul."

"You don't really say so, Balmat—you do not in earnest deny that Julie is here! I shall go stark mad with this suspense."

"Bah, bah! that would do you no good whatever. Go home quietly to your work, neighbour, and laugh over this little affair with your wife. The stray lamb will no doubt come back of itself."

Poor Corryeur did not know what to think of this bantering tone, accompanied by a fiendish sneer which made him almost shudder. What could he do? It was useless to break out into reproach or menace. He had probably gone too far already in that way—he had no proof. Balmat was not a person to be bullied into any thing, right or wrong. Nor was it possible to touch his feelings on the score of compassion. What was the poor father to do?—how could he return home and tell the sad tidings to his wife?

Such were the thoughts that passed through Paul Corryeur's mind, as he rocked himself to and fro on his chair, moaning heavily the while; and as Balmat sat with his arms folded, calmly studying, and deeply enjoying, this picture of intense distress, they were interrupted by old Jeannette, who exclaimed, as she entered the room.

"Well, well, here's a pretty business! may I die if Christine Corryeur, with two of her children, are not coming straight into the house."

"Two! oh, which, which? Is Julie one of them?" cried Corryeur, starting up and rushing forth.

"Very well, Jeannette," said Balmat, "so much the better; let Madame Corryeur come in, and as many of the family as she chooses to bring to my hospitable door. Ha, ha, ha! I shall be glad to see how she bears this business."

Paul met his wife on the threshold of the house. She rushed sobbing into his arms, while he, on seeing that she whom he sought was not in the group, turned deadly pale and faint.

"God help us!" said he, "I thought she had been found."

"Oh, Paul! where is our dear child? when they told me just now that she had disappeared in the night, and that you had gone forth to seek her, I made sure I should find you here, and she with you, but that pale face, those haggard looks, tell me you have not found her. She is not, then, with Gabriel Balmat?"

"He says not—he will not give me any real answer—God knows what I should think or believe."

"Oh, let me speak to him; he will not be deaf to the prayer of a mother with her weeping children," exclaimed the wife, quickly seizing the half frightened boy and girl, one in each hand, and passing into the house.

She went on through the open door into the parlour, where Balmat still sat, with a dogged and imperturbable air; the old woman bustling about to restrain the emotion which she could not quite repress, and was afraid to betray.

"Oh, Monsieur Balmat, will you not tell me the truth about my dear Julie?" was her first question.

"To be sure I will, Madame Corryeur," was the reply.

"I told you he would—I knew it," exclaimed the delighted woman. "Well, Monsieur Balmat?"

"Well! she is lost, and it seems you have small chance of finding her—that is the real truth."

"Good God, what a mockery! How can you so smile at our wretchedness? How can you sport so unfeelingly with us? Have you a notion of what we suffer?"

"How should I?—I am not a parent."

"But you are a human being; you cannot be quite dead to all feeling for others."

"Very true; and to prove it, let me tell you that you are now really losing a great deal of precious time. Have you looked well into the mill-stream and the river?" said Balmat, as if to work up the unhappy parents to the greatest excess of fear.

With the mother he succeeded; but on the father his words and look had a contrary effect.

"You may be satisfied, Christine, that all is right," said Corryeur to his wife, "nothing short of a demon could have uttered that sentence if he was not sure of the child's safety."

"And how do you know that I am not a demon?" said Balmat, in his most savage manner, furious at having failed to agonize his victim more completely; "how dare you attribute any feelings to me but what I choose to express? and why do you suppose that I know any thing about your girl? You may be sure of one thing, that if I did know any thing good about her, I would not tell it to you—so you may now leave me to my business, and go about yours."

So saying, he rose from his chair and attempted to leave the room, but Madame Corryeur threw herself between him and the door, and dropping on her knees, caught him by the coat-skirts, and exclaimed,

"Gabriel! Gabriel! as you have a soul to be saved tell me truth—do not sport with me thus. Look at these little ones—on this one, whose life you saved—on me, on a distracted mother; oh, take pity on me. Think of your own mother, Gabriel—what she would have suffered in my place, had she lost you as I have lost my child. Oh, what have you done to her—have you murdered her?"

"Mu—r—der—ed her!" repeated Balmat, slowly drawling out the terrible word, while his scowling look of reproach, and the livid hue which suddenly overspread his visage, made his aspect altogether terrible.

The children hid their faces in their mother's dress. Corryeur turned his aside; even the old woman accustomed to his looks shrunk away—but the mother quailed not.

"Ay, murdered her! On my oath, and in my conscience, I believe you have—I read the truth in your guilty looks."

These words, uttered with a fierce emphasis of conviction, were followed by a hoarse scream, as the mother started on her feet, and pushed Balmat from beside her.

"Yes, yes," she continued, in frantic accents, "you have murdered my child, villain, murderer! Husband, hasten to the magistrate, denounce the monster, bring the gendarmes to seize him; he shall not escape; I will cling to him and hold him fast. Oh, my child, my child! my poor Julie! Paul, fly! it is too late to save our daughter, but not too late for revenge."

As she spoke, she endeavoured to sieze Balmat, who calmly kept her off, and only answered her rhapsody by a look of diabolical mockery and contempt.

The husband endeavoured to calm her. Old Jeannette interfered for the same purpose. The result of her overstrained agitation was a flood of tears, followed by violent hysterics.

Meanwhile Balmat left the room and the house, and was seen no more at the mill till nightfall. Paul Corryeur did not observe him going out, so occupied was he with his suffering wife; and on her recovery from the fit he led her and his children to their now distracted home, thence to proceed on other inquiries, which he felt by anticipation to be as vain as those we have just recorded.

Chap. IV.

We must now go back for a month or more, and account for what may appear doubtful in the circumstances of this case.

The very day after the Sunday on which Julie made her *première communion*, Balmat began a series of operations, all intended to lead to the result which produced the painful scene just recorded. He took his way to the mountains, and wandered far into the recesses of that mighty series of ravine and rock which lies beyond Montanvert, and between the Mer de Glace, and the stupendous bases of that granite pyramid called the Aguille de Charmoy. Accustomed from early life to those intricate paths, he went quickly on, and soon surmounted the first slight obstacles which seem so formidable to lowland travellers. After a two hours' walk he arrived at the spot previously fixed on for the scene of the labours, which he now commenced in earnest.

It was in a small deep glen, ramparted with huge piles of granite, so sequestered, and so nearly inaccessible, that no cowherd ever led his cattle to feed in its rich pasturage, and it was rare indeed that even an adventurous botanist ever rifled it of the Alpine plants which profusely covered its sides. The ruins of a small châlet, which had with its inmates been destroyed by an avalanche several years before, was the only mark of man in this wild spot. That catastrophe, and the superstitious belief attached to it, kept the native mountaineers away, and even the guides from the valley who led strangers to view more beaten but less beautiful scenes, carefully avoided a descent into "the haunted gorge"—the name by which this oasis was known.

Gabriel Balmat, with the prompt vigour which characterizes men like him when they have one important object in view, fell to work, on this first visit, to clear away the interior obstructions which made the ruined

châlet quite uninhabitable. After a whole day's labour he found he had done almost nothing, and he was moreover convinced that small progress could be made until he was provided with sufficient instruments to effect his purpose. A pick-axe, hatchet, spade, and shovel, were absolutely necessary, and these he procured in the valley, and conveyed at intervals to the scene of his secret doings.

By constant application, he in a few days succeeded in making the dilapidated hut assume a habitable look, and he brought up from time to time, unobserved and unsuspected, various articles of domestic use, and a few even of ornament somewhat incongruous with the aspect of the place. A table and a bench, just large enough for two persons, were roughly hewn out of some recovered planks; a couch, of dimensions suited to one, and that one of small growth, was constructed of the same materials, and covered with moss and leaves, over which was spread a coverlid, white as the snowy mantle of the eternal peaks around.

A few books, meant for the capacity of a child, and some well-daubed prints, just fit for rustic taste, lay on the table, or were nailed against the walls. Branches of pine wood, ready for firing, lay in the chimney of the one room thus made habitable. A few cooking utensils and eating necessaries were ranged on a couple of shelves. The roof was repaired with care and skill, and from the light sods which covered the branches forming each patch, tufts of many-coloured flowers sent forth odours which the perfumed saloons of a palace could not rival. To complete the internal comforts of the place, a soft, thick carpet, of the same materials as the couch, concealed the inequalities and the hardness of the floor, and a web of printed cotton was fastened in gay festoons across the window space, which, be it mentioned, was without glass or frame, but defended by cross bars of pine branches, so closely and so firmly nailed together, that the light was admitted through spaces scarcely wide enough to allow the passage of a clenched hand, and it must have been the arm of a Hercules that could have wrenched those defences away. Two old boxes, dug out of the ruins, cleaned, lined, and differently filled, lay ready for the use of the intended occupant. The door was renewed, placed on its hinges once more, and provided with a solid lock. And thus did Gabriel Balmat finish the construction for this mountain prison, this romantic cage, to which he meant to commit, in pursuance of his strange experiment, a being of as innocent, as virtuous, and as original a mind as ever rioted in the wild freedom of the Alps.

Having actually completed his laborious task of preparation, he looked around the little chamber thus snatched into renewed existence, as he sat one evening on the moss-covered bench, shone upon by the beams of the setting sun which streamed gloriously between the wooden bars of the window.

"Well! the work is done," soliloquised Balmat, "and a hard job it was. How odd it is that I should have made so light of all this labour for the sake of a simple child, that I would not have undertaken for all the finest women in the world. Nor for the proudest men neither. Men and women! No, by the glorious sun and the bright heavens he shines in, I would not do a day's work to save the created world—except little Julie!—for I am resolved to make her an exception, and something tells me that she will love me after all. I wonder

if she will like all this—if she will take a fancy to this home, to this house of houses—if she will be satisfied with what I have done for her—if she will love me in short! Well," continued he, after a pause, "well, this is a curious world we live in, and men and women are curious things—that's certain. Here am I now, alone like the first man, looking out as it were for the creation of a being who can be a second self to me—who can at least sympathize with and let me love her. What an odd thing it is that this little girl is the only person that I ever took the least fancy to, and that I should have felt a repugnance to every other being I ever knew—ay, even old Jeannette is disagreeable to me, if I don't actually hate her, and I suppose I should hate her like the rest if I didn't find her absolutely necessary to me."

Again he paused in thought, and then continued:

"Well, it is not my fault that nature framed my mind after this fashion. But after all I doubt if I differ much from the others. I firmly believe that they detest each other quite as much as I abhor them, only that they have more cunning in hiding their feelings, and I more courage in acting on mine. Are they not all filled with hatred and malice and uncharitableness? Out on them! Mankind is, after all, an odious combination. It is a great point gained for me to have fallen accidentally on one living thing that I can love without envying, and wish well to without selfishness. Such I verily believe is little Julie to me—but what shall I be to her? Ay, there's the rub! We shall see, we shall see, and quickly."

These and the like trains of reflections constantly passed through the wayward mind of this strange man. There are probably few people who have not at times had flitting notions like those, shooting across their brain. But whether it is the "cunning" that Gabriel thought of, or a higher feeling of conscientious indulgence for that unworthiness of which every one feels himself to be a part, it is lucky for the world that individuals who despise their fellows quite as much as he did, most frequently make a tacit compromise with them, in consideration of their own imperfections. This is the great instinct of conservatism which keeps civilized men on decent terms with each other. Without it we should all be Gabriel Balmats, deprived perhaps of even the one redeeming trait of tenderness which led him to his solitary work, and me to this digression.

Gabriel had never in his life felt so proud and buoyant as during the three weeks of secret labour just described; and when all was over, and he proceeded with a bold light step down towards Chamouni, after the soliloquy above recorded, he enjoyed all the excitement of one who feels that he has laid a foundation on which to build a fabric of fortune, fame, or happiness. Yet he had, as has been seen, some misgivings as to what Julie might have felt towards him and his doings, but he never had a qualm as to the suffering he was about to inflict on her parents. He had, therefore, just enough of uncertainty to give a zest to his hopes, and none of the anticipated remorse which might have turned them into pain.

It must be here remarked, that Balmat had followed up the momentary church-door glance of acquaintanceship by two or three stolen peeps at Julie, observed only by her, while she sported about her father's mill of an evening, with the little herd of goats and children under her care. On one of these occasions he even spoke to her from be-

hind a rock, to which he crept quite unperceived by her human playfellows. A very few words passed between them on this occasion; but a great advance was made in their intercourse by two or three sentences. He asked her if she would walk with him one evening up the mountain. She cheerfully assented.

"And you will not be afraid to trust yourself with me?" said Balmat.

"I am not afraid of any thing," answered Julie.

And such was the positive truth. She was a child of most intrepid spirit. There was a dash of adventurous courage in her character, that would have been almost unfeminine had it not been tempered by a generous and gentle spirit, essentially and wholly womanly.

Chap. V.

It was about a week after this snatched conversation that Balmat finished his work; and it was on the very evening that her prison was prepared for her, that he had the particular luck of meeting Julie alone on a little path leading towards the *Glacier des Bois*, and down which he was coming, in that elastic mood before described. It seemed as if she met him purposely, or as if fate had thrown her in his way.

"Why, Julie! how is this?" asked he, stopping short from sheer surprise, so strong as to check for a moment the current of pleasant feeling which this sudden meeting might have been thought to have confirmed.

Before Julie could reply, Balmat had more than recovered his previous tone. He glowed with one of the purest and finest feelings of which man is susceptible. He was for the first time in his life unrestrictedly alone with the only human being for whom he ever knew a sentiment of kindness. Brothers who grow up, or fathers who (alas!) grow down, with this everyday indulgence, can know little of the hearty rapture which this rude and ruffian man now revelled in. He was too uncivilized to refine or fritter it away. He spoke not a word; but holding little Julie by the two hands, he looked down on her face, which beamed brightly in the twilight mist, and unconscious of what was working within him, he felt the warm drops chasing each other on his cheeks, as he strove to wink away the dimming bubbles from his eyes. Imagine the intense luxury of a first flood of tears, in mature manhood, and from excess of pleasure, in such a mind as Balmat's. The prophet's wand did not work a greater miracle nor touch so pure a source.

"What makes you weep, Monsieur Balmat? Are you unhappy?" asked Julie, with a compassionate voice.

"No, indeed, I am not," said he, quickly; "far from it, my little friend; and I know not why I shed those foolish tears—the first I ever shed. But do tell me how it happened that I meet you here, so late in the evening, and alone?"

"Oh, I'll tell you that. My father is gone to Martigny, not to be home till morning; mamma is watching poor little Florent; the other children are in bed fast asleep, and Madelon, the servant girl, is gone to Chamouni to see her sick aunt; so I thought I would walk out a little farther than usual; for ever since you spoke to me about it, I am longing to go high up into the mountains."

"And you really are *not* afraid of being alone?"

"No."

"Nor of being with me?"

"Oh! no, no, I like to be with you."

"How very extraordinary that is?" exclaimed Balmat, half aloud, and half to himself, for he could scarcely believe it possible that an exception existed to the repugnance and dread he knew himself to inspire.

"Did no one see you leaving the house?" was his next question.

"No one. They think I am asleep by this time."

"Then since you are not afraid of me, shall we now take the walk we talked of?"

"Yes, if you like it. But will you bring me back home again?"

Balmat paused a moment, then answered,

"Yes, certainly."

"Because you know papa and mamma might be uneasy about me."

"To be sure they might," said Balmat; but Julie did not see the devilish smile that accompanied the words.

And so they walked along, back on that path which was perfectly new to Julie, and which her companion had little expected to retread so soon.

Nothing could exceed the affectionate manner in which Balmat conversed with his young companion. It seemed as if the long-prisoned kindliness, which exists in the roughest nature, like honey drops in some unseemly weed, had been garnered up to sweeten that mountain *tête-à-tête*.

Julie, on her part, was still more animated than he. Happily for her she had not reached the age when sensibility is purchased at the price of anxiety and pain. But all enjoyments must be paid for one way or another; and that, like the rest, is worth its price. Our little heroine seemed to have taken, and indeed she *had* taken, a new step in life. The monotony of her former existence was broken, and she had reached one of those epochs so important in the career of every one, but which so many pass heedlessly over at the time, and lose the sight and almost the memory of at more advanced periods. From this evening, if Julie reckoned rightly in after life, she might calculate a whole host of sentiments that sprang at that moment into being.

As they wound their way up the rugged path, daylight had entirely disappeared—unobserved by the wanderers; but the moon streamed out its radiance, and the grass and the wild flowers glittered like liquid diamonds in the dew. The awful rocks piled perpendicularly up, the sloping glacier, and the deep masses of snow that crowned the hills, tinted with shades of violet coloured light, wore a hue of supernal brilliancy. Frothy cascades floated here and there down the sides of the gray granite, and the murmur they sent out suited with the fairy aspect of the scene. The magnificent desolation, the mighty solitude through which she wandered, filled Julie's mind with a holy wonderment. She seemed to have reached another, a loftier, a more ethereal world. She felt like a being of the clouds. Her soul was wrapped in folds of enchantment. But she attempted to give no expression to

her delight. Young as she was, she had tact enough to perceive that her companion had no sympathy with her vague rapture, and that any talk about it would have been but a check and an intrusion.

Balmat, the while, talked on; and Julie answered frankly and fearlessly every question which he put, and every remark he made. She was quite at her ease, and as familiar as he could desire with him. But she was too much impressed with awe at those far-hidden depths of romance to breathe even a word of the wonder with which she gazed around. Such was the double state of feeling inspired by this her first acquaintanceship with the ways of man and the mysteries of nature.

They reached the rebuilded hut. Balmat opened the door. Julie unhesitatingly entered; and when he struck a light from his tinder-box, and lighted the lamp which he had left ready trimmed on the table, she for whom his elaborate preparations were made, looked round with a pleased astonishment, which repaid him amply for all.

"Julie," said Balmat, "every thing that you see here is yours—your own—the house, and all that it contains."

What an announcement for an ambitious and independent-minded child! Julie, in her turn, wept plentiful tears of joy.

"Yes, Julie, every thing; you are not only tenant but proprietor; just as much as your father is of his mill, as I of mine. And look here," continued Balmat, opening one of the boxes, and taking out two or three dresses which he had bought at random in a neighbouring village; "and see, here are needles, and thread, and other materials ready to alter them if they do not fit you quite; for I know what a good workwoman you are, and how you make your own clothes and your sister's as well. And see here, and here, and here," as at each new word he produced shoes and stockings, and a silk handkerchief, and other little articles of finery, which he laid out on the table, with the air of a shopman tempting a customer.

"And have you bought all these beautiful things for me?" asked Julie, through sobs and smiles.

"Yes, I *have* bought them for you, my little friend, and I am glad—very glad, to see you so pleased with them."

"Oh, it is not with them I am so pleased—though they are all very beautiful—but with you, Monsieur Balmat. How good you are! Oh, I wish my father and mother were here to see all this, and they would think very differently of you from what they do think."

"Well, well, let us not talk of them now."

And a frown, a slight one, passed over Gabriel's brow as he spoke.

"No, not now, another time, many another time, we *must* talk of them; for I am resolved to make you like each other."

"Very well, very well, we shall see that, Julie."

"We *shall* see it, certainly," echoed the child.

And it was strange that Balmat listened rather pleasedly than the contrary to a tone of decision completely adverse to his wishes and opinions.

The second box contained a slight store of provisions, bread, cheese, dried meat, eggs, and the like. A delicious spring ran, as in most Alpine châlets, close to the house, and was turned into it, and enclosed

in a wooden frame, forming a constant stream, for the purpose of keeping the milk-pails cool, and their contents fresh and sweet.

The little rivulet had trickled and gurgled on for years, as though it mocked the desolation through which it took its course, but it was not furnished with the wonted contents of former times. Julie had not yet obtained the luxury of fresh milk in her retreat.

After every separate treasure had been carefully examined by the new "proprietor," the pictures and the books particularly, Julie, as if struck by a sudden thought, fixed her eyes on her companion, and asked him,

"And what am I to do with all these things, Monsieur Balmat? For what purpose have you fitted up this place so nicely?"

"Why, for your comfort and convenience, my dear little Julie; you are to enjoy yourself here, and to make use of all these things to amuse and occupy you."

"But you are going to take me back home? You told me so."

"And I will keep my word, but not to-night, Julie.

"I thought as much," said she, with a reflective, but by no means a reproachful or a frightened air.

"Will you be afraid to pass the night here, Julie?"

"Not in the least; provided you will let my parents know in the morning that I am safe and well."

"Are you sure that you can be content to sleep here alone?"

"Quite sure; and I shall like it beyond every thing, if you will promise me that you will remove my father's uneasiness at my absence from home."

"You shall do that yourself," said Gabriel, producing pen, ink, and paper, and Julie wrote at his dictation two lines, in her childish and rudely-formed, but bold and original hand, just to say that she was perfectly safe and very happy.

Gabriel folded and wafered the missive, and promised the writer that it should be safely delivered at the mill the next morning.

"And now, Julie," said he, "it is time for supper," and she perfectly agreeing with him, they set about preparing their homely repast, with appetites sharpened by the new and wild excitement they respectively enjoyed.

Never was supper eaten with more zest; and the running spring, in temperate draughts of which they pledged each other's health, was not more animated than her feelings, nor more pure than his.

The business of the table over, an increasing degree of spirit entered into the conversation, which flowed on uninterrupted, except once or twice, when the loud crash of an avalanche echoed like thunder through the moonlit glen. The sound was familiar to Julie's ears, for the frequent fall of the ice-blocks of the Mer de Glace was within close hearing of her paternal home.

"Not sleepy yet, Julie?" said Balmat, after full two hours' chat on many subjects of local and domestic interest, and perceiving through the open door that the moon had shifted its position far to the westward, as if to make room for the sunbeams that were ere long to follow the same track.

"Sleepy! no, indeed; it would be a shame for me to get tired of talking with you, who have done so much to make me happy."

"You must go to rest, notwithstanding, to enable you to enjoy all this the better. Tell me, then, before I leave you for the night—what is there you wish for besides?"

"Oh, nothing—except the black-spotted goat, for I am sure she will miss me at sunrise, and be very unhappy."

Balmat smiled.

"Now then, I must wish you good night, my little *propriétaire*," said he, rising. "I hope you will sleep well, and have nice dreams, and that I shall find you refreshed and in good spirits in the morning. I shall be with you early."

"And you will not forget the letter for papa?"

"No no, you may depend on that."

"Well now, before you leave me, you will answer me one question, my good Monsieur Balmat?" asked Julie, with an arch and earnest air.

"Let me hear it first."

"Then why did you take all this wonderful trouble with this beautiful little place, and for what purpose have you brought me here?"

"That makes two questions, Julie," said Balmat, kissing her forehead and smiling; "and if you are a good girl I will answer them both together, to-morrow morning at breakfast."

A few words more of advice to her not to be alarmed at any unusual sounds she might hear during the night, and assurances of perfect safety from any intrusion, with some replies of confidence and satisfaction on her part, closed the colloquy, and the two friends separated; she to stretch herself on her romantic couch, and he, after carefully locking the door outside and carrying off the key, to wend his way once more along the often trodden path towards Chamouni.

But this was not the last time of his tracing the same road that night. Buoyed up by the intense fancy that had taken possession of his mind, and making light of trouble or fatigue where the pleasure of its object was in question, he proceeded to the outhouse in Paul Corveur's farmyard, where the goats were tethered, and carefully selecting the favourite mentioned by Julie, he muzzled it with his handkerchief, so as to prevent an alarm, and at intervals carrying it, leading it by a piece of cord, brought with him for the purpose, or driving it along, he retraced every step of the two hours' road till he reached the châlet again, and he fastened the animal to one of the window-bars, with sufficient length of cord to enable it to browse plenteously on the abounding herbage that grew close to the walls.

Gabriel was, perhaps, in a great measure induced to this enterprise as well by the wish to astonish and delight his little favourite, as by having a good excuse for coming up again to see how she had become reconciled to her prison. He accordingly peeped in through the window-bars (for it was now clear daylight), and he had the pleasure of seeing her fast asleep on the little couch.

He was soon again on the road, and on gaining the valley, he first went to the village, where not a soul was yet stirring, and popping Julie's letter into the little receiving box at the post-office, he sought his home, with a free conscience and a light heart. What followed is already known to the reader.

(*To be concluded in our next number.*)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

By Mrs. Abell
(late miss eliza balcombe).

AFTER HE LEFT HER FATHER'S RESIDENCE, "THE BRIARS," FOR LONGWOOD.

With the assistance of my daughter's pencil, and some rough sketches I had by me, I have been enabled to give a view of the Briars, and the cottage occupied by Napoleon whilst he stayed with us. He certainly appeared very contented during that time, and frequently expressed a strong desire that the government would permit him to remain there, by purchasing the estate; and on their refusing to do so, he sent General Montholon to negotiate with my father, that he himself might become the purchaser of the Briars; but circumstances (probably political) prevented the negotiation from taking effect.

Napoleon used to watch with great interest the fatigue parties of the 53d regiment, as they wound round the mountains above us, carrying on their shoulders the materials wherewith to render Longwood fit to receive him; and as the time of its completion drew near, he manifested his discontent, by grumbling at the sounds of the fifes and drums, to which the soldiers of the 53d used to toil up those steep acclivities, as serving to warn him of the speedy termination of his sojourn at our cottage.

Shortly after the ex-emperor left the Briars, we proposed riding to Longwood to see him, feeling much interested to know how he was accommodated, and rather, it may be, hoping to hear him make a comparison in favour of the sweet place he had left for the steril-looking domain in which his house was placed; and I remember being in a state of ecstasy at the prospect of again beholding my old playmate, the loss of whose society I had so deeply regretted.

We found him seated on the steps of his billiard-room, chatting to little Tristam Montholon. The moment he perceived us, he started up and hastened towards us. Running to my mother, he embraced her on each cheek; after which fashion he welcomed my sister; but as usual with me, he seized me by the ear, and pinching it, exclaimed,

"Ah, Mademoiselle Betsee, êtes vous sage, eh, eh?"

He then asked us what we thought of his palace, and bidding us follow him, said he would show us over his *ménage*.

We were first conducted to his bedroom, which was small and cheerless. Instead of paper-hangings, its walls were covered with fluted nankeen; and the only decorations I observed, were the different portraits of his family, which, on a former occasion, he had shown to us.

His bed was the little iron camp-bedstead, with green silk hangings, on which he said he had slept when on the battle-fields of Ma-

rengo and Austerlitz. The only thing approaching to magnificence in the furniture of this chamber, was a splendid silver washhand-stand bason and ewer. The first object on which his eyes would rest on awaking was a small marble bust of his son, which stood on the mantelpiece facing his bed, and above which hung a portrait of Marie Louise.

We then passed on through an anti-room to a small chamber, in which a bath had been put up for his use, and where he passed many hours of the day. The apartments appropriated to him were the two I have just mentioned, with a dressing-room, dining-room, drawing-room, and billiard-room. The latter was built by Sir George Cockburn, and was the only well-proportioned room of which Longwood could boast.

After all these chambers were exhibited, and commented on by Napoleon, he proceeded with us to the kitchen, where he desired Pieron, the confectioner, to send in some creams and bon-bons for Miss Betsee. From thence we went to the larder, where he directed our attention to a sheep that was hanging up, and said, laughingly,

"Regardez—voilà un mouton, pour mon dîner—ou en a fait lanterne."

And true enough it was so, the French servants having placed a candle in its lean carcass, through which the light shone.

After we had gone all over his rooms, he conducted us to those of Madame Montholon, and introduced me to a little stranger, the countess's baby, only then six weeks old, and which he began dandling so awkwardly, that we were in a state of terror lest he should let it fall. He occasionally diverted himself by pinching the little creature's nose and chin until it cried.

When we quizzed him for his *gaucherie* in handling the child, he assured us he had often nursed the little King of Rome when he was much younger than the little Lili.

Before terminating our visit, Napoleon took us over the garden and grounds which surrounded his house. Nothing could exceed the dreariness of the view which presented itself from thence; and a spectator, unaccustomed to the savage and gigantic scenery of St. Helena, could not fail of being impressed with its singularity. On the opposite side the eye rested on a dismal and rugged-looking mountain, whose stupendous side was here and there diversified by patches of wild samphire, prickly pears, and aloes, which served but slightly to break the uniform sterility of the iron-coloured rocks, the whole range of which exhibited little more than huge apertures of caverns and overhanging cliffs, which, in the early years of the colonization of the island, afforded shelter to herds of wild goats. I remember hearing Madame Bertrand tell my mother, that one of Napoleon's favourite pastimes was, to watch the clouds as they rolled over the highest point of that gigantic mountain, and as the mists wreathed themselves into fantastic draperies around its summit, sometimes obscuring the valleys from sight, and occasionally stretching themselves out far to sea, his imagination would take wing, and indulge itself in shaping out the future from those vapoury nothings.

As a diversion to close the day, the emperor proposed a ride in his Irish jaunting-car. Our horses were accordingly sent on to Huts-

gate, the residence of Madame Bertrand, and accompanied by Napoleon, we set off at a hard gallop. I always was, and still am, the greatest coward in a carriage; and of all vehicles, that jaunting-car seemed to me to be the one to inspire terror. It was driven by the fearless Archambaud, with unbroke Cape horses, three abreast, round that most dangerous of roads called the Devil's Punchbowl. The party occupying the side nearest the declivity, seemed almost hanging over the precipice; while the others were apparently crushed against the gigantic walls of the perpendicular rock. These were drives which seemed to inspire Bonaparte with mischievous pleasure. He added to my fright by repeatedly assuring me the horses were running away, and that we should be all dashed to pieces.

I never shall forget the joy I experienced on arriving in safety at Madame Bertrand's, and finding myself once more mounted on my quiet little pony, Tom.

After Napoleon had been on the island a few months, some newspapers arrived, containing anecdotes of him, and all that occurred during his stay at the Briars. Amongst other *sottises*, was a letter written by the Marquis de M——, in which he described all the romping games that had taken place between Napoleon and our family, such as blind-man's-buff, the sword scene, &c., ending his communication by observing, that Miss Betsee was the wildest little girl he had ever met, and expressing his belief that the young lady was *folle*.

This letter had been translated into the German and English journals. My father was much enraged at my name thus appearing, and wished to call the marquis to an account for his ill-nature; but my mother's intercessions prevailed, and she obtained an ample apology from the marquis.

On hearing of the affront that "Miss Betsee" had received from the *vieux imbécile*, as Napoleon generally denominated him, he requested Dr. O'Meara would call at the Briars on his way to St. James's Valley, with a message to me, which was to let me know how I might revenge myself. It so happened that the marquis prided himself on the peculiar fashion of his wig, to which was attached a long cue. This embellishment to his head, Napoleon desired me to burn off with caustic. I was always ready for mischief, and in this instance had a double inducement, as the emperor promised to reward me, on receipt of the pigtail with the prettiest fan Mr. Solomon's shop contained. Fortunately I was prevented indulging in this most hoydenish trick by the remonstrances of my mother.

The next time I saw the emperor his first exclamation was, "Eh, bien, Mademoiselle Betsee, a tu obei mes ordres et gagné l'éventail?"

In reply, I made a great merit of being too dutiful a daughter to disobey my mother, however much my inclination prompted me to revenge the insult.

He then pinched my ear in token of approval, and said, "Ah, Miss Betsee, tu commence à être sage."

He then called Dr. O'Meara, and asked him if he had procured the fan. The doctor replied that there were none pretty enough.

I believe I looked disappointed, on perceiving which Napoleon, with his usual good nature, consoled me with the promise of something

prettier; and he kept his word; in a few days I received a ring composed of brilliants, forming the letter N, surmounted by a small eagle.

The only revenge I took on the marquis was, by relating an anecdote of his greedy propensity, which diverted Napoleon very much. He was very fond of cauliflowers, which vegetable was rare in the island, and when dining with us one day at the Briars, his aide-de-camp, Captain Gor, had omitted to point out the fact of there being some at table, and it was only when about being removed that the marquis espied the retreating dish. His rage was most amusing, and with much gesticulation he exclaimed, "Bête! pourquoi ne m'a tu pas dis qu'ils y avaient des choux-fleurs?"

During one of our riding excursions we encountered Napoleon, who was returning from Sandy Bay, where he had been to visit Mr. D——, who resided there. He expressed himself delighted with the place, and spoke in high terms of the urbanity of the venerable host of "Fairy Land."

This gentleman had passed all his life at St. Helena, and at this time had arrived at the advanced age of seventy, without ever having left the island. His appearance was most prepossessing, and to those who loved to revel in the ideal and imaginative, he might have been likened to a good genius presiding over the fairy valley in which he dwelt.*

I asked Napoleon if he had remarked, when at Sandy Bay, three singularly formed rocks, shaped like sugar-loaves, and called Lot's wife and daughter? He replied that he had. I then related to him an anecdote connected with the largest of the three.

More than half a century had elapsed since two slaves, who preferred a freebooting life to that of labour and subjection, secreted themselves in a cave halfway up the acclivity which terminates the spiral rock, called "Lot's wife." From this stronghold their nocturnal sallies and depredations were carried on with great success, and their retreat remaining undiscovered for a long time, they became the terror of the island. They were at length, however, tracked to their rocky hold, where they stood a long siege, repelling all attacks, by rolling stones on their assailants. It was at last deemed necessary to send a party of soldiers to fire on them if they refused to surrender; but this measure was rendered unnecessary by the superior activity of one of the besieging party, who managed to climb the rock, reach the opposite side of the mountain, and clambering up, gain a situation above the cave, the mouth of which became thus exposed to the same mode of attack which had effected its defence: so that when one of the unfortunate freebooters approached the edge of the precipice to roll down stones, he was crushed to death, and his companion, who was following him, severely wounded. Many of the islanders believe to this day that the

* A few years after the emperor's visit, Mr. D—— was induced to come to England: and thinking that he might never return to his lovely and beloved valley, he had a tree felled from his own "fairy land," from under the shade of which he had often viewed the enchanting scene around, and had his coffin made from the wood. His arrival in England, and his interesting character; being made known to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., his R. H. desired that Mr. D—— might be presented to him; and his Royal Highness was so gratified with the interview, that he afterwards knighted Mr. D——, who subsequently returned to his loved Island.

ghost of the murdered slave is seen to make the circuit of the wild spot wherein he carried on his nightly orgies; a superstition easily accounted for from the circumstance of the summits of the mountains being generally encircled by light mists, which wreath themselves into all kinds of fantastical shapes; thus to the eye of superstition giving to "an airy nothing a local habitation and a name." In St. Helena every cavern has its spirit, and every rock its legend.

Napoleon having listened to my legend of the Sugar-loaf Mountain, said he should regard it with greater interest the next time he rode in that direction.

One of the many instances of Napoleon's great good-nature, and his kindness in promoting my amusement, was on the occasion of the annual races at Deadwood, which at that time were anticipated by the inhabitants of the island as a kind of jubilee. From having been, as was often the case, in arrears with my lessons, my father, by way of punishing me, declared that I should not go to the races; and fearing that he might be induced to break his determination, he lent my pony to a friend for that day. My vexation was very great at not knowing where to get a horse, and I happened to mention my difficulty to Dr. O'Meara, who told Napoleon, and my delight may be conceived when a short time after all our party had left the Briars for Deadwood, I perceived the doctor winding down the mountain-path which led to our house, followed by a slave leading a superb gray horse, called Mameluke, with a lady's side-saddle, and housings of crimson velvet embroidered with gold.

Dr. O'Meara said that on telling the emperor of my distress, he desired that the quietest horse in his stable be immediately prepared for my use.

This simply good-natured act of the emperor occasioned no small disturbance on the island, and sufficiently punished me for acting contrary to my father's wishes, by the pain it gave me at hearing that he was considered to have committed a breach of discipline in permitting one of his family to ride a horse belonging to the Longwood establishment, and for which he was reprimanded by the governor.

We were told by Napoleon the next day, that he had witnessed the races from the upper windows of General Bertrand's cottage, and expressed himself much amused by them. He said he supposed I was too much diverted by the gay scene to feel my usual timidity.

Bonaparte frequently urged my father to correct me whilst young, and said I ought never to be encouraged in my foolish fears, or ever permitted to indulge therein. He said the Empress Josephine suffered the greatest terror in a carriage, and he mentioned several instances of her extreme fright, when he was obliged to reprimand her severely. If I remember rightly, the Duchess D'Abrantes mentions in her memoirs of the emperor, one of the anecdotes on this subject which he recounted to us.

There was so little to vary the monotony of Napoleon's life, that he took an interest in the most trifling attempts at gaiety in the island, and he generally consented to our entreaties to be present at some of the many entertainments my father delighted in promoting. On one occasion my father gave a fête to celebrate the anniversary of my birthday, at a pretty little place he possessed within the boundary of

the emperor's rides, called Ross Cottage : so named as being the abode for a short time of a much-esteemed friend, the flag-captain of the Northumberland, whom Bonaparte always designated as " un bravissimo uomo." When the festivities were at their height we descried the emperor riding along the hill-side towards the house ; but on seeing such an assembly he sent to say that he would content himself with looking at us from the heights above. I did not consider this was fulfilling his promise of coming to the party, and not liking to be so disappointed, I scampered off to where he had taken up his position, and begged he would be present at our festivity—telling him he must not refuse, it being my birthday. But all my entreaties were unavailing ; —he said he could not make up his mind to descend the hill, to be exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who wished to gratify their curiosity with the sight of him. I insisted, however, on his tasting a piece of birthday cake, which had been sent for that occasion by a friend in England, and who, little knowing the strict surveillance exercised over all those in any way connected with the fallen chief and his adherents, had the cake ornamented with a large eagle, and which, unluckily for us, was the subject of much animadversion. This I named to Napoleon, as an inducement for him to eat of the cake, saying, "It it is the least you can do for getting us into such disgrace."

Having thus induced him to eat a thick slice he pinched my ear, calling me a " saucy little simpleton," and galloped off, humming, or rather attempting to sing with his most unmusical voice, " Vive Henri Quatre."

One morning we went to call on Madame Bertrand, and found Napoleon seated by her bedside. We were about retreating, thinking we had been shown into the wrong room, when he called out, in his imperfect English, desiring us to enter, and asked what we were afraid of, saying,

" I am visiting my dear loaf, my mistress."

My mother observed that the latter term had a *strange* signification, and that it was never used in our language to express friendship. He laughed heartily at the awkward error he had made, and promised not to forget the interpretation of the word for the future, repeating that he only meant to express that Madame Bertrand was his dear friend.

It was by Napoleon's especial desire that we ventured now and then to correct his English ; and being very anxious to improve himself, he never let an opportunity pass when in our society, without trying to converse in English, though, from his exceedingly bad pronunciation, and literal translations, it required the most exclusive attention to understand him. For my part I seldom had patience to render him much assistance, my sister being generally obliged to finish what I had begun ; for in the middle of his lesson I would rush away, attracted by some more frivolous amusement. On returning, I was always saluted with a tap on the cheek, or a pinch of the ear, with the exclamation of,

" Ah, Mademoiselle Betsee, petite étourdie que vous êtes, vous ne deviendrez jamais sage."

Bonaparte, on one occasion, asked us if we had seen little Arthur, who was about a month old ; and he repeated Madame Bertrand's speech on introducing the child to him.

"Allow me to present to your majesty a subject who has dared to enter the gates of Longwood without a pass from Sir Hudson Lowe."

He sat chatting a long time, and quizzing me about the short waist and petticoats of my frock. He took great pleasure in teasing me about my trousers, as he knew I disliked being called a little boy, and which he always made a point of doing when he espied the trousers. He thought the fashion of wearing short waists very frightful, and said, if he were governor, he should issue an order that no ladies were to appear dressed in that style.

Before leaving Madame Bertrand's cottage, he joined the children in a game of puss in the corner, to which I acted as Maîtresse de Ballet.

Napoleon used to evince great curiosity about the subject of our conversations when we called on Lady Lowe, at Plantation House, and asked whether they discussed our visits to Longwood.

I told him that the same sort of interrogation went on there, and that I was sure to be sharply (though goodnaturedly) cross-questioned, about what we did, and what we heard, when in his presence.

One evening, whilst on a visit to Madame Bertrand, we strolled up to see Dr. O'Meara, who happened to be engaged with the emperor. Cipriani, however, sent in to say that some ladies were waiting to see him, and on Napoleon hearing our names, he requested us to come in. We found him in the billiard-room, employed looking over some very large maps, and moving about a number of pins, some with red heads, others with black.

I asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was fighting over again some of his battles, and that the red-headed pins were meant to represent the English, and the black the French. One of his chief amusements was, going through the evolutions of a lost battle, to see if it were possible by any better manœuvering to have won it.

SONG OF THE HEMPSEED.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Ay scatter me well, 'tis a moist spring day,
Wide and far be the Hempseed sown
And bravely I'll stand on the autumn land
When the rains have dropp'd and the winds have blown.
Man shall carefully gather me up,
His hand shall rule and my form shall change,
Not as a mate for the purple of state,
Nor into aught that is "rich and strange."

But I will come forth all woven and spun,
With my fine threads curl'd in serpent length,
And the fire-wrought chain, and the lion's thick mane,
Shall be rivalled by me in mighty strength.
I have many a place in the busy world,
Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy;
I carry the freeman's flag unfurl'd,
I am linked to childhood's darling toy.
Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well,
For a varied tale can the Hempseed tell.

Bravely I swing in the anchor ring
Where the foot of the proud man cometh not,
Where the dolphin leaps, and the sea-weed creeps
O'er the rifted sand and coral grot.
Down, down below I merrily go
When the huge ship takes her rocking rest,
The waters may chafe, but she dwelleth as safe
As the young bird in its woodland nest.
I wreathe the spars of that same fair ship
Where the gallant sea-hearts cling about,
Springing aloft with a song on the lip,
Putting their faith in the cordage stout.
I am true when the blast sways the giant mast,
Straining and stretch'd in a nor-west gale,
I abide with the bark, in the day and the dark,
Lashing the hammock and reefing the sail.
Oh, the billows and I right fairly cope,
And the wild tide is stemm'd by the cable rope.

Sons of Evil, bad and bold,
Madly ye live and little ye reck,
Till I am noosed in a coiling fold
Ready to hug your felon neck.
The yarn is smooth and the knot is sure,
I will be firm to the task I take;
Thinly they twine the halter line,
Yet when does the halter hitch or break?

My leaves are light and my flowers are bright—
Fit for an infant hand to clasp;
But what think ye of me, 'neath the gibbet-tree,
Dangling high in the hangman's grasp?
Oh, a terrible thing does the Hempseed seem
'Twixt the hollow floor and stout crossbeam!

The people rejoice, the banners are spread;
There is frolic and feasting in cottage and hall;
The festival shout is echoing out
From trellised porch and Gothic wall;
Merry souls hie to the belfry tower,
Gaily they laugh when I am found,
And rare music they make, till the quick peals shake
The ivy that wraps the turret round:
The Hempseed lives with the old church bell,
And helpeth the holiday ding-dong-dell.

The sunshine falls on a new-made grave;
The funeral train is long and sad;
The poor man has come to the happiest home,
And easiest pillow he ever had.
I shall be there to lower him down
Gently into his narrow bed;
I shall be there, the work to share,
To guard his feet, and cradle his head.
I may be seen on the hillock green,
Flung aside with the bleaching skull,
While the earth is thrown with worm and bone,
Till the sexton has done, and the grave is full.
Back to the gloomy vault I'm borne,
Leaving coffin and nail to crumble and rust,
There I am laid with the mattock and spade,
Moistened with tears and clogg'd with dust;
Oh, the Hempseed cometh in doleful shape,
With the mourners' cloak and sable crape.

Harvest shall spread with its glittering wheat;
The barn shall be opened, the stack shall be piled;

Ye shall see the ripe grain shining out from the wain,
And the berry-stained arms of the gleaner child.
Heap on, heap on till the waggon-ribs creak,
Let the sheaves go towering to the sky
Up with the shock till the broad wheels rock,
Fear not to carry the rich freight high.
For I will infold the tottering gold,
I will fetter the rolling load;
Not an ear shall escape my binding hold,
On the furrowed field or jolting road;
Oh, the Hempseed hath a fair place to fill,
With the harvest band on the corn-crown'd hill.

My threads are set in the heaving net,
Out with the fisher-boy far at sea,
While he whistles a tune to the lonely moon,
And trusts for his morrow's bread to me.
Toiling away through the dry summer-day
Round and round I steadily twist,
And bring from the cell of the deep old well
What is rarely prized but sorely miss'd.
In the whirling swing—in the peg-top string,
There am I, a worshipped slave,
On ocean and earth I'm a goodly thing,
I serve from the play-ground to the grave.
I have many a place in the busy world,
Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy;
I carry the freeman's flag unfurl'd,
And am linked to childhood's darling toy;
Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well,
And a varied tale shall the Hempseed tell.

THE ORGANIST AND HIS DAUGHTER:

AN ENGLISH SKETCH TAKEN FROM LIFE.

By Mrs. Trollope.

Among the innumerable enjoyments of life must surely be counted the act of travelling, with all its consequent results, of new images, new ideas, and new emotions, gathered as we go. There are foreign travels and home travels, both exceedingly delightful to the locomotive individuals who perform them, provided always that the said travels are set about wholly and solely for the delectation of the traveller, and not upon compulsion, or upon that sharp necessity of moving from place to place, after the manner that I heard briefly and expressively described the other day on board the Folkestone steamboat on its passage to Boulogne, by a *gentleman traveller*, who said, dolorously enough, I thought, "I never can hope by any chance to sleep in less than three hundred different beds any year." Not exactly after this manner should I call travelling delightful; but when set about by less useful bodies, who may turn which way they like, prompted solely by their own particular will and whim, I almost doubt if any other occupation of time be equally so.

Of the travelling abroad we hear a good deal, but of the travelling at home, very little, and yet for those peeps into real living life which it is always interesting to take, and often interesting to hear of, it may be doubted whether the home-peepers do not sometimes see more clearly than those who only peep abroad.

It is not very long ago since some of my home wanderings took me to one of our fine old cathedral cities. I shall be very careful not to say which—nay, not to give any quite unmistakable local touches—because I am going to tell about people as well as things, and it is vile to be personal. Besides, we all know that a study after nature may sometimes be too faithful.

The beautiful little Gothic cathedral of my episcopal city stands holily apart in its quiet close, to which it gives an air of tranquil dignity and solemn beauty which may and must be felt, but which I conceive it impossible to describe. A very few years ago, however, the foreground of the gracious edifice, look at it from what quarter you would, presented nothing more attractive to the eye than a wide expanse of rudely-laid pebbles, across which passed the paved roads, or streets, at right angles to each other, for the purpose of approaching the prebendal houses, and one or two less dignified dwellings that had stolen in among them; the whole of the shapeless area being dotted over by a multitude of stumpy white posts, connected together by chains, which seemed intended to guard the pebbles and the paving-stones from each other.

But now the aspect of the place is wholly different, and improved in a degree so wonderfully great in proportion to the simplicity of the process which has achieved the change, that at the first glance given by those who knew it formerly, and see it now, it seems like the work of

magic. This process was neither more nor less than removing the pebbles, and laying down soft fine turf in their stead. A few venerable and highly picturesque elm-trees stretch their branching arms around the building, as if to shelter it, and often in the breeze of evening may be seen bowing their lofty heads in salutation to the pinnacles that rise above them, loftier still; so that altogether the trees, the turf, and the gray stone, blend into a very pleasing harmony, and seem to prepare the spirit for its passage from the world without, to the world within the sacred fane.

The prebendal houses are, as they ought to be, very handsome houses, each one with more or less of "garden trim," enclosed within lofty walls as venerably gray as the cathedral itself. But on one side of the close, immediately behind the sacred edifice on its eastern side, and so completely hidden by it as to be invisible to all, save those who go expressly to seek its humble door, is a little bay-windowed dwelling, looking even smaller than it is, by the contrast it offers to its majestic neighbour. Its one sharply angular window is screened from all intrusive eyes by these high green canvass blinds of some fourscore years of age or so, yet still so well preserved as to defy the most curious eye to pierce through them, and discover how the small room they shelter is occupied within.

But if the gentle reader will trust to my description he shall know something about it, without using any unjustifiable means for getting a sight of it himself. The little parlour, which by the help of its bow, is at least twelve feet long, though not more than ten feet wide, has been the constant living room by day of three individuals for the last seven-and-twenty years, and of the parents of one of them for many a long year before. But at the beginning of the above-named period of twenty-seven years, one of its three inhabitants did not contribute much to crowd it, for that one was a newborn female babe.

The little maid's father was organist of the cathedral, as his father had been for nearly half a century before him; and her mother was the very pretty, very gentle, but very simple daughter of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, who, in marrying Mr. Oldbury the organist, truly believed in her heart that she had made a greater match than ever village girl had made before. That the worthy organist was forty years her senior, in her estimation mattered not a jot. She was as decidedly Mrs. Oldbury, and as certainly sat, morning and evening, every Sunday of the year, in a snug little corner in the organ-loft, as if her spouse had been twenty, instead of treble that age; or, as if, instead of seventeen, she had herself been forty. For Mary Hobson had nothing flirt-like, or even frolicsome in her nature, and excepting for her slight figure, and her pretty little face, she might very well have been sixty also.

Hubert Oldbury had been married once before, and the wife of his youth had loved him as an amiable young wife loves an amiable young husband; and, though childless, they had been a very happy couple—more happy, indeed, than poor Hubert ever expected to be again; but he knew not what was in store for him. Mary Hobson's innocent little face had caught his fancy, and she seemed so very docile and so very good, that he ventured upon making her his wife, though he thought when he did it, that he was perhaps a rash man. And so he doubtless was, but he was also a lucky one.

Within a year after this second marriage he became the father of a little girl, and the old man was startled, and almost bewildered, by the sensation of new and unexpected rapture with which he gazed upon the little helpless treasure. His young wife liked to be a mother too, but her joy was in no degree like his; and this, not only because she was a young thing to whom the event seemed greatly more natural than startling, but also because her nature was still more unlike that of her husband than her years.

It was a very ardent spirit that still warmed the heart, and animated the fancy, of that old man; there was something of poetry in his composition, which though it had never found any other vehicle of expression but the keys of the majestic instrument by which he gained his bread, was, nevertheless, poetry still, and lent an earnestness and a refinement to his feelings, which nothing but that sort of temperament can give. His demeanour was gentle, but had nothing beyond what might be passed under that epithet, to distinguish him from many millions of other poor men who lived honestly by means of small gains procured by their own exertions. But this exterior was only for the world, and for his pretty little wife, perhaps, among the rest. But for Huberta (for he had fondly given his own baptismal name to his little daughter)—for Huberta and himself he had a good deal more.

I am not going to attempt the impossible achievement of imitating that marvellously fine portion of Zanoni which introduces to our intellectual acquaintance a sort of poetical abstract of an etherealized Paganini; I am not going to attempt it, first, because neither I nor any one else, as I believe, could succeed in the attempt if they made it; and secondly, because, if I did, I should still fail of giving any correct idea of *my* heroine's musical father. For Hubert Oldbury was a very pious Christian, and had he not been so, he would have been a much less admirable organist; which, as I take it, will sufficiently prove that the most able imitation of the wayward enthusiast of Naples, could not assist me in giving an idea of my old musician. Phrenologically speaking, Hubert Oldbury was probably as strongly marked out by nature for the vocation he followed as the Neapolitan himself; but whereas the gifted Italian's imagination seemed to create around him a world that owned its origin to himself alone, old Hubert, in his moments of most high-wrought excitement, only fancied he was finding his way to heaven by harmony; and he almost wept, good man, while pealing away the half-inspired strains of his Handel, to think of the devotion of that God-chastised race, who were doomed to the penance of hanging their idle harps upon the trees.

As old Hubert was not a phrenologist, I know not how it happened that before his little daughter was old enough to produce a note of music, he felt perfectly assured that nature had created her a musician: —but so it was. Perhaps, as he made her mother hold the child on her knee beside him as he played, he saw some movement, some undefined but visible emotion, in her deep blue eye, that told of a spirit within, which was ere long to hold communion with his own.

Nor was he disappointed in this; for his little daughter was scarcely five years old, ere she gave such decided evidence of the gift she had received at her birth, as to lead many besides her happy father to declare that it was his duty to cultivate to the best of his power a talent from which it was very evident she might reap both fame and fortune.

And the playing and the singing of the little Huberta began to be talked of by a good many people of consequence. The dean's housekeeper assured the dean's lady that she did not, on her conscience, believe that ever such a wonderful little creature had been seen on the earth before. And this having been many times repeated to the dean's lady, at length reached the ears of the dean himself. And then old Hubert was kindly invited to bring his little maid to the deanery; and so well did she justify the housekeeper's report, that the father and child were again invited, and this time there were many persons collected to listen to the young phenomenon. And the little soul, though at other times a rather shy and timid child, so totally forgot all the fine folks around her, as soon as she was placed on the music-stool and told to play, that she disgraced not any of the eulogists who had prepared the company for disappointment by the enthusiasm of their praises.

For a little while the worthy organist was delighted at all this; but then he began to hear a multitude of prophetic whisperings on the subject of his little Huberta, that made him suddenly assure all the kind ladies and gentlemen of the close that his child had shown symptoms of delicate health, and that, to avoid fatiguing her, she was to play no more for the present before company. This was really a very provoking disappointment to many; for a musical phenomenon in a country-town is an acquisition of no inconsiderable importance. But it was the fair lady who was the cause of it, that, justly enough, was the first to feel its effects. The Honourable Mrs. Wimbleton, the wife of one of the prebends, had assured poor trembling Mr. Oldbury that if it was not by some very culpable negligence, entirely his own fault, she would take upon her to say that his little girl might live to be *prima donna* at every Opera in Europe;—which would be a glory to England as well as to him.

For one short moment old Hubert looked, as the Honourable Mrs. Wimbleton declared, perfectly stupified; but the fact was, though she did not find it out, that the good man stood before her during this interval, in the act of prayer, and earnestly indeed did he implore Him who by his voice divine had commanded that little children should be brought unto him, that his little one, his little Huberta, might straightway lay down and die, rather than live to fulfil this fearful prophecy; but no sooner had he finished his prayer, than his ear again became sensible to many other words of like import, uttered by kind ladies and gentlemen, in order to convince him that the more the little girl studied at home, and the more she appeared before her kind friends abroad, the better it would be for her, inasmuch as it would aid and assist in accomplishing what ought to be the first object of his life, namely, the preparing her for making her appearance on the stage. Hubert Oldbury said very little in reply; in truth he scarcely spoke at all; but he bowed his gray head very civilly, and taking his little girl by the hand, told her to make a courtesy, and led her away.

Now the Honourable Mrs. Wimbleton had very kindly determined upon giving a *soirée*, to which not only all the close, and all the native aristocracy of the town were to be invited, but some of the first country families also, all for the express purpose of hearing the singing and the playing of the little Huberta, to whom she intended to present a particularly pretty new frock on the occasion. Great, therefore, was her disappointment when the gracious present and summons

were despatched, to find that the first was returned, and the second declined on account of the delicate health of the little girl. Nevertheless the impression which the child had made was too strong to be easily forgotten, and for many months inquiries were made and invitations repeated; but when it was found that the same answer was ever returned, every body concluded that the seemingly premature fruit had proved but a blighted bud, and that they need trouble themselves no more about the old man's child.

But though all danger was thus happily over, the poor organist did not recover from his fright, but kept steadily in view the resolutions he had taken on hearing the flattering prophecy of the Honourable Mrs. Wimbleton, namely, that the first object of his remaining years should be, the keeping his Huberta where she could neither be seen nor heard by any body in the very least degree fashionable and genteel, and the second, to educate her himself to the very best of his little power and skill.

It would be difficult to say which of the two resolutions he had kept the most faithfully, and about equally so, perhaps, to decide which of the two produced the greatest influence on the character of the little girl.

If no such alarm had been given, the humble musician's child would certainly not have been likely to have seen much of the world, or to have been much seen by it. But the difference in such a case is very great between a little, and not at all. In the morning early, almost in time to hear the lark's first song, Huberta was led into the pleasant meadows near the city, by the hand of her father; and again, at eventide, both mother and father, when the weather was fair, failed not to take her with them to a pretty rustic water-mill, the foot-road to which, was an unfrequented path, rarely or never trod by gentlemen or ladies, and therefore, as old Hubert thought, especially well suited to them. Excepting for this daily exercise, and for a visit paid to Mrs. Oldbury's parents about four times a year, the organist's daughter literally never left her father's roof. In respect to her education, the old man was not quite as much his own master, as in the matter of seclusion; yet even on this point he kept his resolution as faithfully as on the other, for he had only resolved to give her the best he could, and this he most assuredly did.

But no inconsiderable part of Hubert Oldbury's little income arose from giving singing lessons to the choristers of the cathedral, and as the doing this with the most patient and sedulous attention appeared to him a duty, only second in sacredness to the care of his daughter, his time was very greatly occupied by it. A portion however, of his twofold task could be advantageously performed with his pupils and his little girl together. The music that he best loved to teach her could not be practised better than when the boys were practising also. By degrees, however, she began to accompany both herself and them upon the organ, and when she had reached the age of fifteen, had any eyes been permitted to look at her when seated at the instrument, breathing a strain to which angels might have listened well pleased, she might have been mistaken for an angel herself, and supposed, being immortal, to have sat as the model of the saint of saints, to Raphael. But excepting the little boys, there was no one to look at her, save her father. Among those little boys, however, there was one nearly of her own

age, but so small in stature as to appear younger still, who had already for many a day contrived to look a little at Huberta, without greatly neglecting his score.

Henry Morley was the organist's favourite pupil, and his best. Not that his voice was better, or even so good as that of one or two other boys, but he sang with taste and feeling. Nor was the old Hubert at all more aware of this fact than the young Huberta. And Henry in his turn listened to her as no other could listen to her, no, not even her father. And she knew all this; and she knew too that nobody understood Henry's singing, and the manner in which it should be accompanied, but herself. Yet they very rarely spoke much together, and never but in the presence of the good organist, who no more suspected that Henry thought Huberta an angel, or that Huberta knew Henry to be a poet, than his good wife herself, who was ironing the shirts at home.

But all this mysteriously clear understanding between the boy and the girl was not to last long, for the fortunate destiny of the boy ordered it otherwise. The father of Henry Morley had himself been a chorister, but had given up this as he had advanced in life, and was now keeping a preparatory school for little boys, with so much credit and respectability, that more than one of the clergy attached to the cathedral had intrusted their children to him as day scholars, for a year or two before dismissing them from the paternal roof for public education.

It was well known, however, that the young Henry, boy as he was, had the honour and glory of teaching the Latin grammar at this very flourishing little day school, and as he was known likewise as one of the most correct, as well as the most pleasing, of the justly boasted choir of the cathedral, he had a sort of name and fame among the dignitaries, which eventually led to great advancement. It chanced that one of the prebends was father to an urchin who, in his way, had also acquired fame and name, being considered by all who knew him as the very naughtiest boy, and the very greatest dunce, upon record. The governess had given him up, after a long trial; his mamma had given him up after a longer; his father had tried his hand and rod for a fortnight, and then declared that he must give him up too;—so that the reverend family of this very irreverend child were reduced to despair.

"Upon my word, Dr. ——," said the mamma, "I think the best thing we can do will be to send him to Morley's school. He will be flogged to death if he goes to any *real* school in the state in which he is now."

"Upon my word that is a capital idea, my dear," replied the doctor; "I wonder I never thought of it before. Young Morley shall be sent for. I will speak to him myself."

And young Morley came, and he listened to the very melancholy paternal communication with great attention, and though he was a very little fellow for his years, he left the doctor in better spirits than he found him, chiefly in consequence of having repeated twice in a voice that sounded like that of gentleness itself,

"I will be patient with him, sir."

Henry kept his word. He was patient, and his patience was rewarded. The child he had to deal with was no fool, and having made

this discovery, Henry soon found means of convincing others of its truth. In short, the father became persuaded that as nobody ever had, so nobody ever would have, as much power over him as Henry Morley, and as the young scapegrace was an only son, proposals were made to Henry's father to permit his son's going to school with the boy, in order both to cram him, and keep him in order. But the sacrifice on the part of Henry's father was too great, and the offer was refused, till it was repeated with a promise to send the young tutor to Oxford, all his expenses paid, upon condition of his remaining with his pupil (who was but three years his junior) for four years at Eton. This was too temptingly glorious to be refused, and Henry Morley left his father's school, and his choral duties, and his music lessons, and the organ-loft, and Huberta, in the hope of becoming in process of time a scholar, a gentleman, and as he hoped in his secret heart, a clergyman also.

And how did it fare with the little girl when he was gone? Had each told each that the thing most dear on earth was the other? No, never! Nor was there any need of such avowal between them; neither of them had any doubt of the fact. But what was the use of talking about it? It was a melancholy parting, though nobody knew it but themselves, for the great good fortune of Henry was the only theme dwelt upon when his departure was spoken of, and to talk of it as a subject of regret would have been quite absurd. So the two young hearts throbbed, and swelled, and ached, and sunk in silence. But the condition of the boy was incomparably the least melancholy; for though of a gentle spirit, he was ardent in hope, and though the prospect of his marrying Huberta was distant and dim, he could still look steadily at it, and think that it might be reached at last by means of his own unwearying exertions. And it was this thought that converted his last farewell look into a smile. But Huberta did not see it, for her eyes, in spite of all her struggles, were dim with tears, and she had no hope within to check them.

Years wore away, and nothing that Henry Morley had hoped and intended to do, had been left undone. Very literally indeed was he a *private* tutor during his schoolboy days, for no one knew or guessed how conscientiously he devoted himself to the task he had undertaken. But in this most surely was his virtue its own reward; for, by the process of earnest and most assiduous teaching, he became himself a scholar, and the self-teaching he had received in his younger days was rapidly atoned for. In process of time he became head of the school, dragging his idle pupil after him, in a manner to satisfy very fully the hopes of his patron. And then the two lads moved on together to the university, and here again all went well with them, and the hopes of Henry, although as yet he could have only hope, and nothing else, strengthened term after term, and year after year, till at length the decisive moment came, and he obtained a first class degree.

Of course all this good news, throughout all the six long years which it took to achieve it, was made known from month to month, nay, almost from day to day, to the friendly organist and his family; for Henry's mother was a proud woman, and though her husband's school had fallen away, almost to nothing, and though she found it hard enough to live, even with the help of a fortune bringing in twenty pounds a year, recently inherited from her parents, she ceased not to boast pretty

loudly of the honour and glory and unequalled prosperity that had fallen upon them by means of her son. And the good news was welcomed joyfully by old Hubert, now in very advanced old age, for he still called Henry his dear pupil, and in his heart believed that the boy owed his success to what he had learned from him. And it was welcomed more joyfully still by old Hubert's wife; for, simple soul as she was, she had long ago spied out the secret love of the famous scholar for her daughter, and though she did not talk much about it she thought the more, and felt quite freshly over again that when she had married the organist of ——, she had indeed done something for her family, and she would defy any body to say that she might not live to be the mother of a parson's lady yet.

And how did the good news affect Huberta? Had the pale, black-eyed chorister-boy remained her idol during the six important years that had changed the tender, faltering, blushing girl into an intellectual and most lovely woman? Oh yes. There was no shadow of changing in Huberta's nature. The first sensation of her infant heart had been warm, tender, grateful love to her old father, and that dear father was the object of precisely the same sentiment now, only grown stronger, more defined, and better understood by herself. And as an infant she had fondly loved her gentle mother too, and fondly did she love her gentle mother still. The first conscious workings of her intellect had seized on the philosophy of harmony as its natural food, and such it was still. But no pure and uncorrupted spirit can thus feed without growing purer, and better still; nor is it harmony of soul alone that raises the spirit so gifted towards heaven. It vibrates in unison with the harmony of all created things, and while kept as clear from the harsh discords of earth as that of Huberta, seems more than half angelic before it flies home again to the realms above.

This heart, this spirit, devoted to Henry Morley at an age too early to name without danger of ridicule, were devoted to him still, and it was no more possible that Huberta Oldbury should ever love another man, than that she should learn to prefer a jew's harp to her organ, or the melody of "Jump Jim Crow" to that of "Angels ever bright and fair."

Neither had these six years passed away without Henry's having found a few opportunities of explaining to her that the perspective of his enlarged prospects always terminated at the same point, and that if elective empires were still in fashion, and that instead of having only been sent to Oxford he had chanced to have become a reigning Cæsar, it would have made no difference—she must either have promised to become his wife, or seen him sink into an early grave. Nor was this more truly uttered than truly believed. And now then is it necessary to say how all the good news concerning Henry Morley affected Huberta Oldbury? By gentle degrees her old father, and her still young mother, were made acquainted with this attachment, and the engagement which grew out of it was sanctioned by the blessing of both.

On the side of Henry's parents matters did not go quite so smoothly. The poor old man indeed never dreamed of making any opposition, nor would have done had his "extraordinary son," as he always called him, announced his intention of marrying in process of time either the daughter of a duke or of a cobbler. He considered him as a person infinitely too

superior to all the rest of the world for any person whatever to be in a situation to give him advice with propriety. Besides, to say truth, he did sometimes look at the clean and quiet comfort of the Oldburys' little establishment with envy.

As the organ of the cathedral continued to be better played than that of any other church in the kingdom, neither the dean nor the chapter troubled themselves to inquire whether it were done by the fingers of the still healthy old man, or by those of the delicate little girl whose health, as was well remembered, had been too fragile to permit of her becoming a phenomenon. So Hubert Oldbury was organist still, and still, by some means or other, the singing class prospered as well, or rather better than ever, under his care, and thus his professional appointments had suffered no diminution. Moreover his wife's worthy father, the farmer, was dead, and had left Mrs. Oldbury eight hundred pounds; and thus the little family went on extremely well; which was more than could be said of that of their neighbour Morley. They also, indeed, had but one only child, and he was provided for; but still there was rent to pay, and neither father nor mother could do without food, and fire, and clothing; so that their twenty pounds a year, with the miserably little profit arising from the school, could by no means suffice to produce as comfortable a little *ménage* as that of the organist.

But notwithstanding her poverty, Mrs. Morley was exceedingly ambitious, and did not scruple to declare to her husband, nay, even to her son himself, that in her estimation nothing on earth could be much more absurd than the idea of a young man who, in all earthly probability would one day be a clergyman, talking of marrying the daughter of an organist! However, Mrs. Morley was not only ambitious, but very sensible, and she knew well, as she told one or two confidential friends, that there was no occasion for her to frighten herself about any such nonsense. Oxford scholars, he had often heard, would talk about love and such like foolery, sometimes, let them be ever so clever, and she supposed her son would do like the rest of them; but that when a gentleman and a clergyman thought about matrimony, it was altogether a different affair, and people in general, she believed, began to know that Henry was no fool. So she contented herself with occasionally telling her son that he would find he was mistaken if he fancied he was to marry Berta Oldbury, and adding the same as a postscript to every letter she wrote him; conceiving this, together with his increasing age and dignity, sufficient to secure him from all serious danger.

As soon as Henry had taken his degree he thought that his prospects were sufficiently improved to justify his asking Huberta to correspond with him, which he had never ventured to do before, as never till this trial was past, had he felt sure of the result. For who can answer for their own firmness of nerve under such an ordeal? But when this was settled he felt assured that as a teacher he could gain his bread, and then he asked for the indulgence for which he had been longing for years, and his old master made no objection to it, and his young mistress wished for it with no less ardour than himself, and the commencement of this correspondence formed a new epoch in their lives.

And then it was that the little bay-windowed parlour became a paradise to Huberta, for she had it all to herself—all to herself and her writing-desk. Her dear old father, despite his four-score years, still

passed whole hours in the organ-loft. Sometimes with one pupil, sometimes with another, blowing the bellows for him, and receiving from time to time important hints upon chantings of all sorts. Her mother, the most active and neat-handed of housewives, knew better than to sit in a parlour, and waste her time in looking over the green canvass-blinds, or than even looking in the face of her beautiful daughter as she wrote, with the most delicate of crowquill pens, long pages of heart-inspired eloquence to her lover. And thus it was that Huberta had the little bay-windowed parlour to herself.

The perfect stillness both without and within, was, during these delicious hours, a blessing beyond all price. If she raised her eyes to meditate which most, of all the crowd of thoughts that dwelt upon her heart, she wished to communicate, they rested on the beautiful curve of the Lady Chapel, which immediately faced the window. No passing step, no ill-toned idle voice, disturbed the deep repose. All was peace; not rustic rural peace, with its chirping sparrows and its lowing herds, but a sort of holy cloistered peace, more tranquil still.

And thus passed one, two, three, smooth, pensive, contemplative years. Henry's first pupil, the prebend's son, was already ordained, and had already got a very excellent living; and Henry, meanwhile, got several pupils, and during the vacations felt that he envied no man, for then he passed whole days in the company of Huberta; they walked, they read, they sang, they talked together. And the happy future, though distant, very distant still, began to take something like a palpable shape before their eyes. Henry must endeavour to get connected with some school, and then they would marry, and whether rich or poor, happy they must be.

Ere long a friend of Henry's, greatly his superior in position, as well as in age, but warmly attached to him, and perfectly aware of his superior talents, suggested the propriety of his standing for a vacant fellowship in one of the first colleges of the university; and in an evil hour the young man listened to him; he became a candidate, and succeeded.

At first, this was a matter of exceeding joy, and well it might have been had no Huberta Oldbury existed; for the fellowship was a very good one, and his college was amongst the richest in the University in respect to its church preferment. Of course, the next step in the young man's career was his taking orders, and the thrice happy Mrs. Morley directed a letter to her son, prefixing the word "Reverend" at full length to his name.

And now again, as a matter of course, was Huberta superlatively happy,—for the man she loved—Oh! so very dearly! was on the high road to preferment, to fortune, to station, to every thing, in short, that his most affectionate well-wisher could desire for him. And did she at all perceive athwart this bright halo of success, the vague uncertainty of the distance at which the event was placed that was to blend their lives and fortunes into one? Not quite immediately. For some months after his becoming fellow of —— College, and for longer still after that prime ambition of her heart, his ordination, took place, the letters from behind the canvass-blinds were written in a sort of ecstasy of hope and joy, that seemed to wrap her spirit round with happiness, so that no doubts or fears had power to reach her.

And then followed that earth-born reaction of the spirits, which ever

comes after great excitement and exhilaration, as if to remind us that we had better not fancy ourselves in heaven already, but remember that there is still a good deal to be borne and done before we get there. And then the pen rested suspended in her hand, and the sweet blue eyes would remain raised, and fixed abstractedly for minutes together on the delicate tracery of the Lady Chapel windows, and the winged thoughts grew heavy, and could not spring forward into the future with such elastic lightness as they were wont to do. Realities, dark, heavy, present realities, would press round, and sit like imps and nightmares on her heart, till the pain caused her to move, and rouse herself in the hope to get quit of it; and then she looked down upon her paper, aad saw with astonishment that it was blank!

This was quite new, and very strange to her, for even till now, the pages had seemed to fill themselves, oh! so much faster than she wished them to do!—for the little crowquill ran along the lines as if propelled by some impulse within, that she had as little power as wish to check. Where was that impulse now? Could she recall it? Could she again write on, she knew not how, but even with a feeling of enjoyment which, exquisite as that with which she devoured the dear reply, was to her life what the sun is to the universe? What! could she no longer feel when writing to Henry, that the allotted space was all too small? Was that outpouring of her thoughts, which knew no boundary to its full sincerity but the want of words, for ever checked by the fear of communicating some little flavour of that bitter drop that began, by slow degrees, to settle at the bottom of her heart—that sickening poison of dear hope delayed, which gives a faintness worse than death itself?

All this is written and is read at a rapid easy rate, that serves but ill to illustrate the manner of its working in the heart of Huberta. It took three weary years to bring her to the state I have described; and during that time she had never written nor spoken a single word that could convey an idea of the despondency that was eating like a canker into her soul, either to Henry or to any other *human* being whatever.

One must know a little by experience the order of sensations produced by hope delayed, before it is possible to give all the honour to such forbearance which it deserves. As the stated period for Henry's visit approached, how often was her pleasure blighted by the dread that her resolution might fail, and that she might let him see some portion of the heavy weight that hung upon her spirits. But again, and again, and again this dismal fear proved vain; for the sight of that loved face, the sound of that dear voice, the deep delight of listening to the assurance, ever dearer and more dear, of ceaseless and undying love, chased the dark demon that tormented her, and made her feel, alas! how certainly, that she had still the power of tasting happiness. And two more years passed on, without a murmur ever passing from within the heart of Huberta, and with little that could be fairly called so from her lover.

But widely different was their lot, and widely different (as in such sad cases it must ever be), was the merit of endurance in each. The career of the stout-hearted Henry was active, useful, and cheering. He had many pupils, and was well paid for them; his acquaintance, his intimacies with the most estimable and distinguished portion of his

contemporaries, went on pleasantly increasing, till he had more than sufficient of excellent society to occupy every leisure hour, and to stimulate his talents to the exercise which is at once the most healthful and agreeable that human faculties can enjoy. That he should some day or other have a good living, was, if he lived, a matter of certainty; and meanwhile his income was more than sufficient for all his wants, and enabled him, moreover, to chase every thing like want from the humble dwelling of his father. He felt conscious, every year, of increasing vigour both of mind and body, nor could he be quite blind to the fact, that from a slim, and somewhat sickly-looking youth, he had grown into a manhood of more than ordinary comeliness. Tall, and very finely formed, with coal-black hair, and dark eyes of remarkable beauty and expression, Henry Morley could not be seen without admiration.

Yet all these accidents of nature and fortune had not spoiled him, nor had he lost in the very least degree the pure, young, fresh devotion of his love for Huberta—*only* he had not yet learned to feel that years will sometimes lengthen as they go, till the object to which they seem to lead appears so fearfully to increase in distance, that despair is apt to jostle hope aside, and become the companion of our way.

Meanwhile, the evening trio in the little parlour behind the Lady Chapel became a very sad one. The poor organist waxed weaker and weaker, but his intellect was perfectly clear still, and a very reasonable anxiety took possession of him, as to the immediate fate of his wife and child, when his salary as organist, and his allowance for instruction to the boys of the choir, should be lost to them by his death. Although it was quite certain that his daughter had long become his substitute in both, it was no less so, that to his name the remuneration was paid, and what was to become of her and her mother when that name ceased to be counted among the living? That his lovely and still young Huberta should apply for the place of singing mistress to the boys of the cathedral, was of course quite out of the question; but he thought that, under all the circumstances, the place of organist might be obtained for her.

The old man thought, too, of the great success which had attended the infantine display of her talents some twenty years before; and though he was, if possible, further then ever from regretting that he had not permitted her to profit by the display of them, he began to think that in the widely different walk of instruction, they might now become available to her support.

Her engagement to Henry Morley was a source of great comfort to him; but he had passed the age when fancy has strength and power sufficient to bring the sorrows, the regrets, the hopes, and the fears, which make the chief history of life, so vividly home to the heart, while yet they still lie unborn within the womb of time, as to make all the evils attendant on the distant and uncertain period of its fulfilment a matter of any great wailing.

What he did feel was the certainty that the interest of his wife's little fortune of eight hundred pounds, which he had placed in the funds in her name, would not be sufficient to insure bread and shelter to her and her daughter when he was gone; and seldom did an evening pass over them without the old man's recurring to the theme, with a view to

pressing upon them the necessity of at once endeavouring to secure the appointment of organist for Huberta, and of making interest at the same time among the ladies of the dignitaries, for the honour of becoming music-mistress to their daughters.

Mrs. Oldbury affectionately blessed the old man for his thoughtful care, and declared that she would set about putting his excellent plan into execution as soon as ever Huberta could find time to dress herself and go out with her. But Huberta, though as gently obedient to command as before the mature womanhood of twenty-five years had reached her, was not on this occasion so alert in her compliance as she was wont to be. Far was she from disliking the duties of an organist. She had performed them long, and there were moments when these duties had more power to elevate her spirit above all the sorrows and the fears of earth than any other occupation whatever. But she felt a very painful doubt as to the manner in which Henry might receive the information that she was about to apply for the situation. That she had long performed its duties, he well knew; and often had she heard him declare that he never loved her so well as when watching her with the inspiration of a saint, and the piety of a Grecian daughter, aiding her poor father in his weakness. To his eyes there was something sublime in this, and Huberta felt that when his wife, it would ever be remembered by them both with pleasure. But the case would, as she strongly suspected, be far different in his eyes were she to be hired to the task. Still less did she believe that he would endure the idea of her parading her talent from house to house in search of bread.

Henry was no way boastful of his new dignities, but Huberta had tact enough to see and feel that his station had become that of a gentleman, and that he knew it. In reply, therefore, to the often repeated proposal that she should wait on one great lady or another, and respectfully intreat her interest and patronage for obtaining both the appointment and the scholars, Huberta had again and again pleaded for a little delay. But this could not go on for ever; for her father, who indeed felt that he had not long to live, became urgent with her to comply with his request, till at length she gave a promise that she would delay no longer; stipulating, however, that she must obtain the consent of Henry before she began the work of supplication. And she waited but for the tranquil hour of the following morning, at which the little parlour was sure to be her own, in order to write to him.

The task was a painful one. She did not like the throwing herself upon him thus, and making him, as it were, responsible for her having the means of existence, in case his affection should shrink from her labouring to supply those means herself.

Where was now the tender, the delicious feeling with which the writing-desk used to be opened? Where the enjoyment of feeling that she might write, and write, and write, without the slightest danger that any obtrusive eye from without, or voice from within, should interfere with her luxurious sōlitude? Gone, quite gone—the poetry of life seemed to be vanished for ever, and nothing left in its place but a miserable anxiety to find wherewithal to be fed and clothed!

The letter was written, and the answer came. It earnestly entreated Huberta not to take the step she proposed, assuring her that he conceived it would be extremely disadvantageous to the future interests of both, and delicately, but very distinctly, hinting that should assist-

ance be wanting, she need apply to no other friend than himself. Perhaps Huberta was wrong in feeling that this matter of fact, but very affectionate epistle, increased her sorrows; but certain it is, that she did feel it, and that the idea of applying to the charity (as she miscalled it) of her lover, gave her perhaps the bitterest pang she had ever felt.

She showed the letter to her father and mother, however, and thenceforth escaped all further importunity on the subject of the place and the pupils. And then followed a new page in the history of Huberta. Every thought was now turned to the possibility of saving from their present income what might enable them to eke out what would remain after her father's death, in such a manner as to support existence till—till another change should come—till she should die, perhaps, or till—oh! the immeasurable distance of that possible future!—till Henry should get a living from his college, and be able to marry her.

In this project she met with no opposition from either father or mother. The gentle-spirited old man, despite his own predictions, continued to live on, but he could no longer leave his room, and as every want was supplied as usual, he was wholly unconscious of the change that was taking place in his household. Neither did her mother offer any opposition to her plans. The good little woman's health was failing; her mother had died early, and there certainly seemed to be every likelihood that she would follow her example. Having arranged the best bedroom (that over the little parlour) with all the little comforts she could think of for her old husband, she gradually began to feel that she never was so much at ease in any other place herself; so that the rest of the little mansion was solely at the disposition of Huberta.

Her first reform was dismissing their servant, and this she did, performing all her duties in a manner that prevented her absence from being any loss to her parents. But this could not be done in conjunction with her daily duties in the organ-loft, without a degree of persevering industry that kept her literally hard at work from morning to night. But where every thing goes on quietly, people who are incessantly waited upon, are very apt to forget how much time and labour is bestowed upon them. Hubert Oldbury and his wife little guessed that Huberta often set up half the night to repair their clothes, or in washing and ironing them; still less did they imagine that the comfortable economy which had formerly supplied the family table, was now changed into a system of such rigid abstinence on the part of Huberta, as seriously to impair her health. But her little hoard very perceptibly increased, and the assurance that she should not be obliged to ask Henry for money whereby to live, seemed to console her for every thing. And thus wore away two other years.

But not all the labour, not all the privation those years brought, could be compared in suffering to the dreadful disappointment of not seeing Henry during the course of them. An offer, advantageous, in every way, of travelling for two years with a pupil, had induced him to submit to this melancholy privation; and when the letter came which announced this to Huberta, together with the confession that he could not afford the expense of a journey that would allow him only one day to pass with her, she had not the consolation of knowing that his own heart was wrung by it, and that it was endured only that the little

hoard that he too was making, in order to meet her wants when she should lose her father, should not be reduced by the indulgence.

Quietness and peace are *not* the same,—nay, in many cases I suspect that they are as little allied as riot and enjoyment. Could unbroken quiet have sufficed to the happiness of Huberta, she might have accounted herself the most happy creature alive; for never did time flow on with so little variety as with her.

When Henry had been gone rather more than a year, Mrs. Oldbury died, and this event, from the nature of the departed individual, produced as little change as it was possible such an event could do. A few words that she uttered, however, not many weeks before she died, did leave a deep impression on the mind of her daughter. Huberta was seated beside her bed, with the light full upon her face, while the eyes of her sick mother were earnestly fixed upon her.

"Huberta, my dear," said Mrs. Oldbury, who at that time was quite as well as she had been for many months before, "Huberta, my dear," said she, "you certainly are nothing like so pretty as you used to be. How old are you, my dear child?"

"Twenty-seven, mother," was the reply.

"Yes, to be sure, and so you are, dear. Only to think of it, Huberta! Why I was just ten years younger than you are when I married. But it won't be much matter for you, I suppose, because you have got a husband provided; but it is a pity to think that beauty should go so soon, isn't it?"

At length the long expected letter came from Henry, announcing his return to England, and promising to see them soon;—and then he came—and his eye fixed itself steadily on the pale cheek of Huberta. How freshly did she remember then her poor mother's words, and how well she felt that she understood that look!

In general, the visits of Henry to the bay-windowed parlour were always made in the afternoon; but on the day following his arrival at ——, he had something to say to Huberta, which brought him to the house when the poor young woman was in the sort of dishabille which domestic offices, when all performed by one pair of hands, render inevitable.

It is not very common to see in one of humble birth a figure so strikingly graceful as that of Henry, when, with the chartered freedom of old acquaintance, he lifted the latch of the house-door, and passed on to the kitchen, looking in vain into the little parlour as he went. Still less common is it to see such a being as Huberta, so very humbly attired, and so very humbly employed as he found her. Her delicate face became, for one moment, as red as scarlet, and in the next as pale as virgin snow. She seemed not certainly very greatly delighted to see him, and tears, of which she was herself hardly conscious, fell fast upon her cheeks.

Again Henry's fine eyes were earnestly fixed upon those pallid cheeks, and then he suddenly took his leave, saying, that he found his visit was ill-timed, and had distressed her. She had no heart to bid him stay—besides, she knew that he would come again in the afternoon, and then she would try to look less miserable. But the afternoon passed away, and he came not; the next day followed, and he did not come near her; and on the next, she received the following note from him:

"Forgive my leaving you so abruptly. I have at this moment too much to do, even to talk to you, my dear Huberta. Nor can I see you again before I return to Oxford. But to prove that I have not forgotten your wishes, I have spent the morning in canvassing for your appointment to your father's place, and happy am I to tell you that I have succeeded. You are already, dear Huberta, the appointed organist of —— Cathedral."

Huberta read this note without shedding a tear, and yet she felt that it was the last she should ever receive from her lover. And she was right. It was the last.

It is savage to lift the veil from before such suffering as that of Huberta. She complained to no one—she scarcely murmured an expression of misery to herself. Then why expose the sorrow that she held sacred? Her life moved on as usual, save that she replied not to this last letter of Henry. For this she felt that she had not sufficient strength, but for all other duties, they were performed as faithfully as before.

It was one day short of a week from this event, that Huberta, having smoothed her father's pillow for the night, was sitting alone beside a very feeble lamp in the little parlour, when she heard the house-door open, and a hasty step approach. She was in no mood to feel terror at any thing; she scarcely started, but raised her eyes to see who was thus intruding on her too careless security.

Might she believe her eyes? Was it indeed Henry? Yes, it was Henry—Henry, no longer Fellow of ——— College; no longer the prosperous tutor of many pupils, but an almost destitute young man, who dared to hope that she would immediately marry him, though he must throw himself as a burden upon her little income; his best hope being that he might obtain the office of teacher to the cathedral singing-boys!

Did Huberta receive her poor, destitute lover harshly? Did she reproach him with his imprudence? Or did she accept him with such a fullness of unhoped for happiness as only those who have sorrowed, as she had sorrowed, can feel?

Nothing would satisfy the venerable organist but the being carried into the cathedral to witness the wedding, and give away his daughter. And I take it upon myself to assure my gentle readers, that the little bay-windowed parlour behind the Lady Chapel of ——— Cathedral, was that day a scene of a *festin de mariage*, the happiness of which equalled that of the very happiest that ever was celebrated in the world.

* * * * *

It matters very little, but for the satisfaction of the curious, I will add, that Henry Morley suffered not in his worldly fortunes so much as some folks may think he ought to have done, by this exceedingly abrupt proceeding. He had done his duty by many pupils, and one among them did his duty to him in return; so that he is now, as I understand, in very easy circumstances; and moreover, I am assured by a person who paid them a visit just ten years after this marriage, that Huberta was then one of the very loveliest women of her age that the proud eye of a happy husband ever looked upon.

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

No. X.

TAKING THE MONEY.

LIKE his celebrated predecessors in management, the good-natured Sir Richard Steele, and the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Elliston, from the natural generosity of his disposition, his love of enjoyment, and his lofty disregard, if not absolute contempt, of those paltry considerations, pounds, shillings, and pence, very often found himself in the situation of "a gentleman in difficulties," or as he more delicately expressed it, became an object of great interest to many persons, and was very often carefully looked after.

Like Sir Richard, and the renowned Richard Brinsley, Elliston too was very often, from lack of more satisfactory funds constrained, to pay his creditors in other coin than that issued from the royal exchequer—to wit, promises—in the shape of notes of hand, bills of exchange, cognovits, warrants of attorney, &c. &c.

As in the case of Sir Richard and Richard Brinsley, the principal creditors of Robert William were generally his tailor and his wine-merchant; for he liked to take equal care of his inward and his outward man.

Of our hero's ingenious expedients at times to quiet a dun, silence a creditor, and escape from a bailiff, many amusing anecdotes are told, but some fine-skinned sensitiveness having been manifested on the score of Robert William's occasional pecuniary embarrassments, we are not disposed to pry too cnriously into such delicate matters. One anecdote, however, shall be related.

All classes do not find their golden and red-letter days fall at the same period in the almanac of life. The landlord and country gentleman have their tenants' rent-days to look to as their *point d'appui;* the fund-holder and annuitant have their dividend-days at the Bank; the placeman and pensioner pay their regular visits to the Treasury, and are in return as regularly paid; the tradesman has his Christmas bill sand yearly accounts to look forward to—not quite so certain, however; but the "poor player" has no day but his Saturday—or rather he has no day at all—for his grand day is a night—his BENEFIT NIGHT!—which is usually as important to his numerous creditors as to himself; all parties equally look forward to it.

It was verging, one summer in the early part of the comedian's career, towards the close of the theatrical season of one of his many country theatres, and the reputed best night in the whole year had been appropriated to the benefit of our manager, who had provided an exceedingly tempting bill of fare for the occasion.

Elliston was a universal favourite, and his benefits invariably proved bumpers; which is not always the case with popular actors.

Dowton, though quite as good an actor in private as in public life, and excellent and admired as he ever was, never made a good benefit; and old Delpini, the most companionable of clowns, and in general request from the prince to the apprentice for his social and comic qualities, was equally unfortunate in this respect. It is related of him that meeting a friend one day shortly after he had taken his accustomed "benefit" at the Italian Opera-house, his friend, knowing the usual ill luck that attended him on such occasions, inquired somewhat anxiously what had been his success.

"What sort of a benefit had you this time, Delpini?" said he.

"Oh, begar, grand bénéfice, very good bénéfice, indeed," returned our *Scaramouch*, "I get sixty pound by him dis time."

"Ah, indeed! I congratulate you; but how did you manage to do that?"

"Ah, begar, oui, yes—but I shall tell you all about him. You see, amico mio, I lose a hondred pound de last time I take de bénéfice, but dis time I only lose de forty pound; so dat I get de sixty pound quite clear."

But to return to Elliston—as may be supposed, he was much interested in the success of the night in question, but there was another person quite as much interested, and this was a certain wine-merchant and bill-discounter of the town, whom we shall take the liberty of calling Sloejuice, though his real name is well known. This worthy was in the habit of cashing hopeful young gentlemen's post-obit bills, at the moderate discount of some fifty or sixty per cent.; being content, on this "consideration," to wait till the death of their honoured sires: a consummation he devoutly endeavoured to hasten, whenever he had an opportunity, by furnishing them with a liberal quantity of his fine old port fresh from his own cellar, neat as concocted, its crust and bees'-wing being manufactured *secundem artem*.

This Mr. Sloejuice, in the technical slang of his craft, had smashed two or three bits of stiff for our friend Elliston; in other words he had discounted two or three bills for him, on the most moderate terms of course, besides supplying him with a few dozens of London particular Madeira—particular for nothing else than being really London Madeira, composed, as it was, in Mincing-lane, of approved Cape, properly devilled with alcohol, &c. &c. The public not having accepted Elliston's bills quite so freely as he had done those of Mr. Sloejuice, "No effects," was the natural consequence, and Mr. Sloejuice's account had amounted with interest, &c., to about eighty pounds.

The bill-discounter had read Elliston's announce benefit bill with great interest, though instead of being headed for the benefit of Mr. Elliston, he thought it ought to have been headed for the benefit of himself, he having fully determined that the whole of his demand should be liquidated out of the night's receipts. Accordingly he applied to a legal friend of his, who lived in the town, through whose agency a *tickler* for the comedian was immediately placed in the respectable hands of Mr. Lumber, one of the principal body-borrowers of the place, who with his faithful follower, Mr. Bill Shackle, playfully called Nabbs by his intimates, soon after departed under the immediate surveillance of Mr. Sloejuice himself, and his foreman, clerk,

and cooper, Mr. Broadfist, to hunt after their man, whom they (fortunately as they thought) picked up as he was returning from a late rehearsal, and within an hour of the usual time of opening the doors.

"Vell, I'm blowed," said Mr. Lumber, familiarly tapping the comedian on the shoulder, "but this ere is aproposs; you are the wery identical gent as ve vos a looking arter."

"The familiar scoundrel!" muttered the disconcerted actor between his teeth. "Plaguy unlucky—the doors just on the very point of opening too. Can't this business be settled any how, my friend?"

"To be sure it can—nothing so easy," returned Mr. Lumber; "you have only got to pay down the debt and costs—seventy-eight pounds and no mistake, vith any little compliment you may like for my being so wery civil; and as the office is already sarched, vhy I stashes this ere bit of parchment in a jiffy, and then the job's done—I likes to make things agreeable."

This mode of settlement, however, neither suited Elliston's pocket nor his inclinations; he talked of the usurious interest that had been exacted, the infamous quality of the Madeira that had been supplied, &c., and proposed to give a cognovit at a month. Mr. Sloejuice, on his part, strongly objected to any mode of settlement but that of money down; he dwelt on Elliston's want of faith, the number of times the bills had been renewed, and declared the affair must now be finally brought to a close.

"You will be sure to have money enough in the house to-night," said he.

"More, more than enough," said Elliston; "it will hold nearly a hundred pounds, properly packed, and I know it will be crammed. Only let me act to night, and I will pay you every farthing immediately on the conclusion of the performance—nay, more—give you a bonus into the bargain."

"No, no," cried Mr. Sloejuice, "I can't trust you, Mr. Elliston; you forget, sir, you're a TELEGRAPH-ACTOR—in Bath one night, in London the next. If I was to let you play to-night, you'd up to town to-morrow morning, and then it would be all up with me and the receipts."

"Wery just," returned Mr. Lumber, "so you sees it's no go, Muster Ellison—ve're all on us up to you, sir."

"What's to be done?" cried the comedian, writhing with indignation.

"Let *me* take the money in the front of the house to-night," returned Mr. Sloejuice, "and you may do what you like behind."

"But," said Elliston, "the receipts of the house will be sure to be considerably more than your demand. However since it seems *nolens volens*, give me a ten pound-note, and a release of the present action—which of course will be a settlement of your debt, and I consent. You will have no objection to let me place my own check-takers, I suppose?"

"Indeed, but I shall though," cried Mr. Sloejuice, knowingly, "No, no, Mr. Elliston, I take the money myself in the front of the house to-night, and place my own check-takers, or it's no go—I don't mind giving the ten pounds."

"Well, well," said Elliston; "needs must—you will have your own way I see—but as it's near the time of opening the doors, and I've got to give a few directions behind, if the thing is to be done, let it be done at once."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Lumber, "that's vot I calls quvite right and equivocable, Mr. Hellson; so ve'll just step into the Dolphin here, and over a bottle of your best black strap, Mr. Sloejuice, ve can prepare the dockeyments, and conclude the business all reglar."

This was agreed to; the bottle of black strap was duly brought,—which did not bely its name, being an ingenious brewage of vin ordinaire and logwood, doctored with a due proportion of B. B.—British brandy, and almost thick enough to be cut with a knife. Over this precious decoction the dockeyments, as Mr. Lumber called them, were regularly drawn up and signed, the bottle was emptied, and Elliston received his release from Mr. Sloejuice's demand, together with ten pounds. He then proceeded, according to his agreement, to put the man of dregs and discount into full possession of the front of the house, with all the emoluments and advantages thereunto accruing, to be received by him for his own use and benefit, "for that night only."

Mr. Sloejuice was forthwith formally installed into the money-box, and supplied with a sufficient quantity of brass checks, soon to be exchanged, as he fondly thought, for gold and silver. His fingers perfectly itched at the idea.

There was but one entrance to the pay-place, from which other entrances conducted to the different parts of the house—a common thing in provincial theatres.

Mr. Lumber was placed as check-taker at the gallery-door, he being supposed to be more capable of tackling the gods, should they prove at all uproarious, being a known good one with a rum customer. Mr. Broadfist, the cooper, having been used to check the cellar, was placed to watch over the interests of the pit, while Mr. Nabbs begged permission to "vait" on the gentry in the boxes, as he observed he "knowed most on 'em, they being pretty nearly all o ld acquaintances of his'n."

The manager having now seen them all inducted into their several posts as stipulated, retired to give the directions he had hinted at, observing that he would send a man to open the doors the moment every thing was ready. He was as good as his word.

Having got the wine-merchant, to use his own words, snugly bottled up, his first step when he got behind the scenes was to cause one of his largest bill-boards to be fixed at the top of a long pole, on this he put a written placard which ran to the following effect:

TO THE PUBLIC.

TICKETS ADMITTED AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE ONLY.

Pay round the Corner.

With this notice he directed his stage-door keeper to parade backwards and forwards in a conspicuous manner before the front of the theatre at the time of the doors opening, taking care however to keep

out of sight of Mr. Sloejuice and his assistant check-takers; though this was easy, as they were safe at their several posts.

A great number of tickets to the boxes and pit were soon presented and admitted, but no money appeared.

"This is very strange," said Mr. Sloejuice, who began to think that he'd got into the *wrong box.*

The fact was, the intimation on the placard attracting the attention of each fresh comer, it really, as had been anticipated, drew all the money round the corner, where, when the payers arrived, they saw another very legible intimation conspicuously posted over the entrance of the stage door, "PAY HERE," in enormous characters. Accordingly thither they all repaired, where they found Elliston himself in attendance to take the money.

"Pay here, pay here," said he. "Four to the pit? thank you, sir,—half a guinea,—two and sixpence," giving change. "Pass on, master carpenter, take the party under the stage, through the orchestra into the pit. Six boxes? thank you ma'am—obliged to admit you this way, the crush is so great in front. Open the side door, prompter. Five gallery—Wingman, let those gentlemen through the door in the flies into the gallery. Mind how you go up the ladder, gentlemen."

As had been expected, there was very soon a tremendous house, the pit was in a short time literally choked.* In the mean time Mr. Sloejuice and the check-takers were very much astonished at the apathy of the public. Presently, however, the mystery of no money presenting itself seemed to be explained by a shrill voice outside, which was heard exclaiming,

"Box ticket for half-a-crown, take two into the pit and save you eighteenpence. Got any tickets I'll buy them of you. Pit ticket for eighteenpence, take two into the gallery and save you sixpence."

"Oh ho!" thought Mr. Sloejuice, "it's this that is spoiling the money, is it."

Here he most energetically consigned all persons who sold tickets at the doors to a place much too low to be mentioned to "ears polite," concluding by loudly calling to the woman to come in, and bring her tickets with her.

"How many tickets have you got, my good woman?" said he, on her appearing.

"Eight box and six pit, sir," said she.

"Give them to me, I'll take them all; there's the money for them: I'll not have the cash spoiled any more to-night if I can help it, so take yourself off as fast as you can, or hang me if I don't give you in charge of the constable."

The poor woman did not want twice bidding, but gladly shuffled away.

But not even the strong measure of buying up the tickets seemed to bring a farthing more to the pay-place, and Mr. Sloejuice began to

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* The theatrical public of this place were not like the girl in the collieries, who refused to visit a dramatic representation when offered to be treated to the pit, alleging that she was sure she should never be amused with any thing that was to be seen in a *pit*—that she had had quite enough of pits in her time, and no one should ever catch her in one again if she knew it.

fear that some intimation of the bailiffs being the check-takers had got wind, and kept every body out of the house.

The performance had now commenced, and Mr. Lumber had enough to do to keep matters at all going; which he only accomplished by biting his name very often in a quart of brandy-and-water previously ordered. Towards the conclusion of the first act, however, a party with tickets, who had just been admitted by Mr. Nabbs into the boxes, returned, with the intimation that there was not even standing room. Mr. Sloejuice was electrified, and declared that there must be some mistake.

"Not standing room! How can that be? Why there can be scarcely twenty persons in the house," said he; "the boxes must be nearly all empty!"

They angrily reiterated their assertions, and while he was disputing with them the first act ended, and between two and three hundred thirsty souls descended from the lofty regions of the gods, and demanded checks from the astonished Mr. Lumber, in order, as they observed, to procure a little refreshment.

"Vhy vhere the deuce do you all come from?" said thatgentleman, completely astounded.

"Why were should we come from but from up stairs to be sure," said they, "there ain't room there to cough; it's quite picking one's pocket to take one's money; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Vell, I'm blessed!" said Mr. Lumber.

A similar number at the same time issued for egress from the well crammed pit, to the equal amazement of Mr. Broadfist, the cooper, who began to doubt the evidence of his senses.

"Where the devil did you come from?" said he.

"Why from the pit to be sure," said they.

"It must be the bottomless pit, then, for I swear you never came in this way!" returned he.

"Scoundrels!" roared the enraged Mr. Sloejuice, "you have been letting them in without paying. This it is having people for check-takers that don't know their business."

"Vhy blow my dickey, vot do you mean by that? Nobody passed vithout a check!" retorted the indignant Mr. Lumber, "so if there's any body to blame it's yourself. It's you as don't know how to take the *money*."

Here some very unparliamentary language passed on both sides, and matters might have become serious had not the truth suddenly flashed on the horrified Mr. Sloejuice. Precipitately leaving the money-box to take care of itself, he rushed to the stage-door, and obtaining access behind the scenes, easily found the comedian, who was then in high glee. He at once loudly accused Elliston of robbing, cheating, tricking him, &c. &c.

Robert William heard him with the most provoking composure.

"What have you to complain of, my good fellow?" said he coolly; "how have I robbed, how have I cheated you? I have kept my agreement sir, to the very letter. I agreed to give up the front of the house to you, but I said nothing about the back. If you have not turned the front to account, that is your fault, not mine; I have done the best I could with my part of the building, and have not been so much behind as you

may imagine. You said I might do what I liked here, you know. You had the advantage of me at first I own, but I think I have made it equal now. Yes, friend Sloejuice, while you have been waiting to take the money in the front I have been *giving change* for it behind here; so now I think we are about even. I wish you a very good night—take care of the traps!—carpenters, show this gentleman out."

It is but justice to say, that Elliston afterwards (not, it is true, till his own perfect convenience) repaid Mr. Sloejuice every farthing he was entitled to.

ELLISTON'S LEARNING.

THOUGH Elliston had not the correct taste and extensive classical knowledge of the late John Philip Kemble, nor even the elegant scholarship of Macready, acquired as they in both instances were, by close study in maturer years, he was nevertheless a well educated man.

It is true that it has been said of Elliston, as it was said by Ben Jonson of the immortal bard whose creations our comedian so delighted to imbody that he had small Latin and less Greek; still he *had* Latin and Greek, which while others with fifty times his acquirements found their knowledge like uncoined bullion, useless from its very value, were with him a species of small change which he made pass current on every available occasion. He had a general knowledge of almost every subject, and if it was somewhat superficial, still he made it very serviceable. Like Kean, whom he much resembled in point of accomplishment, the great lessee was fond of displaying his classical acquirements. "A little learning" did not prove with him "a dangerous thing," nor was he one of those scholars who considered it necessary in this case to "drink deep;" he contented himself with merely tasting of the well of wisdom, though he was not perhaps equally temperate with other springs.*

Elliston never entirely lost sight of his original classical education. That most amiable and original of prose writers, Charles Lamb, says in his posthumous volume of Elia's Essays, "Great wert thou in thy life, Robert William Elliston! and not lessened in thy death, if report speak truly, which says that thou didst direct that thy mortal remains should repose under no inscription but one of pure Latinity. Classical was thy bringing up! and beautiful was the feeling on thy last bed, which connecting the man with the boy, took thee back to thy latest exercise of imagination, to the days when, undreaming of theatres and

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*The facetious host of a well-known tavern was once remonstrated with by a certain noble marquis for encouraging the nightly visits of his eldest son, a young nobleman of much promise, which it was considered were likely to prove equally injurious to his morals and his constitution.

"Nay, my lord," replied Boniface, "I should think your son must improve by the visits he does me the honour to make here, for he keeps company with none but persons of learning, Sheridan, Porson, and many other eminent wits and scholars."

"Ah, but don't you know, Mr. M.," replied the marquis, "that as Pope observes, a little learning is a dangerous thing?"

"True, my lord," replied the ready host, "but these gentlemen 'DRINK DEEP!'"

managerships, thou wert a scholar, and an early ripe one, under the roofs builded by the munificent and pious Colet!"

Fundamentally grounded in all the acquirements of the upper forms of St. Paul's school, Elliston delighted to indulge in a bit of classicality. A scrap of Latin was his safety-valve on many occasions. If he forgot his exit speech when performing, he always got off with a scrap of Latin. Playing one night in the narrator's drama, "The Singles in London," and forgetting the speech with which he should have quitted the stage, he resorted to his old expedient in such cases.

"I am now going to the bookseller, Humphrey," said he, addressing Sloman, who was playing with him, "but as I feel rather wearied you must call me a hack, for, as our friend Horace observes, 'necessitas non habet—*legs!*' so move on Humphrey."

The audience, who thought they smelt something like a joke in this, laughed heartily and applauded accordingly. Being afterwards rallied on the absurdity of the quotation, the actor thus gravely defended the practice.

"Ever," said he, "make your exit, when at a loss, with a fragment from the classics—no matter how inappropriate. Those who understand it will laugh at you for your presumed ignorance—those who do not understand it will laugh because the others laugh—laugh that they may *not* show their ignorance; so either way you are safe. There is nothing like Latin, sir, nothing like Latin!"

True to his theory he would fire off a classical quotation on the most commonplace subject, and where one did not directly occur to him, would suppose one.

During the time when the Coburg was filling its benches by the disgraceful shilling order system, first introduced by Tom Dibdin, and was consequently running the Surrey very hard, Elliston, at that time the lessee of the Surrey, was highly incensed, and commenced a paper war in his play-bills, firing off certain cannons of theatrical criticism against the offending managers of Waterloo-road, who then were certainly not able, as now, to cry Victoria!

"The degrading system," dictated he, on one occasion, when making out the heading of his next week's bill, "pursued by a neighbouring establishment, of making a silver key the pass partout to every part of its auditory, is a theatrical double dealing that cannot be too strongly reprobated; neither can the illiberal practice of forestalling pursued by the proprietors of that establishment. But as the great Roman satirist has beautifully and appositely observed—"

Here he made a pause.

"Yes, sir," said Ben Fairbrother, his amanuensis, who was writing from his dictation, "'great Roman satirist beautifully observed—"

"Leave a blank, Ben," said Robert William, "we will put in what the great Roman satirist observed to-morrow—at present it is *non est inventus*—but I shall have thought of something by that time. Let the bill go to press!"

THE TRAGEDIAN'S WIG.

The predominating quality in Elliston's composition was certainly

fun. However grave and serious the business in which he might be engaged, his fun would, in spite of himself, beam forth to enliven its gloom. It charmed the dull routine of occupation, it gave a zest to his spirits when acting, it accompanied him to the convivial board, and heightened the gaiety of the banquet; wine could not weaken it, nor disappointment depress it—it dispersed his *ennui*, and chased away every vexation—it struggled with his anger, and overcame it—it broke upon his grief, and dispelled it:—in short, it was an extemporaneous feeling that was ever within him, ready to burst forth on any and every occasion: he literally overflowed with fun.

Many anecdotes are related showing the playful way in which he ever met all that might annoy him, turning even discomfiture itself against the individuals who had thwarted his wishes; converting their very opposition into a source of amusement and pleasantry.

Our comedian and a certain popular tragedian were never completely cater cousins. The classical correctness and Spartan virtue of the representative of Woe, was not at all in accordance with the pliant sociality and lax goodhumour of our Prince of the Sock, who could never avoid having a fling at his graver rival, in the mimic art, whenever an opportunity offered.

A ludicrous instance of this propensity occurred at the time when the immortal Edmund Kean was engaged under the great lessee's banners. On one occasion when the inimitable Edmund was announced to perform *Richard III.* at Drury Lane, he had imbibed so much "refreshment" the previous night, that he was totally unable to make his appearance before the public. A great house was expected, and a general consternation spread throughout the realms of Drury. The acting-manager was in the utmost perplexity, while the treasurer was in perfect despair. The lessee of all the majors was alone collected and unmoved.

Prompt in expedient to supply every deficiency, and ward off impending storms, he instantly bethought himself of the tragedian just mentioned, who was at that time sojourning in London without an engagement. Accordingly he hastened to his domicile, and fortunately found him at home.

The son of Melpomene had just sat down to dinner, but the urgent business of the Thespian leader procured him instant admittance. He was most hospitably invited, before entering on his embassy, to partake of the repast. The lady of the house was busily employed in dislocating the joints of a couple of ducks as our comedian entered.

"Ah, ha!" thought Robert William, "I'll attack my Achilles on the heel of his foible at once."

"Ducks, eh?" said he, surveying the entertainment. "Your lady preparing them—just as it ought to be, 'Dux *fæmina facti*,' as our friend Virgil has it. Eh, my dear fellow, eh? excuse the pun—ha! ha! ha! More to our taste than the big bird whose sibilation saved the capitol, and is always sure to *answer* when a play or player does not! Do you take, my dear sir—do you take? Some of the seasoning, if you please, my good madam."

The classical tragedian smiled graciously.

"He is vulnerable," thought our manager; "I have touched him

on his weak point; let me pursue my advantage. I have come upon rather a disagreeable errand, but I will rush *in medias res*. A few peas, if you please. The fact is, my dear sir, I have just been informed that poor Kean will not be able to play *Richard* to-night. Now there is only one man in England qualified to supply his place—only one actor with whom the public will be satisfied in this dilemma."

The Roscius of Russell-square drew himself grandly up, and folding the skirts of his frock-coat round him as if it had been a Roman toga, replied in a curt manner, pronouncing his words as if he was biting them,

"Impossible, my dear sir,—the thing is totally impossible—it cannot be. I can assure you I have no sort of desire to enter into any comparison with the gentleman that is at present leading the business at Drury."

"Comparison! my dear sir," said Elliston, "there can be no comparison—reflect therefore, before you decide. I will take another wing of your duck, madam. Consider the awful consequences of a refusal—an apology shall be made."

"Well, well," replied the tragedian, "provided a proper apology be made."

"I'll make it myself, my dear sir—salt, John. Nay, more, I'll be your *Richmond*—pepper, if you please. Not a morsel more duck, madam—I'm obliged to you—the thing is all settled then. Another glass of Madeira, and we'll be off—I shall have to get your dress looked out for you."

"My dress! good heavens!—well bethought," said the tragedian, suddenly recollecting; "I had quite forgotten that. I am extremely sorry, my dear sir, but as I said before, the thing is totally impossible—I cannot play *Richard* to-night."

"Eh? what the deuce," said Elliston, in consternation; "every body will be delighted with the change."

"No, no, it is utterly out of the question—it is not within the verge of possibility."

"Why not?"

"Why not, my dear sir! I have only just remembered that I have left my *Richard's* wig in the country."

"Pooh! pooh! never mind the wig—the wisdom won't lie in the wig in this instance."

"But I must mind the wig. What, play *Richard* without a proper wig! Why 'each particular hair would stand on end.' I, that pride myself so much on correctly representing and illustrating our immortal bard according to the original text—it is not to be thought of, sir."

"Why not use your *Orestes'* wig?" returned the manager. "I have played *Job Thornbury* in the country in my *Rolla's* wig a hundred times, without any one finding out the difference."

"That may be, my dear sir," said our votary of the bowl and dagger; "but for myself, I could neither feel comic in a tragic *Brutus*, nor be heroic in a low comedy *Scratch*. The thing is impossible."

"What the plague are we to do?" said the perplexed manager. "Egad, I have hit upon an expedient—it will be all right yet. We'll

make an apology for your wig as well as for yourself. You can play it in your own hair; nothing can be more appropriate. You have the true Plantaganet turn—the curl of the line of York—the raven front of Richard."

This was not to be withstood.

"Well, provided a proper apology be made for my wig."

"It shall—it shall. I'll make it myself."

The tragedian mumbled out a few further objections about his hair, which Elliston overruled, and they departed for the theatre.

While this really great tragedian was dressing for the part, the manager proceeded, as he had promised, to address the audience.

Provoked at the particular priggishness, as he called it, of the tragedian, he determined to gratify himself by having a sly dig at him.

"None but a blockhead would have made such a stand for a wig," said he; "but I'll give my friend in the straps a turn for it, so here goes."

Walking on before the curtain, with his usual propitiatory bow and deprecating smile, he prepared to address the audience.

"Down! down! Silence! silence!" resounded from all parts of the house, and the manager commenced:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I deeply lament that it should be my painful duty to appear before you on this occasion."

"Hear, hear!" and "what screw's loose now!" from the gallery.

"The fact is, we are in a most distressing situation, from which only your kind indulgence can extricate us. To be brief, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Kean is unfortunately so seriously indisposed, that he cannot possibly have the honour of appearing before you as announced this evening."

"Drunk! drunk!" resounded from several parts of the gallery.

"Drunk!" said Elliston, in disdain, and with great emphasis. "No, ladies and gentlemen, that highly-gifted actor is as incapable of getting drunk while in the performance of his duty, as I am myself."

Here he pressed his hand to his heart, and became tremulous with emotion.

"You are all mistaken," he added, after a brief pause; "I give you my honour—you are all mistaken. I repeat, Mr. Kean is not in a fit state to appear before you this evening."

"I dare say not!" exclaimed one in the pit.

"I have Mr. Douchez, the surgeon's, certificate, who has been with him nearly the whole of the time. What can you want more?"

There was no answering this, and the apologist triumphantly continued,

"In this afflicting posture of affairs, we have applied to the only gentleman capable of properly sustaining Mr. Kean's character (naming him), and I am happy to say, ladies and gentlemen, that I have, with some difficulty, prevailed on this talented tragedian, in order to prevent disappointment, to undertake, at a very short notice, this arduous character, and have respectfully to solicit that indulgence which is never denied by the liberality of a British audience to an old favourite under such circumstances."

Loud applause, and cries of "Bravo, Elliston!"

The manager bowed repeatedly, but did not retire as was expected. He again advanced to the front.

"But, ladies and gentlemen," resumed he, "this is not all; we have conquered one difficulty, but there is another almost as great to overcome. Yet I do not quite despair. I confess I approach the subject with fear and trembling, but I know your hearts, and insurmountable as this obstacle seems to be, I trust with your generous aid we shall yet be able to triumph over it."

The audience were wrought up to a high pitch of excitement and expectation.

"Explain! explain!" was the universal cry.

"I will explain," said Elliston, with much solemnity. "I will no longer keep you in suspense. To be brief, ladies and gentlemen, though this great tragedian has consented to play the part of *Richard*, it is on one condition, but that is imperative. The fact is, not having expected to be called upon on this occasion, he has unfortunately left his *Richard's* wig in the country."

Loud laughter.

"In this trying and eventful crisis, we have adopted every alternative, but the only *Richard's* wig we have, is unluckily too small, this great tragedian's head being considerably larger than that of Mr. Kean's."

"Thicker!" cried one in the gallery, jocosely. (Renewed laughter.)

"In this emergency," continued Elliston, "I have again appealed to our great tragedian's sympathy, and I am happy to say, he will still play, if you will but, with your usual generosity, allow him, for this night only, to dispense with the wig, and play *Richard* in his own hair. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, he has stipulated that I shall not only make an apology for him, but for his wig into the bargain, and I think I have done it!"

Here he gave an irresistible look; cries of "Bravo, Elliston!" followed, mixed with loud applause, in the midst of which the manager, very much to his own satisfaction, retired.

The tragedian himself, as we have said, was busied dressing, and did not hear this speech, he was not a little surprised on making his *entrée* as *Richard* in his own hair, at the universal titter which greeted him from all parts of the house, and which was continued at intervals throughout the whole of the performance.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

No. XIX.

ANCIENT AMPHIBIOUS AND TERRESTRIAL DRAGONS.

Through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.
PARADISE LOST.

If, with the eyes of the imagination aided by the lights afforded by the strata and the ancient inhabitants buried therein, we look back upon our earth when the forms of crocodilian reptiles first came upon it, we may picture to ourselves an oozy, spongy, reeky land, watered with wild rivers, and largely overspread by a vast expanse of lakes, on whose dreary, slimy banks gigantic crocodiles reposed amid enormous extinct bog-plants, or floated log-like in the fenny sunshine on their waters, while the silence of the desolate scene was broken by the clank of their monstrous jaws, as they ever and anon closed upon the bygone generations of fishes, and by the growlings and explosions of the distant volcano.

With, perhaps, one exception—the crocodile of the Ganges namely—none of the ancient crocodilians exhibit specific identity with the alligators, crocodiles, and gavials now existing. And while they differ from the present races, the modifications of their osseous structure in which they so vary, as well as from each other, are much greater than any of those by which the skeletons of the existing species differ among themselves.

"Not only," says Professor Owen, "do the form and proportions of the peripheral parts, as of the jaws, the teeth, and the locomotive extremities vary, but the spine or central axis of the skeleton, offers modifications of the articular surfaces of the component vertebræ, which are quite unknown in the alligators, crocodiles, and gavials of the present epoch. In these existing species the anterior surface of the vertebral centrum is concave, the posterior convex, except in the atlas and sacrum. But besides this mode of junction, Cuvier has recognised in the crocodilians of the secondary formations two other types of vertebral structure: in one of these the positions of the ball and socket are reversed; in the other, and more common modification, both the articular surfaces of the vertebra are flat or slightly concave. Remains of extinct crocodilians, exhibiting all the three systems of vertebral articulation, occur in English formations."

The professor then divides the extinct British species which, generally, agree with the existing crocodilians into two sections.

First, those with concavo-convex vertebræ: secondly, those with biconcave vertebræ.

In the first of these divisions he notices and describes a single species—*Crocodilus Spenceri.*

In the second he arranges and gives a description of the following: *Suchosaurus cultridens, Goniopholis crassidens, Teleosaurus Chapmanni, Teleosaurus cadomensis, Teleosaurus asthenodeirus, Steneosaurus rostro-minor, Poikilopleuron Bucklandi, Streptospondylus Cuvieri, Cetiosaurus brevis, Cetiosaurus brachyurus, Cetiosaurus medius*, and *Cetiosaurus longus.*

The destructive nature of these ancient inhabitants of the swamps which once occupied the place of the fair fields and cities of these islands, may be imagined from the multitude of weapons that armed their jaws.

It has been calculated that *Teleosaurus cadomensis* had one hundred and eighty, and *Teleosaurus Chapmanni* at least one hundred and forty teeth. The gavial of these degenerate days cannot boast of more than one hundred and twelve.

But, terribly voracious as these and other crocodilians must have been, their efforts in keeping down the animals of the ancient Fauna of Britain could only have been feeble compared with those leviathans the *Cetiosauri*, some of which, according to Professor Owen's well-grounded statement, must have rivalled the modern great whales in bulk, and which he holds—with reason, we think—were strictly aquatic, and most probably marine in their habits. The larger alligator of the Ganges has been known in our own times to descend beyond the brackish water of the delta into the sea, though now frightened from its propriety by the steam-paddles that constantly vex that sacred river.

The evidence from which Professor Owen comes to this conclusion rests on the sub-biconcave structure of the vertebræ, and the coarse cancellous tissue of the long bones, which show no trace of a medullary cavity. In the great expanse of the coracoid and pubic bones, he tells us, as compared with the Teleosaurs and crocodiles, the gigantic saurians in question manifested their close affinity to the true Enaliosaurs which formed the principal subject of our last chapter; whilst their essential adherence to the crocodilian type is marked by the long bones of the extremities, especially the metatarsals, and above all, by the toes being terminated by strong claws.

The main organ of swimming is, the professor adds, shown by the strength and texture and vertical compression of the posterior caudal vertebræ, to have been a broad vertical tail; and the webbed feet, probably, were used only partially, in regulating the course of the swimmer, as in the puny *Amblyrhynchus* of the Gallapagos Islands.

But what is an *Amblyrhynchus?*

There are terrestrial and marine *Amblyrhynchi;* but it is the aquatic species *Amblyrhynchus cristatus*, to which the professor alludes. Here is its portrait drawn by the master hand of Darwin:—

"It lives exclusively on the rocky sea-beaches, and is never found, at least I never saw one, even ten yards inshore. It is a hideous-looking creature, of a dirty black colour, stupid and sluggish in its movements. The usual length of a full-grown one is about a yard, but there are some even four feet long: I have seen a large one which weighed twenty pounds. On the island of Albemarle, they seem to grow to a greater size than on any other. These lizards were

occasionally seen some hundred yards from the shore, swimming about: and Captain Collnett in his voyage, says, 'they go out to sea in shoals to fish.' With respect to the object I believe he is mistaken; but the fact stated on such good authority cannot be doubted. When in the water the animal swims with perfect ease and quickness, by a serpentine movement of its body and flattened tail, the legs, during this time, being motionless and closely collapsed on its sides. A seaman on board sank one with a heavy weight attached to it, thinking thus to kill it directly; but when, an hour afterwards, he drew up the line, the lizard was quite active. Their limbs and strong claws are admirably adapted for crawling over the rugged and fissured masses of lava which everywhere form the coast. In such situations, a group of six or seven of these hideous reptiles may oftentimes be seen on the black rocks, a few feet above the surf, basking in the sun with outstretched legs."

This extraordinary animal, notwithstanding its disgusting appearance, seems to be very harmless. Mr. Darwin found the stomachs of all which he opened distended with minced sea-weed, a food for the procuring and comminution of which its teeth, unlike those of the crocodilians, are well adapted; nor does he recollect having observed this sea-weed in any quantity on the tidal rocks. He states his belief to be that it grows at the bottom at some little distance from the coast, and he observes that, if such be the case, the object of the animals in going out to sea is explained.

Another peculiarity in the habits of this creature is thus noticed by the same acute and accurate observer:

"The nature of this lizard's food, as well as the structure of its tail, and the certain fact of its having been seen voluntarily swimming out at sea, absolutely prove its aquatic habits; yet there is in this respect one strange anomaly; namely, that when frightened it will not enter the water. From this cause it is easy to drive the lizards down to any little point overhanging the sea, where they will sooner allow a person to catch hold of their tail than jump into the water. They do not seem to have any notion of biting; but when much frightened they squirt a drop of fluid from each nostril. One day I carried one to a deep pool left by the retiring tide, and threw it in several times as far as I was able. It invariably returned in a direct line to the spot where I stood. It swam near the bottom, with a very graceful and rapid movement, and occasionally aided itself over the uneven ground with its feet. As soon as it arrived near the margin, but still being under water, it either tried to conceal itself in the tufts of sea-weed, or it entered some crevice. As soon as it thought the danger was past, it crawled out on the dry rock, and shuffled away as quickly as it could."

Mr. Darwin goes on to state that he several times caught this same lizard, by driving it down to a point, and though possessed of such perfect powers of diving and swimming, nothing would induce it to enter the water: as often as he threw it in, it returned in the manner above described by him. He thinks that this singular piece of apparent stupidity may, perhaps, be accounted for, by the circumstance that this reptile has no enemy whatever on shore, whereas at sea it must often fall a prey to sharks.

"Hence," adds Mr. Darwin, "probably urged by a fixed and here-

ditary instinct that the shore is its place of safety, whatever the emergency may be, it there takes refuge."*

And this innocuous herbivorous lizard is the only known example of a saurian of decided marine habits at the present period. Strong is the contrast between the lacertian inhabitants of the world of to-day and those which peopled it in the age of reptiles to which we must now return and inquire into the state of things when the crocodilian dynasty prevailed.

Remains of the extinct crocodilians may be traced from the early tertiary formations (the Escene period of Lyell) down to the oolite and lias, in both of which strata they occur; and it is worthy of observation that the deviations from the existing genera and species increase in degree, as the beds containing those extinct species indicate periods more remote from the present time, as Professor Owen has pointed out.

Dr. Buckland in a few eloquent words has summed up the appointed task of these ancient agents in the police of nature. After observing that their occurrence in a fossil state is of high importance, inasmuch as it shows that whilst many forms of vertebrated animals have one after another been created and become extinct, during the successive geological changes of the surface of our globe, there are others which have survived all these changes and revolutions, and still retain the leading features under which they first appeared in our planet, he thus proceeds:

"If we look to the state of the earth, and the character of its population at the time when crocodilian forms were first added to the number of its inhabitants, we find that the highest class of living beings were reptiles, and that the only other vertebrated animals which then existed were fishes; the carnivorous reptiles at this early period must therefore have fed chiefly upon them, and if, in the existing family of crocodiles, there be any that are in a peculiar degree piscivorous, their form is that we should expect to find in those most ancient fossil genera, whose chief supply of food must have been derived from fishes. In the living sub-genera of the crocodilian family, we see the elongated and slender beak of the gavial of the Ganges, constructed to feed on fishes; whilst the shorter and stronger snout of the broad-nosed crocodiles and alligators give them the power of seizing and devouring quadrupeds that come to the banks of rivers in hot countries to drink. As there were scarcely any mammalia during the secondary periods, whilst the waters were abundantly stored with fishes, we might *à priori* expect that if any crocodilian forms had then existed they would most nearly have resembled the modern gavial. And we have hitherto found only three genera which have elongated beaks, in formations anterior to and including the chalk; whilst true crocodiles, with a short and broad snout like that of the cayman and the alligator, appear for the first time in strata of the tertiary periods, in which the remains of mammalia abound. During these grand periods of lacus-

* Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the various Countries visited by H.M.S. Beagle, under the command of Captain Fitz-Roy, R.N. from 1832 to 1836. By Charles Darwin, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Secretary to the Geological Society, a work rich in vivid and accurate descriptions of nature.

trine mammalia, in which but few of the present genera of terrestrial carnivora had been called into existence, the important office of controlling the excessive increase of the aquatic herbivora appears to have been consigned to the crocodiles, whose habits fitted them in a peculiar degree for such a service. Thus the past history of the crocodilian tribe presents another example of the well-regulated workings of a consistent plan in the economy of animated nature, under which each individual, whilst following its own instinct, and pursuing its own good, is instrumental in promoting the general welfare of the whole family of its contemporaries."*

Our attention is next arrested by the ancient terrestrial dragons,

THE DINOSAURIANS,†

as Professor Owen has aptly termed them; and although he has, upon the most satisfactory data, somewhat reduced the enormous dimensions originally assigned to them, "fearfully-great lizards" must they have been.

This tribe of gigantic crocodile-lizards of the dry land, as Professor Owen designates them with his usual accuracy, excepting that we may be permitted to express our doubts as to the land being very dry, are, he observes, as clearly distinguished from the modern terrestrial and amphibious saurians, as the opposite modifications for an aquatic life characterize the extinct Enaliosaurians or marine-lizards. To Professor Buckland and Dr. Mantell are those interested in the subject—and their number is we are happy to say no longer small—principally indebted for a knowledge of these wonderful and long-buried forms which once had dominion where Queen Victoria now reigns.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of these great land-lizards is the possession of marrow-bones. The great bones of the extremities of the Enaliosaurians and ancient crocodilians were solid throughout, and the comparative weight, so far from being inconvenient in the medium through which they generally had to make their way, performed the office of ballast to steady them in and on the water, and prevent them when on the surface from exposing too much of their bodies and being what the sailors call crank.

But in the enormous and dragon-like forms now under consideration, those oviparous quadrupeds, in short, whose progression was to be performed on the land, and most probably in sandy or miry places and sloughs, a combination of lightness with strength was required, and the marrow-filled cylinder made the appropriate machinery complete.

Here is Professor Owen's general definition of his Dinosaurians:—

"This group, which includes at least three well-established genera of Saurians, is characterized by a large sacrum composed of five anchylosed vertebræ, of unusual construction, by the height and breadth and outward sculpturing of the neural arch of the dorsal vertebræ, by the twofold articulation of the ribs to the vertebræ,—viz., at the anterior

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* Bridgewater Treatise.

† Δεινὸς, terrible, fearfully-great: σαύρος, a lizard.

part of the spine by a head and tubercle, and along the rest of the trunk by a tubercle attached to the transverse process only, by broad and sometimes complicated coracoids and long and slender clavicles, whereby crocodilian characters of the vertebral column are combined with a lacertian type of the pectoral arch; the dental organs also exhibit the same transitorial or annectent characters in a greater or less degree. The bones of the extremities are of large proportional size for saurians; they are provided with large medullary cavities, and with well developed and unusual processes, and are terminated by metacarpal, metatarsal, and phalangeal bones, which, with the exception of the ungual phalanges, more or less resemble those of the heavy pachydermal mammals, and attest, with the hollow long-bones, the terrestrial habits of the species"*

The most remarkable of these Dinosaurians hitherto discovered are the *Iguanodon*, the *Megalosaurus*, and the *Hylæosaurus*. We will commence with the

IGUANODON.

The habits of the existing members of the family of crocodiles are so well ascertained and familiarly known, that it would have been needless to go into details on that head; but the manners of the *Iguanas* or *Guanas* which are now living, and come nearest to the great extinct *Iguanodon* are not so generally understood. A few words, therefore, explanatory of their form and mode of life may not be uninteresting previous to description of the old saurian.

The modern Guanas are lizards with long scaly bodies and tails, furnished with a depending deep, thin, gular pouch, also covered with scales, and serrated on the anterior portion of the edge near the chin. The head is somewhat pyramidal. The neck is a little compressed, and there are cuticular folds on its sides and on the trunk, the upper part of which is convex and rounded, and the under part flattened. The tail is very long and slender, slightly compressed on its sides. The rather long limbs are terminated by five toes with serrated edges and sharp claws, the three middle toes longer than the outside ones: the posterior toes are of greater length than those of the anterior extremities. A crest of elevated strongly-compressed scales often curved in a posterior direction, arises behind the head, and is continued along the mesial line of the back to the end of the tail, diminishing as the extremity of the latter is approached, and producing a serrated appearance throughout its extent. This saw-like back, joined to the gular pouch and extraordinarily-shaped head, defended by large scaly plates of different forms, gives these animals a formidable aspect, especially when they have attained to their full growth, which frequently reaches five feet where they have not been disturbed, but does not often exceed that length.

The geographical distribution of the Guanas extends over a great part of South America and the West India islands. Although they occasionally eat eggs and insects in a wild state, and in captivity have been known to feed on the entrails of fowls, their ordinary food con-

* Report on British Fossil Reptiles.

sists] of buds, leaves, flowers, and fruits, for the cropping of which their numerous teeth, which may be compared to small lancets, terminating in broad blades with minutely serrated edges, are admirably adapted. As this diet leads the Guana to the trees, both form and colour conjoin to aid in securing its safety; the first enabling it to climb and stand firm on the branches, and the second going far towards concealing it in its leafy haunt. The long, slender, serrated, sharp-clawed toes and lengthened flexible tail, here come into play; and the green, bluish, or slaty hue of the upper part of the body, together with the yellowish green or brownish of the under parts, harmonize with its situation. Sometimes there are brown stripes or yellow-edged zigzags on the sides of the body; sometimes there is an oblique yellow line on the forepart of the shoulder; some are dotted with brown, the limbs of others are mottled with brown on a blackish ground, and the tail is generally annulated with alternate large brown and green or yellowish rings. These variations are, however, in strict keeping with its sylvan habits.

The Guanas take well to the water in their natural state, and swim with ease and tolerable rapidity. We have seen one in this country perform this feat more than once. The animal entered the pond belonging to the enclosure in which it was kept of its own accord; the motion was easy and graceful, and the long flexible tail appeared to be the principal, if not the only instrument by whose oar-like but sinuous action progression was effected. We have also seen a Guana feeding on the leaves of the common kidney bean, to which plant it had resorted after refusing insects and other animal food. The colour of this Guana was a beautiful green. The leaves were assisted into the mouth by the fleshy tongue, and from the very short time they remained there must have been transmitted to the stomach but little comminuted by the teeth, whose services were evidently more applied to prehension and cropping than mastication.

These animals are oviparous: their eggs are round, with a thinner shell, or rather tegument, for it is tough not brittle, than that of those of the common poultry, but with a white and yolk resembling that of a hen's egg in flavour. Nor is this the only delicacy supplied by the uncouth-looking Guanas. They become very fat upon their wholesome diet, and are much sought after for their flesh, which is white as that of a chicken, and equal if not superior to it, when properly offered to the palate. The old authors confine their cookery to boiling and frying: thus Piso says that they love to feed on fruits and eggs, whence they derive much fat, and the whitish flesh "quæ elixa vel frixa inter delicias expetita, nec gallinaceis pullis cedit."

The same learned Amsterdam physician condescends to give a receipt for dressing their eggs in water, but without either oil or butter—"quæ addita aqua, non oleo aut butyro friguntur;" a method of frying which does not appear to have occurred to Dr. Kitchener. Modern refinement, however, soon discovered that Guana, to be eaten in perfection, should be presented in the savoury and delicate shape of a fricassee.

A few words further in illustration of the existing Guanas from eye-witnesses, whose works are not in the hands of every body.

Sir Hans Sloane gives the following account of an attempt to bring some of the reptiles of Jamaica to England:

"Though I foresaw the difficulties, yet I had an intention to try to bring with me from Jamaica some uncommon creatures alive; such as a large yellow snake, seven feet long, a *Guana*, or great lizard, a crocodile, &c. I had the snake tamed by an Indian, whom it would follow, as a dog would his master, and after it was delivered to me I kept it in a large earthen jarr, such as are for keeping the best water for the commanders of ships during their voyages, covering its mouth with two boards, and laying weights upon them. I had it fed every day by the guts and garbage of fowl, etc., put into the jarr from the kitchen. Thus it liv'd for some time, when being weary of its confinement, it shov'd asunder the two boards on the mouth of the jarr, and got up to the top of a large house, wherein lay footmen and other domesticks of her Grace the Duchess of Albemarle, who being afraid to lie down in such company, shot my snake dead. It seem'd before this disaster to be very well pleas'd with its situation, being in a part of the house which was filled with rats, which are the most pleasing food for these sort of serpents. 'Tis upon this account that the European nations inhabiting the countries producing sugar do not molest these creatures, because they destroy the rats (which came originally from ships cast away on the coast, &c.) which multiply strangely there, and do infinite mischief to the sugar canes, not only eating them, but spoiling the juice of those they gnaw. The *Guana* us'd to feed on *calabash-pulp*, and liv'd very well aboard of the yacht, till one day when it was running along the gunnel of the vessel, a seaman frighted it, and it leap'd overboard and was drown'd."*

Catesby describes the *Guana* (*Lacerta Iguana*, Linn.) as a kind of lizard somewhat resembling the crocodile or alligator in shape, but having a shorter head and a serrated crest on the ridge of the back, extending from behind its head to the middle of the tail: they are, he says, of various sizes, from two to five feet in length.

"Their mouths," continues Catesby, "are furnished with exceeding small teeth, but their jaws are armed with a bony beak, with which they bite with great strength. They inhabit warm countries only, and are rarely to be met with anywhere north or south of the Tropicks: Many of the Bahama islands abound with them. They nestle in hollow rocks and trees: their eggs have not a hard shell like the eggs of alligators, but a skin only, like those of turtle, and are esteemed good food: they lay a great number of them at a time in the earth, which are there hatch'd by the sun's heat. These Guanas are a great part of the subsistance of the inhabitants of the Bahama islands, for which purpose they visit many of the remote Bays and Islands, in their sloops to catch them; which they do by dogs trained up for that purpose, which are so dextrous as not often to kill them; which, if they do, they serve only for present spending; if otherwise, they sew up their mouths to prevent their biting, and put them into the hold of their sloop till they have catch'd a sufficient number; which they either carry alive for sale to Carolina, or salt and barrel up for the use of their families at home. These Guanas feed wholly on vegetables and fruit,

* "Jamaica." Vol. ii.

particularly on a kind of fungus, growing at the roots of trees, and of this and others of the Anona kind. Their flesh is easy of digestion, delicate, and well tasted: they are sometimes roasted, but the more common way is to boil them, taking out the leaves of fat, which they melt and clarify; this they put into a calabash or dish, into which they dip the flesh of the *Guana* as they eat it. It is remarkable that this fat, which adheres to the inside of the abdomen, imbibes the colour of the fruit they last eat, which I have frequently seen tinged with pale red, yellow, and sometimes of a purple colour, which last was from eating the *Prunus Maritima*, which fruit at the same time I took out of them. Though they are not amphibious, they are said to keep under water above an hour: when they swim, they use not their feet, but clap them close to their body, and guide themselves with their tails: they swallow all they eat whole. They cannot run fast; their holes being a greater security to them than their heels. They are so impatient of cold that they rarely appear out of their holes but when the sun shines."*

The "Anona" to which Catesby alludes, and which is figured in the plate opposite to his description, is the *Anona glabra* of Linnæus, the Sour-sop (or Sowr-sop, as Sloane writes it) of the colonists. Catesby says of it that it is an eatable fruit, very sweet, but somewhat insipid; "yet," he adds, "it is the food of guanas and other wild creatures. Sloane has this passage respecting the fruit of this tree—"an anonymous Portugal observed this fruit in Brasile. Purchas saith it tastes like a musty melon, and is shap'd like an ox's heart." The simile as to the shape is not bad.

Dr. Patrick Browne, in his "History of Jamaica," speaks of the Guana as a native of most parts of America, and generally an inhabitant of the woods; but remarks that like others of the tribe it lives a very considerable time without food, and changes its colour with the weather or the native moisture of its place of residence.

"I have kept," observes our author, "a grown *Guana* about the house for more than two months; it was very fierce and ill-natured at the beginning, but after some days it grew more tame, and would at length pass the greatest part of the day upon the bed or couch, but it went out always at night. I have never observed it to eat any thing, except what imperceptible particles it had lapped up in the air; for it frequently threw out its forked tongue, like the chameleon, as it walked along. The flesh of this creature is liked by many people, and frequently served up in fricassees at their tables, in which state they are often preferred to the best fowls. The *Guana* may be easily tamed while young, and is both an innocent and beautiful creature in that state."

If the worthy doctor had spared his poor Guana a morsel of his mango or custard-apple, or even thrown it a few succulent leaves, it need not have starved; but he seems to have thought that it lived upon the chameleon's dish.

Now turn we to its ancient prototype, the *Iguanodon*, whose teeth and remains were discovered by Dr. Mantell in the Weald, where the climate, in the Age of Reptiles, far from being temperate, must have

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* "Carolina." Vol. ii.

been of a tropical character, from the evidences exhumed from its strata.

The thigh-bone of this monster was larger than that of any existing elephant. Indeed the size of its bones took its first describers so much by surprise that we have heard "a tail as long as St. Martin's steeple" ascribed to it or some of its fossil brethren, in the enthusiastic eloquence of the moment—after dinner. Nay, seventy-five, eighty, and even one hundred feet have been deliberately stated as the length of the Iguanodon, from a comparison of its teeth, clavicle, femur, and claw-bone with those of the Guana at present in existence.

Now, as Professor Owen remarks, if the comparison had been founded on the claw-bone from Horsham, instead of that compared by Dr. Mantell, *two hundred feet* as the total length of the Iguanodon would have been the result; for the Horsham bone exceeds the corresponding phalanx by forty times. Upon measurements and calculations, however, that appear to be incontrovertible, the total length of the Iguanodon—which differs in some parts of its structure, the articulation of the ribs for example, from that of the Guana—is set down by Professor Owen at twenty-eight feet; and when its enormous bulk and strength is recollected, this ancient herbivorous dragon must have been of a size to have fitly supplied the commissariat of the giants when they warred against Jove.

The teeth with which this monster cut out its huge morsels from the tough *Clathrariæ*, and other similar rigid plants which are found entombed with its remains, are instruments whose adaptation to the work which they had to perform beautifully shines out upon examination.

Professor Owen justly observes that the teeth of the *Iguanodon*, although they resemble very closely those of the *Iguana*, do not present an exact magnified image of them, but differ in the greater relative thickness of the crown, its more complicated external surface, and still more essentially in a modification of the internal structure, by which the Iguanodon deviated from every known reptile. The structure of the teeth is fully described by the professor both from ordinary and microscopical examination in his "Report;" but our limits will not permit us to go into the details, notwithstanding their great interest. We can only here state, that in its first or incisive condition, the tooth presented a sharp serrated edge, extending down each side from the point to the broad portion of the body of the tooth; and as this was necessarily liable to wear away by use, a provision was made to convert it into a molar or grinding tooth, till it was worn down so as to become no longer available, when its place was supplied by a new tooth. To preserve a cutting edge, there was a partial coating of enamel, and to secure the wearing away of the tooth in a more regularly oblique plane, the dentine is rendered softer as it recedes from the enamelled edge, by the simple contrivance of arresting the calcifying process along certain tracts of the inner wall of the tooth. When attrition had exhausted the enamel, and the tooth became limited to its grinding function, the ossified remnants of the pulp came into operation to add to its molar efficiency.

Even before Professor Owen had thus laid open the internal structure of these admirable plant-cutting and plant-crushing instruments, Professor Buckland was struck, from mere external examination, with

the exquisite design manifested in their conformation, which he describes with his wonted felicity; and he shows how, while the tooth was gradually diminishing above, a simultaneous absorption of the root went on below, caused by the pressure of a new tooth rising to replace the old one, until, by this continual consumption at both extremities, the middle portion was reduced to a hollow stump, which fell from the jaw to make room for a more efficient successor. In this last stage, he observes, the form of the tooth had entirely changed, and the crown had become flat, like that of worn-out human incisors, and capable of performing imperfect mastication after the cutting powers had diminished.

"In this curious piece of animal mechanism," says Dr. Buckland, in concluding his interesting chapter on the Iguanodon, "we find a varied adjustment of all parts and proportions of the tooth, to the exercise of peculiar functions; attended by compensations adapted to shifting conditions of the instrument, during different stages of its consumption. And we must estimate the works of nature by a different standard from that which we apply to the productions of human art, if we can view such examples of mechanical contrivance united with so much economy of expenditure, and with such anticipated adaptations to varying conditions in their application, without feeling a profound conviction that all this adjustment has resulted from design and high intelligence."*

Such was the Iguanodon which once basked in the tropical jungles of Sussex, amid extinct plants that formed its shelter and its food. Trees there were none for such a giant to climb, and indeed the caudal vertebræ show, as Professor Owen points out, that the tail of the Iguanodon was relatively shorter than that of the Iguana, whilst the size and structure of the sacrum, thigh-bone, and tibia further indicate the adaptation of the great herbivorous saurian for terrestrial life. Neither the invention of the herald who drew the supporters of the shield of the city of London, ready to attack fiercely any reformer who approaches the cockney Goshen, nor even the imagination of Retzsch, can match this bulky monster. Truth *is* stranger than fiction.†

HYLÆOSAURUS.

Another great dragon or lizard of the Weald, to which Dr. Mantell assigns the above name, was discovered by that indefatigable palæontologist in Tilgate Forest. It was, at first, supposed to have been, like the Iguanodon, herbivorous; but the observations of Professor Owen go to prove that the jaws contained a series of true sockets, and were fitted for the thecodont or socketed mode of attachment of the teeth, and thus agreed with the carnivorous *Megalosaurus*. There is some doubt, moreover, as to the enormous dermal fringe which was supposed to have extended along the back of the animal, analogous to that which is seen on the modern *Cyclura* lizard, for reasons given by Professor Owen in his *Report;* but the existence

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* Bridgewater Treatise.

† The *horn* which was supposed to have projected from the snout of the Iguanodon is its claw-bone, and so Professor Owen has noticed it.

of dermal scutes in the Hylæosaur analogous to those in the recent crocodiles, rests upon unequivocal testimony, and some of them may be seen still adhering to the caudal vertebræ, decreasing in size as they approach the end of the tail. The diameter of the largest of these scutes which must have studded the skin of this great reptile, was found to be not more than three inches; that of the smallest was one inch.

But the most formidable, as well as the most remarkable of these Old World terrestrial dragons, must have been the highly carnivorous

MEGALOSAURUS.

To Dr. Buckland, who first founded this extraordinary genus on specimens discovered in the oolitic slate of Stonesfield, near Oxford, we are indebted for this, in every sense of the word, great addition to the extinct Fauna of these realms. For, although the length of from forty to fifty feet assigned to this ancient and truculent dragon by Cuvier and others, has shrunk before the accurate measurements and calculations of Professor Owen to a total length of thirty feet, its gigantic bones give evidence of an enormous bulk which must have realized the "bely greater than any tonne" of the old legend; whilst its terrible jaws and trenchant teeth, which partook of the structure of of those of the crocodile and monitor, attest its great destructive power.

As Dr. Mantell found the bones of the Megalosaurus in the Wealden fresh-water formation of Tilgate Forest, this slashing destroyer may have helped to keep down the great herbivorous Iguanodons, as well as the smaller reptiles, such as crocodiles and tortoises, whose remains are found imbedded with it. Dr. Buckland also suggests that it may have taken to the water in pursuit of *Plesiosauri* and fishes; and infers from the localities whence it has been disinterred, that it existed during the deposition of the entire series of oolitic strata. The Iguanodon would hardly have succumbed to the Megalosaur without resistance, and the fight between the herbivorous and carnivorous Titans must have been a tremendous tug of war.

Professor Owen observes, that the most authentic remains of the Megalosaur prove it to have been closely related to the Lacertian division of the Saurian order; but that the teeth, the vertebræ, and some of the bones of the extremities, indicate its affinities to the crocodilian group; and that all these parts manifest more or less strongly the peculiar characters of its own remarkable family. In the instructive and characteristic portion of the lower jaw, he remarks, the sockets, like the teeth, are compressed, and are separated by complete partitions; but they are so much wider than the teeth as to suggest the existence of a greater portion of ligamentous gum at the upper part of the alvoolar tract in the recent animal than in the crocodiles. There is, he remarks, a slight groove and ridge along the inner side of the sockets, and it is at this groove, at the interspace of each triangular plate, that the points of the new teeth, that are to supply the place of the old ones broken or blunted by slaughter, protrude.

The crowns of these destructive implements were compressed, conical, and pointed, double-edged and serrated on both the anterior

and posterior edges. Straight at their first protrusion, they afterwards became slightly curved or sabre-shaped as they grew, and were covered with a fine polished enamel. In the dentition, the Megalosaur approaches nearest, in Professor Owen's opinion, to the Varanian family, which at present includes the largest and most carnivorous species of lizard properly so called.

Now let us hear Dr. Buckland on the teeth. He points out that in their structure we find a combination of mechanical contrivances, analogous to those which are adopted in the construction of the knife, the sabre, and the saw.

"When first protruded above the gum, the apex of each tooth presented a double-cutting edge of serrated enamel. In this stage its position and line of action were nearly vertical, and its form like that of the two-edged point of a sabre, cutting equally on each side. As the tooth advanced in growth, it became curved backwards in the form of a pruning-knife, and the edge of serrated enamel was continued downwards to the base of the inner and cutting side of the tooth; whilst, on the outer side, a similar edge descended, but to a short distance from the point, and the convex portion of the tooth became blunt and thick, as the back of a knife is made thick for the purpose of producing strength. The strength of the tooth was further increased by the expansion of its sides. Had the serrature continued along the whole of the blunt and convex portion of the tooth, it would, in this position, have possessed no useful cutting power; it ceased precisely at the point beyond which it could no longer be effective. In a tooth thus formed for cutting along its concave edge, each movement of the jaw combined the power of the knife and saw; whilst the apex, in making the first incision, acted like the two-edged point of a sabre. The backward curvature of the full-grown teeth, enabled them to retain, like barbs, the prey which they had penetrated. In these adaptations we see contrivances, which human ingenuity has also adopted, in the preparations of various instruments of art."*

But, it may be asked, how is this ingenuity in the formation of cruel instruments expressly formed for inflicting pain, and dealing destruction and death, reconcilable with the mercy attributed to the Creator, who manifests in the structure of the lowest of his creatures the best adaptations to its wants and pleasures? The querist will be best answered by the thirteenth chapter of Dr. Buckland's "Bridgewater Treatise," wherein he proposes to show that the aggregate of animal enjoyment is increased, and that of pain diminished by the existence of carnivorous races. In reading that eloquent chapter, let him keep these points steadily in view; first, that it was written with reference to the lower animals; next, that man is the only animal that knows he is to die; thirdly, that there is room in the world for only a certain amount of enjoyable animal existence; and he will find that what at first sight appears to be "a scene of perpetual warfare and incessant carnage," is in reality a system of the most enlarged benevolence. We can only find room for the following paragraph:

"The law of universal mortality being the established condition on which it has pleased the Creator to give being to every creature upon

* Bridgewater Treatise.

earth, it is a dispensation of kindness to make the end of life to each individual as easy as possible. The most easy death is, proverbially, that which is the least expected; and though, for moral reasons peculiar to our own species, we deprecate the *sudden* termination of our mortal life; yet, in the case of every inferior animal, such a termination of existence is obviously the most desirable. The pains of sickness and decrepitude of age are the usual precursors of death, resulting from gradual decay. These, in the human race alone, are susceptible of alleviation from internal sources of hope and consolation, and give exercise to some of the highest charities and most tender sympathies of humanity. But, throughout the whole creation of inferior animals, no such sympathies exist; there is no affection or regard for the feeble and aged; no alleviating care to relieve the sick; and the extension of life through lingering stages of decay and of old age, would, to each individual, be a scene of protracted misery. Under such a system, the natural world would present a mass of daily suffering, bearing a large proportion to the total amount of animal enjoyment. By the existing dispensations of sudden destruction and rapid succession, the feeble and disabled are speedily relieved from suffering, and the world is at all times crowded with myriads of sentient and happy beings; and though to many individuals their allotted share of life is often short, it is usually a period of uninterrupted gratification; whilst the momentary pain of sudden and unexpected death is an evil infinitely small, in comparison with the enjoyments of which it is the termination."

This being granted, the more efficient the weapon of destruction is, the less will the suffering of the individual be. The wish of the honest host in 'Marmion' was, after all, not an uncharitable one:

> Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
> And if thou com'st among the rest,
> With Scottish broad sword to be blest,
> Sharp be the brand and sure the blow,
> And short the pang to undergo.

How many of our noble sufferers in those dark days, when the laws may truly be said to have been written in blood, have felt the edge of the axe that was to dismiss them to their account? One of the last who resorted to this test was Lord Balmerino; but in his case, it unexpectedly brought additional suffering; for the unaffected gallant bearing of the man completely unnerved the executioner, and a scene ensued which every lover of his country would wish to veil. That scene took place one hundred years ago, wanting three. What changes have since taken place in the spirit of our punishments—how much butchery has been swept away, never again, we trust, to defile this land.

THE WIDOWS' ALMSHOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," "COLLEGE LIFE," &c.

No. X.

A RUN-AWAY MATCH.

Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.

HORACE.

CHAP. IV.

GREAT was the consternation at Broadly Hall when the flight of Amabelle was discovered. The family assembled at breakfast, and all were there save the Indian cousin. The squire, who never sat down to his morning meal until all his little party were ready to join him, ordered his servant to summon Amabelle, who was the only one not present. The man despatched the ladies-maid to her bedroom. She soon returned with the information that the room was empty. The squire imagining that his niece might be walking in the park or gardens, ordered the dinner-bell to be rung. This was done, loudly and long, but without the expected result.

"Dear me! it is very odd," said the squire—"very rude, too. Has no one seen Amabelle this morning?"

No one had seen her.

"Run, Mary, my dear, and question the maid who waits upon her."

Mary obeyed, and learned from the girl that she had gone into the young lady's room at the usual hour, and found that she had already risen, and, as she concluded, dressed herself and gone out for an early walk. As this was not an unusual occurrence, she neither thought nor said any thing about it.

As soon as Mary had communicated this negative information to her father he sent for all his domestics and questioned them. None of them had seen Miss Amabelle. The only one who had any thing to communicate was the upper housemaid, who, on going into the drawing-room to open the shutters, had found the glass-door which led into the conservatory open, and the door of the conservatory itself unlocked.

Mrs. Delaval turned exceedingly pale, and beckoned to Mary to follow her from the breakfast-parlour, whilst the squire was giving orders to the men-servants to search the park and grounds, to call at the lodge, and make inquiries in the village.

As soon as they were in the hall Mrs. Delaval whispered her suspicions—that Amabelle had eloped with Mr. St. Eustace—to Mary. She was greatly shocked that her friend should entertain so degrading an opinion of her cousin, and refused to believe that she could be guilty of such a piece of folly, or madness as she termed it.

Mrs. Delaval shook her head sorrowfully, but before she mentioned her suspicions to the squire she resolved to send to Cheltenham and

ascertain if the gay Lothario was to be found. She called aside one of the grooms and bade him mount a fleet horse, and ride over to Mr. St. Eustace's lodgings as quickly as he could, and request his attendance at the hall. The man obeyed; and as soon as she had seen him gallop off down the avenue, Mrs. Delaval returned with Mary to the breakfast-room. The meal passed slowly and uncomfortably, amidst the wonderings and conjecturings of every one except the two eldest ladies of the party, who sat pale and agitated, but said nothing.

Just as the breakfast was over Mrs. Delaval heard the noise of a horse's feet, and rightly conjecturing that her messenger had returned, left the room, to hear in private the result of his hasty journey.

"Mr. St. Eustace was not at home. He had left Cheltenham for a fortnight on a distant journey to see his friends."

Such was the message sent by the good woman of the house wherein the professor of music lodged.

Mrs. Delaval's suspicions were no longer such, but "confirmations strong." She desired the butler to tell his master that she wished to speak to him immediately, in his own room, where she took her seat, tremblingly awaiting his coming.

Now the squire of Broadly Hall was not what is termed a passionate man, though a little hasty at times, and rarely indulged in using naughty words and wicked oaths; but when Mrs. Delaval had informed him of all her reasons for being sure that his niece had eloped with her music-master, he certainly forgot himself. He called her, Mrs. Delaval, a negligent old —— (something very shocking) for permitting such an event to take place. He abused his niece as a nasty, proud, black —— (un-natural natural daughter), and the partner of her flight as a squalling, piano-thrumming, scheming vagabond. He then sallied out into the hall and kitchen, and upbraided every servant whom he ran against, for having conspired against his peace of mind and dignity, and threatened to turn the whole establishment out of doors before night. The children hearing the uproar came to ascertain the cause of it, and when they were told that "Miss Dusky-face had run away with a man," thinking that something very horrible indeed had happened to her, they began crying and screaming as loudly as their juvenile powers would permit them.

Amidst this din the squire, who looked as if he could have committed infanticide, and thought it justifiable, ordered his horse and rode over towards Cheltenham as hard as he could gallop.

Now the horse on which Mr. Maclieven was mounted was as sure-footed an animal as any in the county of Gloucester. He had never been known to trip or stumble. Whether his master, in his passion or in his haste to overtake and drub the music-master, taxed his steed beyond his powers, or the steed having heard of the false step committed in the family, was willing to follow so pernicious an example, is uncertain: it is certain however that he did commit a *faux pas* before he reached the lodge-gates, and fell on the hard, gravelled road, breaking both his own knees and one of his master's arms. The sum of money that would have been expended on a fruitless pursuit of the fugitives was thus accidentally transferred into the pockets of the family bone-setter, who ordered the squire to bed and bled him profusely, to

prevent the ill-effects of the fever which was raging in his veins, more from disappointed revenge than the consequence of his fall.

We must leave the squire of Broadly Hall to his bed and barley-water, and follow his runaway niece to the abode of the black-smith of the north, who ought to be called the *lock*-smith, as being an appellation more appropriate and genteel.

Mr. St. Eustace and his "future" met with neither incident nor accident in their rapid journey. They ate, drank, and were as merry as they could be under their peculiar circumstances. As they travelled swiftly, and without stopping to satisfy the cravings of nature they arrived sooner than even their sanguine hopes led them to expect they should, at the goal of their wishes. The ceremony was effectually performed, and the bride and bridegroom, after spending a few days in the north, set out on their return to Cheltenham, whither the avocations of the former summoned him in a most peremptory manner.

To tell the truth, the little sum which the professor had obtained, partly from his own savings, and partly by borrowing from his friend and ally his brother professor of the palette and painting brush, was so nearly exhausted ere they were within fifty miles of their home that it caused him some degree of painful speculation, whether or no he should be enabled to reach it without applying to his wife for a supply. This unpleasant occurrence caused him to do what he had not ventured upon before—make some few general inquiries as to the lady's present means and future prospects.

"Amabelle, dearest one," said her husband smilingly, as he fumbled, or rather pretended to fumble, in his waistcoat-pocket for a shilling to pay a turnpike with, "have you any small change in your purse?"

"No, dearest," replied the bride, "I had only my quarter's pocket money in my desk, and you know you told me to bring nothing with me when I left my tyrant but what few clothes I deemed necessary."

"True, true. It is of no consequence. I can tell the boys to pay, and get change at the next place we stop at."

"Yes, you can change a sovereign and four horses at the same time," said Amabelle, smiling at her own wit.

Mr. St. Eustace tried to smile, as in duty bound, but it was one of those anomalous grins which are wont to disfigure the features of such as are fully convinced that it is "no laughing matter" that of changing the last sovereign, and not knowing when or how they shall procure a successor. The boys however paid all the 'pikes, and as the horses were "paid on" at the last stage, Mr. St. Eustace managed to pay the boys and repay the 'pikes, and to leave just seven shillings and sixpence in his purse.

What was to be done? He could not—at least he would not—explain to his highly connected and proud wife that he was deficient in means so soon after his marriage, and he felt unwilling to ask the landlord of the inn for a supply. As to forging a check, he never dreamed of it; or if he did, perhaps, he entertained some serious doubts about getting it cashed. He had a very handsome gold watch and seals, which he might have deposited for the loan of 20*l.*, but he could not make up his mind to part with it—even for a week or two. It was a part—a professional part of himself—being *the* watch that he always placed on the pianoforte while he attended a pupil, to indicate

to her and himself when the hour—the guinea's-worth—was ended. He could not attend a pupil without the watch, which was almost as celebrated as himself. He proposed staying a day or two to see the beauties and manufactures of Worcester, whither he had fortunately directed "the boys," and to this his wife made no objection.

He ordered an excellent dinner of mine host of the Hop-pole, and while his lady went to dress he addressed a letter to his friend the drawing-master. As we are privileged to commit such rudenesses, we shall take the liberty of looking over his very handsome right whisker and splendid cravat, to read what he wrote. The note ran thus:

"Hop-pole Hotel,
"Worcester.

"My dear Wilkes,

"You are not only a drawer but a designer. The sketch you gave me of my wife was excellent. I have filled up the outline, and I assure you she is a perfect picture. Not so bad that—eh? Well; we had a most delightful journey—quick time, though, and without a single bar's rest—as rapid and as noisy as the quick movements in the battle of Prague, played in a schoolroom just before play and promenade time. My Amabelle is all I could wish her, and a far better spec. than you calculated upon. She will have no end of pewter—or, as I ought to say, silver—for her whole fortune is to be paid—not like a farmer's daughter's, in *pease*, but in rup*pees*. Not so bad that—eh? Well, here we are at Worcester—charming place for crockery and cooking—Severn salmon and Sèvres china. I shall buy you a specimen of both as a *mem.* of my wedding trip. By the by, if my desk is open take out a fifty and send it me down here, as I am short of ready stumpy, and don't choose to ask a strange landlord to change a check for a stranger. If it is locked, just send me 20*l.* or 30*l.*, and I will repay you when I return, which will be in a day or two. Get married, old fellow; you will find a pretty, rich wife, a very desirable accompaniment obligato to a tea-table.

"Yours, very truly,
"Eugenio St. Eustace."

"P.S. Be sure write *by return.*

The bridegroom having posted this specimen of the "epistolary humbug" with his own hands, for fear of a mistake, sat down to his dinner, and enjoyed it very much. In the evening he would have proposed a visit to the theatre, which happened to be open at the time, but he had not the means of paying for admission except to the pit, which he thought *below* such a fine lady as his wife. So he proposed a little stroll, and an early retirement after the fatigues of the journey. To this his wife acceded.

The following day was spent in visiting the china warehouses and manufactures, and Mrs. Eustace was anxious to make many expensive purchases, and would have done so had not her husband assured her that it was a most injudicious plan, as he could buy the very same articles at the auctions in Cheltenham for one half the price they asked for them on the spot where they were made.

"I must, my dearest, take home some pretty little article as a memo-

rial of our visit," said the lady. "There, only that pretty little set of chimney ornaments."

"How much?" said the husband.

"Only ten guineas," replied the seller.

"And very cheap, too," said the lady. "I *must* have them, dearest."

St. Eustace sighed, and in reply to the seller's question where he should send them, he said,

"To the Hop-pole, after breakfast—mind—*after* breakfast—to-morrow morning."

This he said, feeling assured that by that time his friend Wilkes, the drawing-master, would have remitted him the means of paying for them.

A few dozens of gloves were purchased on the same conditions, and St. Eustace retired for the night with just two and sixpence of his cash remaining.

In the morning came the much desired answer, which we, indulging in the same liberty as before, will give:

"Cheltenham.

"Dear Sir,

"In obedience to your wishes called at your lodgings. Key not in desk. Fortunately one of mine fitted. Opened, but found no fifties, only some stray MS. music which showed me you had been 'running up a *score*.' Not so bad, eh? Hope you have not been doing so at Worcester, as have no cash in hand, being middle of quarter. Glad to hear wife likely to prove good spec. Must do as I do for present means—*draw* upon paper. Give a bill, and meet it if you can.

"Yours, very truly,

"Joshua Wilkes.

"P.S. Shall be glad of payment of little advance for running off as soon as convenient."

Mr. St. Eustace crumpled this note up in his hand, and paid his friend some very improper compliments in very hard words. He did, in truth, make use of terms for which he would have been fined if he had been properly exposed before one of her majesty's justices of the peace. He did it openly too. It was not mental swearing, but a series of naughty words, almost as loudly uttered as if the person on whom they were vented had been present to hear them. One person did hear them, and that person was his astonished wife, who had come into the room unobserved by him.

In his despair, and in reply to her inquiring looks, St. Eustace explained every thing—his moneyless plight, and the ungrateful conduct of the man whom he had called his friend.

Mrs. St. Eustace was disgusted with Wilkes, and pitied her handsome husband. She comforted him, too, by telling him not to mind so low a wretch, as she would write to her uncle and desire him to remit her a few hundreds immediately.

St. Eustace was delighted; he cursed Wilkes, ate two mutton-chops and three eggs, and drank a considerable quantity of coffee—he was

happy, quite happy. The waiter, however, entered with the chimney-ornaments and a receipted bill for the amount—his happiness was at an end. He looked at the waiter and then at his wife, who understood the look, and bade the waiter to tell "the person" to leave the articles and call again for the money.

This "the person" declined doing, and Mrs. St. Eustace said he was an impudent fellow, and she should decline taking the goods. "The person" who brought the packets of gloves was treated in the same unceremonious manner. St. Eustace was happy again.

His happiness, however, did not last long, for the waiter, who thought such behaviour very shabby, to say the least of it, reported it to his master, and added, he "thought that the luggage of No. 6, would not pay for the bill already incurred."

The landlord took the hint and made out the bill. He sent the waiter with it, ordered him to present it, and explain to the gentleman in No. 6, that it was the custom of the Hop-pole Inn to send in the bill every other day.

The waiter performed his duty very politely, and placed a little document amounting to 3*l.* 16*s.*, before the enraged gentleman in No. 6, who ordered him to tell his master to come up.

Up came "mine host," and Mrs. St. Eustace having rebuked him severely for his rudeness, told him he must wait until the return of the post, when she expected a remittance from her uncle, Mr. Maclieven, of Broadly Hall in Gloucestershire.

The host made a most polite bow and all sorts of apologies, and retired.

A short time afterwards Mr. St. Eustace passed the bar, and was much surprised to see the landlord give him a very knowing wink. He was inclined to resent it; but thinking of his present poverty, put on a look-interrogatory instead. The host shortly and whisperingly explained that "he had heard all about his luck in having run off with the richest heiress in Gloucestershire."

Mr. St. Eustace was satisfied. He borrowed five pounds of the landlord, and helped him to drink a bottle of champagne in the bar. He felt that he, Mr. St. Eustace, was henceforth a celebrated character—a public man.

In the meanwhile Mrs. St. Eustace wrote a very cool note to her uncle, and without at all apologizing for the step she had taken, desired him to send a few hundred pounds for present purposes by return of post.

The post returned, and Mrs. St. Eustace received a letter from Mrs. Delaval with an *enclosure*. The letter merely stated that Mr. Maclieven was very ill in bed, and had no money of Mrs. St. Eustace's in his possession. The *enclosure* was a kind but expostulatory note from Mary, and contained a 10*l.* note, which was all she had; a sum saved out of her pocket-money.

Amabelle was maddened with indignation—her dark eyes flashed like fire—the colour showed itself through her dark skin, and she gave vent to a storm of passion, which astonished while it frightened her husband. He trembled and thought he had married one of the Furies by mistake.

The letters were torn in pieces and trodden under foot, and the 10*l.*

note would have shared their fate had not Mr. St. Eustace interfered, and by a proper representation of their present circumstances, saved it from destruction.

Not to dwell upon this scene, it will be enough to say that the landlord and his bill were paid, and with the very short supply that remained, the bride and bridegroom returned to their home on the *outside* of a stage-coach.

Chap. V.

It is not to be supposed that an event like the elopement of a young lady, the daughter of a rich nabob, from her uncle's halls, with a music-master, would not cause much excitement in any place, much less in such a place as Cheltenham. Of course the usual lies were told on the occasion. Some said the young lady had 60,000*l.* in her own right, and that the music-master had carried her off against her will, and under a threat of ruining her character, or murdering her outright if she did not consent to his arrangements. Others swore that they had it for a fact that she had not one halfpenny either in *esse* or *posse*, and had fallen in love with Mr. St. Eustace on purpose to gain a livelihood by coming out as a public singer under his guidance and tuition. Not a few hinted at the necessity that existed for the match, to save people the trouble of accounting for the lady getting rather stout. The most charitable averred that she was treated very unkindly by her family and Mrs. Delaval, and sought a husband merely to rescue herself from their tyranny.

So much for the constructions put on the conduct of the bride.

The bridegroom was not spared. He was, as I have said, a very handsome man; he was consequently envied amd hated by the "men about Cheltenham." With the women he had been a great favourite. Some of them, indeed, were rather hoping than not that he would be presumptuous enough to aspire to their hands, the fingers of which he had so often directed professionally.

Now that he had aspired and succeeded in one quarter he was called a presumptuous puppy by his former admirers, and their kindly feelings towards him were wonderfully changed. Even those who applauded him as "a very plucky fellow," said he was a brute for having knocked down the bride's uncle, and kicked him when he was down until he had broken his arm! For so was the unfortunate accident that Mr. Maclieven had met with misrepresented.

Wilkes, the drawing-master, heard very many of these remarks, and seeing that the tide of unpopularity was setting violently in against his former friend, he never acknowledged the share he had taken in the business of the elopement, but shut his lips against the public, and the door of his lodgings against the eloper, even at the risk of losing the sum advanced by him previously to the wedding trip.

At Broadly Hall, it must be confessed, that Amabelle's absence was duly appreciated by the family and by the domestics; for, by the peculiar talents she possessed for making herself disagreeable, she had succeeded in making every one but Miss Mary her enemy. Every one else hoped that her marriage had signed the warrant of her expulsion from the hall.

The squire, who had a sound constitution, soon recovered from the effects of his accident, but while he was still smarting from the pain of the broken limb, he swore that she who had caused it should never enter his doors again. He strictly forbade any one of his family's corresponding with her, and insisted upon her being treated as a stranger by every body at the Hall.

Mrs. Delaval sought to soften his feelings a little, and Mary aided her in trying to persuade him to see Amabelle, and to allow her a small sum quarterly; but he was deaf to all their entreaties and when closely pressed upon the subject, swore manfully that if they ever alluded to the black —— in his presence again, he would turn them both out into the world penniless.

Under these very favourable circumstances did Mr. and Mrs. St. Eustace return to their home—a lodging on the first floor of a house in the High-street. Amabelle turned up her Hindoo nose at the "snug apartments," and the slip-shod maid who *did* for the lodgers. Her husband did not notice the "turn up," as he was busily engaged in opening a vast heap of notes of all sizes and shapes, which were placed on his little table, and which he did not doubt for a moment contained suitable congratulations on his enviable fortune, sent by his numerous friends.

The very first that he read was this. It bore a printed or rather engraved head-piece, running thus:

THE MISSES POKER'S

PUMP-ROOM ESTABLISHMENT

FOR

BILIOUS AND INVALID YOUNG LADIES,

THE

MONTPELLIER CHATEAU,

And the contents were in a fine Italian hand,

The Misses Poker beg to decline the future services of Mr. St. Eustace as Professor of Vocal and Instrumental Music to the Pump-room Establishment for Bilious and Invalid Young Ladies called the Montpellier Chateau.

CARDS OF THE TERMS MAY BE HAD AT THE

MONTPELLIER CHATEAU

AND AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

The professor of vocal and instrumental music was as much surprised as annoyed at this communication. All the other notes, however, being worded much after the same fashion, turned his indignation into terror, and finally into despair.

There he was with a lady-wife and no income whereupon to support her. He struck himself a violent blow upon the forehead, and fell

down on his horizontal grand piano, which sent forth a groan as if in sympathy with its owner's grief.

The sound caught the ear of his wife, while she was examining and turning up her nose at the accommodations provided for her reception in the little back bed-room which opened into the sitting-room. She inquired the meaning of his evident perturbation. He pointed to the letters and sunk into a chair. She cast her eyes hastily over them, and then abused the Misses Poker, and all the rest of the correspondents most heartily, but told her husband not to fret, as she should write to the Hall at once, and if her uncle was still brute enough to refuse her a supply, she would apply to her father in India, who would of course allow her a few thousands a year.

Mr. St. Eustace was not so much cheered by this assurance as his wife expected he would be. The former letters from the hall excluded all hopes from that quarter, and even if her father could be induced to allow her even a few hundreds instead of thousands it would be some months before the first remittance could reach them; and what were they to do in the mean while? The gold watch, it is true, would no longer be of use when there were no more pupils to admire it; but they could not live upon one gold watch, a chain and two seals for twelve months.

Amabelle wrote to the Hall as she had said she would. No answer was returned by the bearer; but in the afternoon of the same day, a cart stopped at the door of the lodging-house, and the driver left two trunks for Mrs. St. Eustace. Upon opening them she found all her worldly goods, clothes, desk, and work-boxes, a few trinkets of little value, and the quarter's pocket-money, a 5*l.* note.

In vain did she rummage—I believe that is the ladies'-maid phrase—every article in the boxes for a note. None was to be found, and Amabelle felt that she was discarded by her relations at the Hall. She flew into a passion so violent, that her husband was glad to escape from her, and without thinking of what he was about, took a stroll up the High-street, and to the Pump-room walks, just as all Cheltenham was enjoying the evening promenade.

He was a magnet that attracted all eyes, but not one beamed kindly on him—no one seemed to know him—all his old intimates frowned upon him, and even his fellow-musicians, who were playing martial music at a circular stand in the rotunda, winked and grinned at each other when he approached, but did not smile on him. To crown all—the Misses Poker, who were following their pupils—once his own—like two vigilant sheep-dogs driving a flock of lambs before them, gave him a lightning glance of displeasure, and then surveyed the heavens as carefully as if they were getting up a lecture on astronomy for the young ladies on their return to the Montpellier Chateau. The *quondam* pupils of the professor, as per order given, did not even see their *quondam* master.

All this looked bad; but though his prospects were gloomy as far as his pupils were concerned, Mr. St. Eustace was not a man to despond. He had talents, and he felt that they were valuable to himself and valued by a "discerning public," when called into action. A grand concert was to "come off" at the public rooms on the following week, at which he was engaged on very liberal terms—for they could

not well do without him, and he had made up his mind not only to fulfil his engagement, but to surpass himself.

It should not be with him *vox et præterea nihil.* He would not only execute his songs, but his solo on the violin also, for on that instrument he played as well as he did upon the piano.

Well, the important day arrived, and the rooms were crowded. The overture went off remarkably well, two or three glees and duets followed, and met with a favourable reception; then came the solo on the violin; but the moment that the professor, squeezing his handsome person between the bodies of the other performers, placed himself at an isolated desk in front of the orchestra, such a continued storm of hisses and groans,and cries of "off, off," arose, that Mr. St. Eustace was obliged to retire, and the company compelled the M. C. to desire him to quit the room.

One voice alone cried "Shame!" and that voice proceeded from Mrs. St. Eustace, who expressed herself in very unguarded terms to the M. C., when the room was perfectly still, and told him that he and all present were guilty of the grossest tyranny in persecuting a man who had committed no offence whatever against society.

The Cheltenham people did not agree in the lady's view of the case, and very rudely insisted on her following her husband, which she did with a look of scorn and defiance, that made many of the gentlemen thank their stars that *they* had not run away with her.

The conductor of this concert, who was a London man, thought that St. Eustace was very harshly treated, when he had heard the cause of the disturbance explained. He called on him, therefore, on the following morning, and offered him an engagement in the orchestra of the Italian Opera-house.

St. Eustace accepted it thankfully. He explained to his new friend his situation as to present resources, and was readily furnished with sufficient money to discharge his lodgings and the debt due to the "shabby" Wilkes.

A man of real talent, when well placed, must make his way in London. The great and varied talents of St. Eustace were speedily acknowledged and handsomely remunerated. He had removed from the humble lodgings he had taken on his arrival in town, to a handsome house in Baker-street, and visited his numerous pupils, and attended the theatre and concerts in a handsome carriage. He would, indeed, have been a very happy man but for his wife's temper.

She was vexed and annoyed because she was not invited into the same society as St. Eustace was. But people, though they saw no degradation in having the talented musician at their parties, did not dream of inviting his wife of whom they knew nothing, except that she was some connexion of some country squire, who had run off with a good-looking music-master.

On his return home either from business or pleasure, he was greeted not with reproaches, but with sulky looks and ironical compliments. He did all to soothe Amabelle, but did all in vain. His attentions to her during her confinement were not appreciated, and though he would have fondled and caressed the "baby boy," he was never permitted to touch it, and scarcely to look at it. His house soon became distasteful to him, and he gave himself up to a course of life too commonly

adopted by men under such circumstances. He sought the tavern, and joined the club of "Bucks," where he spent many hours that would have been spent at home, had that home been made comfortable and cheerful to him.

Mrs. St. Eustace, to make him more wretched, chose to be jealous, and to attribute his nightly absences to a wrong motive. She accused him, in fact, by *inuendos*, of being a faithless husband, and hinted at a determination of discovering her rival and poisoning, or otherwise removing her.

Mr. St. Eustace had as yet been innocent of the enormity laid to his charge, though exposed to numerous and powerful temptations; for he was, as I have said, a very handsome man, and set off his elegant person with very elegant clothes. Sorry am I to say that on the hint given him by his silly wife he acted. He exchanged the discomforts of his home, and the revelries and devilries—I merely mean broileries—of a night-tavern, for the lodgings of one of the *corps-de ballet*, a lady with whom all the occupants of a certain box on a level with the stage professed to be violently in love.

It is probable from the nature of her disposition, and the hot blood flowing in her veins, that Mrs. St. Eustace would have executed the threats she had uttered against her rival had she known the existence of such a connexion. She was saved from the crime of murder by her ignorance of the fact.

The first intimation she received of it was from a morning paper, which informed its readers that

"The talented violin player and vocalist, Mr. St. Eustace, had been thrown from a gig in which he was driving a female friend, the celebrated Mademoiselle Pirouette, and was lying in a dangerous state at the Castle at Richmond."

Amabelle ordered the carriage to Richmond, not to console her husband and act as his nurse, but to reproach him for his infidelity, and to vent her anger on his friend, whom she fully expected to find sitting by his side, and nursing him.

In this expectation she was disappointed, for when she arrived at Richmond, the handsome St. Eustace was incapable of hearing her reproaches, and "the Pirouette," who had escaped unhurt, had left for London to fulfil her engagement at the theatre. That night saw Amabelle a widow.

Chap. VI.

The reader will be good enough to imagine that six years have elapsed since the death of Mr. St. Eustace. His widow—still a widow—is living with her little boy in a very small lodging near Kennington, on 100*l.* per annum, which her brother allowed her, and remitted from India in half-yearly payments.

Her father was dead. He had died without forgiving her. Her second brother was also dead. He had visited England, and married his cousin Mary. On their return to India, the ship in which they sailed foundered at sea; so at least it was supposed, as she was never seen nor heard of after she left England.

The squire of Broadly Hall was still alive and well. He was averse to any reconciliation with his niece, and never allowed her name to be mentioned to him, nor his family to correspond with her. Mary, after her marriage with her cousin, and previously to her sailing to India, wished to see and be reconciled to her. Her husband used every means to dissuade her from the attempt, as she had treated him with disdain, and refused to accept his offered kindnesses when he called to see her upon his arrival. Such, indeed, had been the rudeness of the reception he met with, that he had not called a second time.

Mary, however, was bent on indulging the wishes of her kind heart. She wrote to Amabelle, and told her of her feelings towards her. In reply, she was abused most vilely as one of a family with whom the *injured* Amabelle would never hold any intercouse. The ill-fated pair, therefore, sailed to their ocean-grave without seeing their widowed sister and cousin.

Upon her boy, who was indeed a lovely child, Amabelle doated. She performed for him all the duties of a nurse, a servant—in short, a devoted mother. She taught him his early lessons, romped with him, played and sang to him, and did all she could to amuse him, and to render his companionless life happy. Yet the child was very miserable. He loved his mother, it is true; but he feared her, and fear overcame his love. For the most trifling offence unwittingly committed, he was punished with great severity, and an ebullition of his childish mirth would throw his mother into so violent a passion, that she would seize and shake him violently, and spurn him from her as though he were some loathsome thing.

The poor child would shrink from her in dread, and try to avoid the caresses with which she afterwards endeavoured to console him for, and obliterate, her violent conduct. Tears, smiles, and promises of toys and sweatmeats, were all alike vain; the boy could not forget the blows unjustly and cruelly given. As he lay by her side in the long dark nights, even at his early age, he shuddered as he thought of the many years that he must pass with so fearful a being. He had no one to whom he could complain, no one to whom he could apply for protection or for pity. He was not permitted to speak to any one. Even the poor creature who kept the house wherein they lodged, was not allowed to address him. She had, from kindly feelings, interfered upon one occasion when the shrieks of the child came fearfully distinct to her ear; but the mother bade her quit *her* room upon pain of her quitting the lodgings immediately if she refused to comply.

The poor creature did comply, for she, too, was a widow, and solely dependant for support on the sum derived from letting her lodgings.

A perpetual dread of severe treatment, and an anxious fear of incurring it by the commission of some slight and involuntary offence, added to almost close confinement in a small room—for she seldom went out even for a stroll on the common—seriously affected the boy's health. He grew pale, thin, and wan; his appetite failed him; his eyes lost their lustre; he became silent and thoughtful; and instead of playing about, and endeavouring to carol forth the little songs which his mother had taught him, he sat quietly in a corner of the room, gazing upon a book, but not reading it.

The widow did not notice these changes, for they had been gradual. She merely thought that the child was steady beyond its years, and that his quiet and submissive conduct was the result of her wise and excellent system of education. She congratulated herself on the success of her plans, and fondly hoped that her son would grow up to be all she wished.

In this, however, she was bitterly, but may we say not rightly, disappointed. The child did not grow up. Like an overforced exotic, he suddenly withered and was gone. An illness of a very few days carried him off. The medical man who was called in at the last hour—for the mother *could* not believe that the child would be taken from her, and fondly trusted that its sickness was not unto death—ascribed its ailments and its premature removal to the true causes—want of air, exercise, and companionship with its equals in age, to which had been superadded, as he had learnt from the poor lodging-letter, a mode of treatment too severe to be borne by one of such tender years.

This disciple of Æsculapius was a plainspeaking man, and told the widow his opinion of her conduct freely. She drew her small figure up to its full height, and bade him leave her apartments. Not a tear was in her eye, though the flush of pride and indignation was on her cheek as she issued her orders to the astonished apothecary, who obeyed them, and left her, persuaded that she was a harsh, unfeeling woman, a heartless cruel mother.

Had he seen her after he had quitted her, and locked herself into the room with the body of her idolized child, he would have altered his opinion of her; for she threw herself upon the bed beside her boy, and gave vent to a storm of grief that would not be suppressed. True it is that she did not reproach herself, but gave utterance to murmurings against Him who had taken away, too shocking to be recorded. Deep and settled was her despair, for *she had no hopes beyond the grave.*

Misfortunes, many wise saws assure us, are of a sociable nature, and one never goes about this world of woe without a companion with it. The truth of this was shown in the case of Mrs. St. Eustace. On the very day after she had seen the earth heaped upon her loved one, a letter reached her from India, informing her that her eldest brother had lost his all—the savings of many years—by the failure of a great banking concern, where he had invested it in order to secure a return of twelve per cent. Her annuity was to cease, as his income would barely suffice to maintain his wife and family.

Mrs. St. Eustace was nearly penniless when this letter reached her. The funeral of her child, which her pride suggested ought to be performed in a manner suitable to the rank of his family, had exhausted her small resources. What could she do? state her circumstances to her uncle? to his family? to those who had spurned her with contempt? No; she would perish by her own hand sooner than seek their pity and their charity.

She would not, however, do that. Pride, not a religious feeling, forbade her to deprive herself of that which He alone who gave ought to take away. The squire, she thought, would rejoice in her end, and she resolved to live to *spite him.* Horrible, most horrible is the state of

those whose minds tempest-tossed amidst the billows of affliction, have no religious compass whereby to steer their course!

The poor are proverbially kind to the poor, and if they have nought to give but advice, they give it, and with kindly motives. Amabelle was forced to explain her situation to the humble creature who lodged her, and whom she had despised and treated scornfully. Instead of retaliating, and bidding her who had not wherewith to repay her, seek another home, she comforted her, and raised her from her deep despondence, by assuring her that it was in her power to live comfortably, depending upon the exertion of those talents of which she was possessed.

Some "fancy work" was speedily procured for her by her kind hostess, and by her success in pleasing her employers, she soon earned sufficient, and more than sufficient, to support her. Her occupation was as agreeable as it was suitable to her. She was engaged in oriental tinting, or poonah work, which was just then in vogue, and in which she excelled. With prosperous circumstances, her pride returned. The humble friend was despised, and treated so scornfully, that in a moment of irritation she reminded her lodger, that but for her she must have been turned out into the world and starved, or done worse. This was enough. She was too indignant to remain with one who had it in her power to remind her of benefits conferred. She left her house and sought another lodging—much to the delight of the poor woman, who was heartily glad to rid her house of so troublesome and overbearing a person, upon whom every kindness seemed to be thrown away.

Not to weary you, said Mr. Titus Dowell, by recording all that befell Amabelle in a course of some years, it will be enough to say, that when brought into personal communication with her employers, she insulted them, and lost their favours. She afterwards tried various methods of gaining a livelihood, by taking pupils, keeping a school, going out as a governess in families, and attending neighbouring children as daily governess. Her bad temper, pride, and haughty conduct were such, that she lost all her situations one after another, and was forced at last, to save herself from starving, at the age of forty, to advertise for a place in the family of some widower, who wanted a discreet, middle-aged woman—or *lady* as she described herself—to look after himself and household, and educate the "junior branches."

In an evil hour, a poor country curate, who was blessed with a large family and small means, and who had lost his wife, saw and replied to the advertisement. The reference which he required was, what is termed "most satisfactory;" for it was from the lady who kept an establishment, wherein Amabelle had taught music, and who did violence to her love of truth in her anxiety to get rid of her troublesome inmate. She thought that telling a *tarradiddle* or two—which is feminine for a falsehood—was justifiable under such peculiar circumstances.

Well, Amabelle came down per coach, and was kindly and hospitably received. The children, two or three little motherless innocents under five years of age, were introduced to her, and she smudged

them and kissed them so very naturally, that their father congratulated himself on being a very lucky man in getting so kind a person, and one who at the same time was so very plain, and so very dusky-faced, as to blunt the shafts of calumny, which are sure to be directed at widowers of the middle age, by surrounding ladies. He thought, too, that when his elder daughters came home, they would be satisfied that papa would not give them a *belle-mère* in the person of the oriental.

A day or two passed very pleasantly as the curate believed. He was engaged in his study the greater part of the day, and fled thither to his books, or into the village to his flock the moment his meals were over. He therefore knew but little of what occurred in the household. He was not very particular about the domestic arrangements, and was contented to leave all in the hands of one who professed to be fully capable of managing a family.

On the third day it proved that Mrs. St. Eustace did know how to *manage* a family; but it also proved that she *managed* to disgust them all.

Scarcely was the breakfast over, and he had retreated to his den, than the door was gently opened by his aged cook. She had lived with him for years, and loved and respected him. She made a low curtsey, and after many attempts to soften the news which she knew would prove unwelcome, told him she had come to give him warning, for that she could not live with Mrs. St. Eustace, who knew no more of cooking than an infant; and after insulting her grossly, was that moment pretending to make a pudding in the dining-parlour, as she could not condescend to set a foot in a kitchen with the low menials.

The curate was astonished, but begged her to stay for a few days, to which she agreed.

As soon as she had left the study, the housemaid entered, and gave a brief but positive warning, as "the new madam" had abused her roundly for not giving her the best bedroom in the house, which was her master's, and not putting a *wax*-taper in a night-chamber candlestick.

She was followed by the nursemaid, who declined living with a person who assumed more than her real mistress had done, and who insisted on the delicate little baby's being soused in a tub of cold pump-water in the washhouse every morning, and having the children's faces wiped *upwards* on purpose to give them snub-noses. The woman concluded by attributing much of the widow's violent conduct to a frequent resorting to the cellaret during the afternoon, but more particularly to the spirit-department of its contents at night.

The curate resolved not to judge hastily, but to observe closely, and decide accordingly. He went down into the dining-room, and there sure enough was the lady, with all the paraphernalia for the purpose of manufacturing an anomaly, that she called a plum-pudding; and in reply to the astonished looks of the parson, she told him, with one of her most effective "turn-ups," that "*she* could not eat the cook's viands, she was so very plain in her manners and dress."

The curate rung the bell, and ordered out the paste-board and flour-tin. Mrs. St. Eustace, in a most dignified way, walked out of the

room and into the nursery school-room, whence, in a few minutes, the agonised screams of one of the little ones was heard.

The curate, who had been marking the brandy-bottle to ascertain the truth of the nursemaid's insinuation, rushed up to learn the cause, and found his Asiatic invaluable beating one little urchin most cruelly for not saying its letters at once, without having been taught them—which she said was a proof of a stubborn disposition.

The parson said but little then. He merely requested that the children might be released from their lessons for the day, to which Mrs. Eustace said nothing, but treated him with a silent "turn-up." At dinner she did not appear, but at supper she did make up for the loss of the former meal.

After supper the curate took his one glass of wine and water, and asked her to join him. The lady "never drank any thing but a little small-beer."

The curate retired in due time, but instead of getting into bed, blew out his candle, and sat with his door ajar, thus commanding a view of the landing. Shortly after the servants were gone to bed, he heard a foot on the stairs, and saw the widow come up with a large tumbler of something reeking in her hand; he stepped up to her, and found that it was very hot and strong brandy-and-water. She was a little confused, but explained that "she was liable to spasms at times, and the doctors recommended it."

On the following morning the lady was politely dismissed, with the money for her fares up and down. Instead of returning to town, however, she took a lodging in a neighbouring town, and subjected herself to the terrors of the ecclesiastical court, by defaming the parson's character.

She ran in debt with a good many people in the town, and when her means were exhausted—that is her credit—she walked quietly off by moonlight, and was never seen in that part of the country again.

"You may wonder," said Titus Dowell, "how she, a woman of such a character, obtained admittance to the Widows' Almhouse. The fact is, that Mr. Lauderly found her sick and dying, as it was thought, in a cottage in his parish. He visited and learnt her history. During her prolonged illness, he discovered the dreadful state of her mind on religious matters; and after much toil and painful labour, succeeded in convincing and converting her. She afterwards became an inmate of Mrs. Lauderly's institution, and sincerely regrets that she ever engaged in A RUN-AWAY MATCH."

ST. PETERSBURG AND ITS INHABITANTS IN 1843.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY."

St. Petersburg—the offspring of the first Peter—is the type of that modern Russia with the existence of which it is coeval—modern Russia, corrupt, polished, and uncivilized, its oriental barbarism glossed over by the varnish of European usages.

It is not yet a hundred and forty years since the first buildings of this imperial city replaced the fishermen's huts on the banks and marshy islets of the Neva, and it is little more than that period since the ground on which it stands was Swedish territory. No city in Europe is more striking to the beholder than St. Petersburg—few, perhaps, are less imposing. The magnificence of its squares, its buildings, and canals, and the advantageous manner in which its most imposing monuments are grouped together, produce an effect no European city can rival. But then the incongruous medley of the Greek and mixed southern architecture of its remarkable buildings, with the domes and minarets of Muscovite churches, gold, blue, green, silver, and star-bespangled, and the modern and parvenu look of the stuccoed fronts of its gigantic edifices—many of them in a taste worthy the constructors of Buckingham palace, or the national gallery—the very whiteness of the plaster, in an atmosphere as clear and void of smoke as that of Italy, irresistibly reminds us that it is a thing of yesterday. There are none of those historical associations connected with the spot which invest with interest the old moss-grown buildings of the middle ages, and cause us to look with some reverence on the mean old narrow streets and churches of more ancient cities. Neither has architecture or sculpture any of those treasures to offer to our view which in older countries reward our patient research. Vast triumphal gates and arches rise before the beholder, the arms and trophies obviously of stucco, painted bronze; and the gigantic steeds and statues of that metal which surmount them are lamentable in execution. Everywhere the idea seems to have prevailed of raising edifices Egyptian-like and Babylonic, such as the genius of Martin conceived to have stood on the place of now sand-covered ruins. But the idea has only been carried out as far as magnitude is concerned; for instead of bearing the impress of time-defying solidity, which we know to have outlasted the very memory of empires passed away, so characteristic of Egyptian monuments—or the architectural magnificence which modern imagination has transferred to canvass—St. Petersburg, with its gigantic piles, has nothing in its favour but their magnitude;—we gaze on them with no more awe than on the miniature Gothic castle of the cockney; and if in St. Petersburg every thing reminds us that it has sprung up like a rapidly developed marsh-plant from the morass on which its pile-sustained foundations rest, so we labour under the painful and irresistible impression that it will be as ephemeral.

It is said that the soil of St. Petersburg is in many parts fathomless bog, and that the piles rather *float* than directly sustain the buildings above them; and it is well known that a prevalence of west winds

—such as, if rare, will probably occur once in a century or two—would suffice to raise the waters of the gulf of Finland high enough to sweep away the devoted city. It will be remembered how nearly this happened in the reign of Alexander. Added to these prognostications, this impression is assisted by the perishable aspect of the stupendous piles which everywhere rise around us—whose stuccoed walls are always peeling and cracking, to the gripe of the keen frost and the blistering sun.

We have a due regard for the advantages and utility of stucco and plaster; they are pleasing screens for the dark dirty surface of brick; and applied to the unaspiring habitations of humble privacy, look neatness and economy; but when used in the idle attempt to render vast buildings imposing, and moulded into classic architectural forms, it renders them absurd instead of effective, almost in proportion to their vastness. The few exceptions to this observation in St. Petersburg are only exceptions as far as material is concerned; and in this respect they are most striking ones, and only serve to render the want of architectural genius still more remarkable.

Perhaps the only two buildings in St. Petersburg which, independent of their size, have any claims on our attention are comparatively insignificant ones. We allude to the Academy of Fine Arts, on the right bank of the Neva, and the marble palace, formerly the residence of the Empress Catherine, on the opposite shore. The latter is also called the palace of Taurida, because faced with red marble, brought from that spot. But though creditable taste and material concurred in its construction, it is inconsiderable in size, and is a mere Italian palace—such as rise in whole streets along the canals of fallen Venice.

The two principal exceptions to the ever-recurring plaster and stucco which cover the ill-made brick of which the stupendous buildings of the Russian metropolis are constructed, are indeed in this respect remarkable. One is the largest monolithic column in the world. We do not remember the exact height of the pillar, of one single piece of polished red granite, its base and capital of bronze, but it strikes us as being not far, if at all, inferior in size to the monument raised to the memory of the Duke of York in Waterloo-place.

The Alexander column is looked on with very justifiable pride by the Russians, because it is the most remarkable of the kind in the whole world; neither ancient nor modern times ever saw so large a piece of stone fashioned from the quarry. But then art has done its best to spoil the effect which this work produces. The column is surmounted by a gigantic figure of Hope, holding the cross, and pointing upwards, but in attitude so unfortunate that, seen from two sides, the exceedingly small head of the heavenly handmaid, which is unaccountably poked forward, is hidden by the perpendicular of the cross, and looks the representation of a headless figure, reminding one irresistibly of the favourite English sign of the "original Good Woman."

The very anecdotes connected with this column would fill a volume, and are highly illustrative of the state of things in Russia. When the enormous cylindrical block of granite was to be brought from the coast of Finland, where it was cut, the job was intrusted to the military engineer department; but whilst a commission of generals and colonels were debating on how to set about it, an illiterate peasant, of a class

who contract for work to be done by bands of labourers or slaves they hire from their masters, set about the task in his own way, and succeeded in it.

This splendid pillar was found to contain a deep crack, which was hastily filled up with cement, and the whole polished over; but when raised to its present position a few summers and winters rendered the crack again apparent. That the column was cracked there could be no doubt—that the crack will ever spread in a stone so durable as red granite is another question. But in Russia nothing belonging to the government can be admitted to have even a flaw. The imperial vanity was touched, and a commission of admirals, generals, and counsellors of state was formed, to proceed to the top of the column by a scaffolding, and verify the existence or non-existence of the alleged flaw, which stared all St. Petersburg in the face. Whether the commission endeavoured to deceive the emperor by reporting as he wished—for it is always an ungracious task to be the bearer of any tidings which disturb the serenity of the spring-head of the state—or whether they had their cue to deceive the public, is difficult to determine; but they unanimously agreed that "it was an optical delusion, occasioned by the imperfect polish of that part," &c.

We cannot charitably admit that all the members of the unanimous commission were themselves deceived, unless they were more then St. Thomas-like; because two of them were previously heard to admit that they had themselves put their fingers into the crevice before the column was raised up at all.

The great cathedral of St. Isaac's, the reproach of many reigns, under which it was successively half built up, half pulled down, and quite neglected, is the pride and boast of the present, and is rapidly drawing to its completion. It is an edifice of first-rate magnitude; its walls are faced with stupendous blocks of gray polished Finnish marble; and above a hundred monolithic pillars, of red polished granite with bronze capitals, are ranged in triple rows before its portals, besides the smaller ones which surround the drum of the iron dome. The dome itself is gilded over, and surrounded by gigantic statues of bronze angels.

If the church of St. Isaac's, though very large, has no pretensions on account of unequalled size—St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's in London, St. Maria's in Florence, and St. Sophia's at Constantinople, all exceeding it—yet the splendid materials of which it is built ought to have ranked it amongst the first religious edifices in the world: instead of which it stands a monument of the perverse ingenuity of bad taste, in giving to the most imperishable matter an aspect at once frail, tawdry, and heavy.

The first thing which strikes one on contemplating this edifice is the sombre aspect given to it by the dark colour of the gray marble with which the walls are based, and of the deep red-brown granite of its columns; it is sombre without being solemn like the time-grayed walls of Gothic buildings—because it is span new, and will always appear so, on account of the polished surface on the marble and granite.

This colour, added to the small-sized windows, and absence of all relief on the gray, massive, ponderous wall, gives it an aspect of peculiar heaviness; but then when we lift our eyes above to the drum and

dome, the air of solidity which might somewhat relieve architectural heaviness is utterly destroyed, because this is all constructed of sheet iron, which is painted red and gray to imitate the colour of the marble and granite below, but without deceiving the most inexperienced eye as to its being stone, rather impress it as being composed of some material frail and perishable, such as painted wood.

The capitals of all the columns are castings of brass, and produce an effect disagreeable from their sharpness. They are bronze-coloured. The drum is surrounded by similar huge statues of bronze angels —stiff, and divested of any sculptural merit; but the dome itself, according to the Muscovite taste, is all gilded over. Now perhaps this barbaric taste, if extended a little further, and applied to all the bronze work of the edifice, would have improved its appearance; for without rendering it more gaudy it would have relieved the darkness of the stone, and at least have given it an aspect of completeness and finish which is now wanting; for the mixture of bronze and gilding produces the irresistible impression that the latter is a bright brass coating, about to undergo the operation of bronzing over.

It is said that the soil of the spot on which this cathedral is built is of a nature to render the foundation as frail and perishable as the upper part of it appears to be. It consists of a deep bog, through the hardened crust of which it has been necessary to drive so much timber as forms a sort of raft to uphold the stupendous mass which floats upon it, and as soon as this timber rots away the mighty building must naturally sink into the deep slough beneath it.

This edifice was originally begun in marble, and continued by the Emperor Paul in brick. The epigram pasted on its walls and which may be freely translated as follows,

> An emblem in these walls behold,
> Both of this reign and of the past;
> This brick—whilst marble was the last—

is well known to have cost an innocent man his tongue, which was cut out by order of the emperor, on his being designated as the author by the police, who were obliged to find a culprit, and unable to discover the real one. The marble reign to which he alludes is that of the Empress Catherine.

Although we are far from being convinced of what is stated about the bog foundation of the St. Isaac's church, we are so of the fact that the massive walls have already cracked and opened, although the cathedral itself is as yet unfinished, or only just completed. But this circumstance, which considerably alarmed the architects at the time, has been attributed to the injudicious junction of a new with the old brick wall, when one shrinking but not the other, produced by converse means exactly the effect of pouring boiling water into a thick glass, where one part of it expands while the other remains stationary; so here the old wall remained *in statu quo*, whilst the new one shrank, the consequence of which was the divorce of this ill-assorted union. This version at least will perfectly account for the disseverment of the interior wall, without referring to the fact of any insecurity of the cathedral from its alleged floating foundation.

The glaring errors and discrepancies which this building exhibits

must not, however, be attributed to Montferrand, its nominal architect. He has been partly obliged to guide himself by the ideas of his predecessors, and daily, during its construction, to conform to every fancy of authoritative ignorance; so that for aught we know, every thing worthy of praise may be his own, all that is censurable attributable to others. But if it proves, perhaps, nothing against him, he has proved nothing in his favour by this stupendous building—for stupendous it is, though about as far inferior in size to St. Paul's as St. Paul's is to St. Peter's. In the grandeur of its aspect, in its harmonious proportions, the smoke-blackened St. Paul's is still more widely superior to St. Isaac's than in its size; and yet the St. Isaac's—perhaps the last church of similar magnitude which will ever be constructed, now that an era so universally utilitarian is opening upon us—was built under circumstances far more favourable than Wren or Bruneleschi or any of their brethren enjoyed. Wren built the dome of St. Paul's a cone of brick, and rounded it with timber. The vast stone domes of Bruneleschi required the singular hardihood of his own genius. But at the present time the most unenterprising of the brotherhood know the facilities which the improvement in iron-work has afforded,—rendering commonplace, works which before were marvellous, and submitting, as it were, a new element to the plastic hand of the architect. The matter-of-fact and practical Tredgold shows that an iron bridge of a single arch may be made to span the Thames!

The dome of St. Isaac's is indeed of iron; but here is a misapplication of the element of architectural sublimity; it is made to look like painted wood or plaster, instead of being used to accomplish, according to its capability, what no other known material can.

The Muscovite cathedral is not confined or crowded by adjacent buildings; for it fronts a square, or rather a quadrangle, called not improperly the St. Isaac's *plain*, and sometimes the St. Isaac's *steppe*, by the hypercritical Russians, whose true national taste shows as great an abhorrence of an open space, as the old philosophers imagined nature to entertain of a vacuum. On this quadrangle a hundred thousand troops have been assembled, and it is surrounded by gigantic buildings —the finest in St. Petersburg; besides containing the two most remarkable monuments in the city,—the statue of Peter, and the monolithic column, both already mentioned.

The senate-house, the war ministry, the government offices, the imperial winter palace, and the admiralty, frown down upon it in all their stuccoed grandeur. One of its issues is through a triumphal arch; three others are up three principal streets of the city, of which one, the Nevsky prospect, is as wide as Portland-place, and about four miles in length. On each side of the admiralty it opens across the noble river a vista of the opposite quays, buildings, custom-house, rostral columns, and castle.

These rostral columns, which were respectable when raised as trophies in old Rome, and adorned by the prows or beaks of the captured Carthaginian ships, are in themselves inelegant, and become ludicrous when formed of brick and blistering plaster, such as those of the Vasili Ostroff.

The imperial winter palace, whose roof shelters upwards of three thousand individuals, is the residence of the emperor; it adjoins the

Hermitage, a spot notorious in Catherine's private history, now undergoing partial reconstruction, and used as a picture-gallery. The winter palace, a most ungainly building, is crowded by a row of ponderous figures surmounting its roof; and if there is nothing to admire about it but its plate-glass, it is remarkable as having been, after its destruction by fire, reconstructed and furnished within the twelvemonth,—somewhat, it would appear, at the expense of its solidity, since three or four years after the roofing of it, its state-hall came down!

The uncouth figures with which it is surmounted, as well as the angels surrounding the dome of the cathedral, have so much of the Russian military stiffness and uniformity in their aspect, as quite to justify the expression of the admiring peasants, who call them "*roths*," or companies of angels.

It will be understood that if the buildings and monuments which we have mentioned will not bear individual scrutiny and inspection, they are most advantageously grouped together. Beyond the Hermitage, a row of private palaces continues this line of lordly piles up to the palace of Taurida, which borders on the Champ de Mars, a square where the hundred thousand men who have been reviewed on the Isaac's Plain, have found room to manœuvre. The summer-gardens skirt one side of it, and on the other are the palaces of the Grand Duke Michel; and the uninhabited Michel Palace, surrounded by the moat, which the suspicious disposition of Paul caused to be dug around it, but which did not prevent its becoming the scene of his assassination.

The Nevsky prospect, the largest of the three principal streets which diverge fanlike from the Isaac's Plain, displays the greatest part of the wealth of the capital. The nearer end is at once its Bond-street, Regent-street, and Palais Royal. All the richest shopkeepers display their most valuable and fashionable wares, English and Parisian, in the windows. Towards the middle of it rises the "Gostinnoi Dvor," a vast semi-oriental bazaar, containing some thousand shops, tenanted by the bearded Muscovite merchants. Beyond this the houses dwindle in size, and nothing but the humble-looking shops, in the old Russian style, meet the eye. But besides the vast bazaar, the showy part of the street contains the Kazan church, or ex-cathedral, a theatre, an imperial palace, a Lutheran, and a Roman Catholic church; and each of the private houses being tenanted by from two hundred to two thousand inmates, who occupy sets of apartments as in Paris, it may naturally be supposed that they are prodigious in size.

The great mass of the fine buildings and monuments of St. Petersburg, thus lie grouped together in the most advantageous manner, to give the stranger the idea of a city of palaces; the transparent waters of the rapid Neva, a thousand feet wide, flowing between their stupendous edifices, or almost within sight of them.

Three canals, almost as wide as the Seine between its islands, form through the mainland part of the city, so many arcs within each other. They all look rivers, and the main streets diverging from the Isaac's Plain are each continued by means of bridges across all of them.

The rest of the city is very different from the gorgeous specimen which is partially exhibited on the spot to which we have alluded; and although the streets are, for the most part, wide, wherever the wooden houses still remain, with few exceptions, they present an

aspect of unredeemed dirt and misery. These are, it is true, gradually diminishing, because when destroyed by fire, they must be reconstructed of brick, and also because the price of house-rent renders building an advantageous investment for capital. When, however, replaced by brick houses—although these are mostly considerable—often of immense size—when not in the main streets they are inconceivably filthy. The streets themselves are unpaved,—a wooden footboard being raised in the middle, to enable passengers to get through the mud or snow which obstructs them. The doorways and straircases are filthily dirty, all that the scavenger should remove being placed at the chamber-doors or in the yard, and a blast of hot air or steam, impregnated with the odour of oil, fermented cabbage, or other Russian fragrancies, puffing at every step into the face of the passer-by. These vast houses are inhabited by innumerable tenants, who, instead of occupying a small house or cottage, locate a room or two of the one or many hundred apartments which each house contains.

House-rent is dearer in St. Petersburg than in any city in Europe, and this kind of property brings in a much more certain return than landed estates. Some houses bring in an annual return of five, ten, or fifteen thousand pounds sterling, which the owner is sure to receive in cash, which is by no means the case with landed property. It is common, on this account, to hear a man spoken of as being the possessor of one or more "stone" (*i. e.* brick) houses, just as his estates or his funded thousands would be spoken of in England; whereas Russian landed property is considered much in the light that West Indian and Irish estates would be with us. And again, even the land itself is never considered as property of any intrinsic value; the number of serfs and peasants on it, which the owner possesses, are judged as the only criterion of wealth.

According to the government in which the property is situated, these slaves produce from ten shillings to two or three pounds annually, per head; but revolt, sickness, or famine, often render this return uncertain.

It is obvious that where no agricultural labourers are to be hired at remunerating wages (every man employing them to cultivate his own ground), the soil, without the agriculturist, must be valueless. There are proprietors possessing an extent of territory equal to the whole of England, who do not draw as much from it as others from a thousand acres which are naturally no more fertile.

Again, from the universal dishonesty and venality inborn in all classes of Russians, there are no means for an extensive proprietor to guard his property from the wholesale depredations of those who administer it. But with the location of a house in St. Petersburg or Moscow, fraud is much more easily prevented; and on the other hand, until lately, the government granted most encouraging mortgages, to enable speculators to build to an immense extent.

Thus a brick, or, as it is called, a stone house, is considered as the safest and most tangible investment and security; and many a wealthy Russian travelling abroad, is the proprietor—not of funded property or estates—but of a single lodging-house in St. Petersburg.

The ignoble portion of the town we have described comprises about four-fifths of it, but is redeemed here and there by some stupendous

government edifice, which is kept scrupulously clean, and in size seems to have been proportioned to the extent of the overgrown Russian empire. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, every clean-looking and extensive building, which is not a mere lodging-house, is sure to be the property of government.

Interspersed with these are the numerous Muscovite churches, with their mosque-like domes, their minarets adorned with gilding and paint, and scrupulously whitewashed. These churches, in the true old Muscovite style, have about them an air peculiarly national and pleasing; and however indifferent in taste, by their picturesquely oriental appearance they inspire a respect which we do not feel for the pretending edifices, which parody the architecture of southern and western civilization.

The Neva, which, with its clear arrowy waters, washes the palaces of the imperial city, is a beautiful river. It divides, just where St. Petersburg is situated, into many arms, which embrace the islands, which a portion of it covers. By night the scene is most striking, when its waters reflect the thousands of lights from the shore, and when, by the blaze which streams from all the windows of the winter palace—and the winter palace is all windows,—frigates, corvettes, and yachts are seen at anchor before the imperial residence.

But this magnificent river, which connects these palaced shores, is only traversed by three miserable bridges of wooden boats, and when the ice breaks up, or the frost sets in, the communication between one-half of the city and the other is often intercepted for several days together.

Considerable difficulties present themselves to oppose the construction of a bridge of stone over the Neva. When the spring thaw takes place, the rapid current brings down complete icebergs, which, if the arches were too near each other, finding no passage, would rise one above the other till a mass accumulated, which might endanger the security of the whole fabric. If, on the other hand, the arches are made far apart, the height to which they must necessarily be raised, would elevate the bridge to an unsightly height above the adjacent banks.

A couple of winters since, the mighty potentate of Russia was delayed from crossing by the rebellious waters, and it was decreed that a bridge should be built, and a tax was and has been since levied for that purpose. But the foregoing were the difficulties which presented themselves, in addition to the estimated million sterling of cost.

It is true that the modern art of the blacksmith would have obviated the difficulty by a chain-bridge at one quarter the cost. There exists in Switzerland a suspension-bridge for foot-passengers, within fifty feet as wide as the Neva. But on this plan the emperor put his veto, declaring that a chain-bridge might be destroyed by one night's labour with the file—a reason which was applauded as displaying extraordinary acuteness and sagacity, by the committee appointed to decide on the plans submitted;—although it is evident that, in a chain-bridge, only the links cut through would have to be replaced; whereas the arch of a stone bridge may be blown up by a boat-load of gunpowder by the evil-disposed, if the determined malice of such is to be anticipated.

In speaking of the want of sculptural taste and talent which the monuments of St. Petersburg exhibit, we must except the famous statue

of Peter, and still more pointedly the bronze horses on one of the bridges in the Nevsky prospect, recently cast by Baron ———, the most promising of Russian artists. Each piece represents a naked figure struggling with a fiery steed, and duplicates on plaster, bronze-coloured, are placed opposite to them.

Equestrian sculpture has progressed, if the art of delineating the human figure, both with the chisel and the pencil, has retrograded. Only a few of the best pieces of Thorwaldsen and Canova equal some of the great antiques, and we do not know that the best pieces of the latter have come down to us. We have no living painters who would rank amongst the celebrities of that comparatively modern art; we compare them together—but whom of them do we venture to compare to Guido, Raphael, Rubens, or Murillo?

But with regard to the delineation of the horse, an immense stride has been taken; the exquisite sense of beauty of form and expression, which the ancients entertained with regard to the human figure, were evidently entirely wanting in their appreciation of the noble animal who bears unconsciously so large a share in the triumphs and glories of mankind.

The finest steed upon the Trajan column would not be worth ten pounds if called into life, and the horse-chanter at a London dealer's has an eye for the proportions of the animals, which those who fashioned the immortal productions of Grecian art entirely wanted. The painters of modern centuries, who were no equestrians, took it for granted that the great masters of antiquity, so perfect in the knowledge of the beauties of the human form, must be equally acquainted with those of the horse, and either blindly followed them, or transferred to their canvass the heavy animals in use in the times and centuries wherein they flourished.

Horace Vernet had therefore an ample field before him, and the disciples of the brush and chisel who have since pictured or modelled the horse, stood in a position far more favourable than where they have attempted the human figure, because nothing great existed wherewith to contrast their efforts. Half a century ago, nothing in the shape of the noble quadruped existed in any works of art, which could be compared to Wyatt s horse which bears the statue of George III.

This horse (whether a portrait or not we are not aware) is a light, thoroughbred hack, in perhaps the least animated position in which such an animal would be ever seen, when not absolutely in repose. The horses of Baron ——— are full of fire and spirit, and the consequent poetry of motion. Both have the merit of being comparatively perfect in anatomy and detail; but the baron's horses are faulty in shape; and in the formation of the horse, as in the formation of the human being, the harmony of strength is beauty.

Those practical judges of strength, the sporting men of England, may choose a man disproportionately muscular in certain limbs, as peculiarly applicable for a certain purpose; but if they had to select the form best fitted for every imaginable kind of fatigue and exertion in the same individual, they would unhesitatingly select the Apollo Belvidere, or the still more beautiful Antinous of the ancients. Still it is evident that if Baron —— had known what the form of the steed should be,

he would have succeeded in portraying it as well as he has the spirit, which he has so happily seized, and the anatomical detail with which he is so well acquainted.

Whilst on the subject of works of art, we must observe that the taste of the Muscovite in this respect, is as antithetical to that of the Italian, as his cold climate is to the warm sky of Italy.

With the exception of music, for which the Russians have naturally ear and taste, and talent and voice, none of the muses have smiled on the Barbaric genius of this Sclavonic nation. It is true that wealthy Russians have always been munificent patrons of art, in as far as purchasing its most expensive productions. But although Russia is filled with these, it is lamentable to see the genuine pictures of the great masters hung unconsciously up by the side of daubs and copies unfit for signs, and that by those possessors who have the reputation of being judges. It is common to see paintings unworthy of the back-parlour of an alehouse, even in England, where taste in the fine arts is so exotic, adorning the walls of a Russian magnate's palace, without being an eyesore to any of his visiters.

In fact, the Russian noble when travelling, purchases statues and pictures, not by his own appreciation of their value, but from their price and from hearsay, and consequently is constantly egregiously deceived. Some years ago a connoisseur made a collection of the most choice engravings known, besides numerous pictures, which had gradually descended from the lordly halls for which they had been purchased at extravagant prices, to hucksters' stalls where a few pence were asked for them. The original proprietors who had collected them all over Europe, dying, their heirs, or those who purchased their furniture, utterly ignorant of their value, cast all those aside which were dirty or tarnished. The purchases made for a few hundred pounds, afterwards realized, in civilized Europe, upwards of a hundred and twenty thousand.

This frequent incongruous mixture of daubs and valuable pictures, may be witnessed even in the most magnificent imperial collection, in the gallery of the Hermitage—one of the four or five finest in the world. Many of the best pictures of the best masters—all the productions of each master being classed together—are mingled with unmistakable copies. At least so it was before the gallery, which is now being reconstructed, was pulled down.

The Muscovites, who have made some figure as copyists, according to the imitative genius of the nation, have made none as original painters in any style. A certain Bruloff, who has launched boldly into the tragedy of painting the historic school, is considered as by far the best of their painters, and meets with consequent applause and encouragement. To the glory of being the first of Russian painters, he may be well entitled; but his *chef-d'œuvre* and colossal picture, representing the destruction of Pompeii, is plainly a plagiarism from Martin; but it wants the grandeur, the magnificent scenery, and the deep background in which Martin shows the beholder what he could never have witnessed in reality, the spectacle of half a million of people on his canvass. Bruloff's picture is contracted and confused; it does not contain a group or an attitude which does not strike you as having met

your eye elsewhere, but less constrained and stiff. To add to this, the colouring is opake and heavy.

Perhaps the cleverest of the Muscovite children of the brush or pencil, was the late Orloffsky. His rough sketches of Cossack drivers, and in general what come under the denomination of "*sujet de genre*," command immense prices, and are full of character and spirit.

If the city of St. Petersburg in itself presents nothing, except its Muscovite churches, which is characteristic or national, it is different with the aspect of the crowds which throng its streets. The beards, the long hair, and the long coats or caftans, and sash of two-thirds of the passers-by,—the peculiar vehicles and harness,—the costume of the Russian coachmen, intermingled with the ordinary dress, appearance, and equipages of other European cities, are striking and novel.

The principal distinction between unpretending plebeianism and aristocratic pretension, of whatever grade of the fourteen classes into which the law divides it, consists in the retention or rejection of the national costume. The bearded and caftaned Russian never holds any rank or *chen;* he is never a holder of slaves; he is subject to corporeal punishment at the discretion of a police officer, and he is often a slave himself. He may be a driver, or shopman, or shopkeeper, or a merchant worth his hundred thousand pounds. He is distinguished from the *moujik* or peasant only by not wearing the sheepskin or coarse brown cloth, but arrays himself instead in the caftan or shube, a robe of blue or green cloth in winter, lined with fur, and distinctive of the *bourgeoisie*. Externally, the wealthy first-guild merchant has nothing to distinguish him from the lowest of his class, except sometimes the value of his furs.

The bearded Russian, whatever the real influence his wealth may give him, which may be imagined in the most venal country under the sun, were he to enter any place of fashionable public resort, would be looked upon much in the same light as a private soldier in England, taking his seat in a similar place of entertainment in his regimentals. And there is some foundation for the prejudice which excludes him—his insupportable odour. This odour, no doubt, arises from Muscovite habits.

The Russian is very heedless in the change of his cloths, although constantly resorting to the vapour-bath; but as in this vapour-bath, which is his greatest luxury, he exposes himself to a heat of steam, which, in a certain space of time, would suffice to cook fish, and thus induces a most copious perspiration, which he perpetually keeps up by drinking inconceivable quantities of warm water tinged with tea, and of quass, which is water impregnated with the acid of rye flour, or a little honey. He also eats large quantities of the rank hemp-seed oil, either as a soup or in his pastry, his buckwheat, or his vegetable during the fast, which lasts half the year; but the principal bulk of his food is the fermented cabbage and the sour black bread, which is scarcely more nourishing than bran. Something of the essence of all these things seems to stream through his pores with the perspiration; or at all events he smells as if they did.

Now whether the bearded Muscovite be the possessor of millions, or a beggar, this odour never abandons him, because his mode of life is

nearly the same,—only that in addition to these things the wealthy drink porter, champagne, and revel occasionally in every delicacy—though, on ordinary occasions, dipping into the same wooden bowl with their subordinates. The great distinction is the costume and beard: the shaven Russian is always a man of some rank, or wishes to be thought so, and with the shaven chin, always corresponds either a civil or military uniform, or a European habit; but as the absence of the beard, which the moujik glories in, is the distinctive of civilization, no vestige of whisker is commonly seen, unless adorning the physiognomy of foreigners. The Emperor Alexander, who had few sympathies with, or prejudices in favour of, his subjects, declared that he knew a Russian of any rank by the smell, and frequently caused perfumes to be burned when they left his presence.

If we stand in any frequented part of St. Petersburg, and watch the passing crowd of shaven and unshaven Russians, the latter predominating according as it is a more or less fashionable quarter, we observe as great a variety in the appearance of the vehicles which whirl them by, as in those who ride within, or constitute the stream of foot-passengers. In the winter season, when St. Petersburg is in its glory, let us take the corner of the Nevsky prospect. The old body of a chariot placed upon a sleigh without its wheels, is rapidly whisked past by four rough-looking little horses, wiry and uncouth as the rudest of Welsh ponies, with long ragged tails and manes. Two footmen, in furred greatcoats, with enormous cocked-hats, stand behind the carriage; a coachman, bearded, caftaned, and wearing the quadrangular velvet cap, which distinguishes his profession, sits on the box, the reins in both hands, without a whip. One of the leaders is mounted by a boy dressed like the coachman, sitting on a high Tartar saddle, the skirts of his ample caftan being tucked round his legs.

This may be a minister, a counsellor of state, or some man high in office, driving to the palace. His dingy equipage shows the negligence to externals of the man in power. His four horses are not worth forty pounds; but these are the hacks which save his fat, sleek, showy nags, of which he has many sets. These horses are harnessed according to the fashion which the Russians have derived from the former Tartar conquerors. The collar is very light, so are the breeching and traces, and all of black oiled leather, which, in dry weather, wears eternally. In the mouth the horse has nothing but a snaffle.

Next, perhaps, passes a coach on wheels. The coach itself was abandoned some fifteen years ago in Germany, by some fastidious Englishman, who deemed it worn out, and no longer worth repairing; but since then it has been constantly in use, and changing hands, and will probably do service for many years longer, though rather antiquated now.

This vehicle is also driven by a Russian bearded coachman; but it is considered to be in the English taste, because a heavy and gaudy old harness, in the English fashion, fastens the horses to the pole. The horses themselves have a touch of the heavy Mecklenburg breed about them. They are nicked, and retain the smallest imaginable stump of a tail. If there are four horses, a heavy postilion parodying the costume of an English postboy, sits in his saddle like an Austrian dragoon.

This is one of the thousand equipages at the disposal of the court, got up in the German department of the imperial stables, and ycleped in English style, or else the property of some German official.

Then dashes by us at an astounding pace—the bearded coachman shouting as he drives along—a light sledge of polished walnut or maple wood, scarcely heavier than an arm-chair. The horses are bright bay or jet-black, glossy in coat, and so sleek and fat that the near horse as he canters or gallops along covers the trace with foam; for the near horse gallops always the same shoulder foremost, his neck being rounded, from his head being strapped down, so that his long mane almost trails in the snow. The off horse in reality draws the vehicle; he is harnessed between shafts, and these shafts are held forcibly apart, so as to yield him some support by a bow about the thickness of a man's wrist, which rises high over his head, above the collar, and to which he is bound by a bearing-rein. This horse trots, whilst the one beside him canters, and the effect is very graceful when the galloping horse, or *pristastcha*, is showy; but it is painful to behold when the curb of the neck, instead of appearing natural in a fiery animal, is evidently torturing some worn-out brute, who flounders wearily along, as is so often the case.

In this sledge sits an officer in the guards—a Russian nobleman—enveloped in the light bluish-gray cloak of the Russian army, with a collar of the beautiful fur of the sea-otter muffling up his face, and a white cocktail feather streaming from his preposterously large cocked-hat. He is a man of family and fortune; his conversation will amuse you for an hour; he appears high-bred and gentlemanlike;—but converse with him for a thousand hours and the theme is always the same—champagne, cards, and French actresses. Make your way into his confidence and learn the nearest wish of his heart, and a hundred to one that it is to get rid of his uniform.

The next is the equipage of a Russian magnate in all its glory. The carriage is bran new, with exceedingly showy arms upon the panels; for, although properly speaking, no Russian family is entitled to quarter arms, since the whole nation was plunged in the profoundest barbarism long after the last epoch when men bore their cognisance upon their shields, yet every Russian glories in having them as a sort of ornament, particularly if adorned with much gilding, and party-coloured. The footmen behind the carriage are wrapped in magnificent many-caped greatcoats. The capes and the rim of their huge cocked-hats are trimmed with a broad gold or silver lace checkered with alternate squares, on which the arms of the owner are embroidered. The collar of the footmen's greatcoats, and the trimming of the bearded coachman's caftan and velvet cap, are of sable or sea-otter, and worth, perhaps, a hundred guineas.

The horses, light-limbed, arch-necked, and sleek-coated, show all the useless points of breeding, and the skilful grooming of their dark, glossy coats, shows off the light and elegant harness, which is relieved by silver ornaments and studs, like the cowrie-shells on the Morisco bridles. But perhaps one of those gorgeous footmen standing behind the carriage shows the toe of his foot coming through his boot, one of those showy horses wants a shoe, and some part of the brilliant harness is fastened with a piece of rope.

The noble owner is in uniform, although he has paid the onerous tribute of military service; he has just returned from his three years' permission to trave. Like every Russian, whose first principle is to do at Rome as Rome does, when abroad he has echoed the opinions of the liberal society in which he has mingled, and when speaking of despotism, he has spoken *avec connoissance de cause;* but like most of his countrymen, the liberality of his ideas, or at least of those he professes, has been gradually freezing up as he approached his native frontier, and he is beset by vague and instinctive terrors, that his words have been picked up by the quick ears of diplomatic spies and their agents and transmitted home, or that what they have not overheard, may in malice have been attributed to him. He is going thus early to endeavour to learn from some friend at court how the land lies; but meanwhile there is about him the suspicious and fearful air of a hound crouching in his terror, and until something is known of how the imperial sun will deign to shine upon him, he is shunned as infected by all who, when his fears have proved unfounded, a few days hence will be his intimates.

His lady is in delicate health, and ill from the effects of the journey; but if an invitation should be graciously vouchsafed to him, she must quit her sick chamber, and appear, at the risk of fainting under her diamonds, lest the empress should remark, as the Marquis de Custine observes, "That Madame So-and-so is always ill:" thus cutting off his slender hopes of court favour.

Not that the wealthy magnate wants any thing of the court; his under steward cheats him annually out of a larger sum than remunerates the highest office in the empire; but because a portion of court favour is a protection against all the thousand annoyances of the machinery of despotic government, and the caprice of autocratic jealousy or prejudice.

Perhaps at this moment, if any thing interrupts the anxious thoughts which fill his mind, a feeling of envy flashes across it, as that wealthy bearded merchant darts past him in a light sledge, with a powerful half-bred racing trotter, of the famous Orloff breed, which his coachman, his body half bent forward, and sawing the snaffle-bit to restrain the eager animal, is driving down to the race-course on the ice, the principal place of amusement of his fellows.

The noble sighs as he thinks that the enfranchised peasant has acquired millions of roubles in his trade, which, as a capital employed in speculations, he often gathers together in cash without exciting suspicion, and which he might transmit abroad, and then fly himself; whereas he, the noble, dare not brave the dangers that would attend the attempt to transfer his property abroad, the vigilance of the secret police spies in learning his intentions, or the treachery of his agents or relatives in carrying them out. But the bearded merchant has no wish to leave his country; he speaks no language but the Russ, and if he has become acquainted with the luxuries of civilization it is only to ingraft them on, not to exchange them with, his barbarous habits. The noble, therefore, looks on him as an imprisoned bird might look on another whose cage was open, but who had no thought of flying away.

Let us return to the koupitz, or merchant, and his favourite steed, for both are the types of a race who play a great figure amongst the modern Muscovites.

Ivan Ivanovitch—John the son of John—got permission thirty years ago from his lord and master, to seek for work, by paying his *abrok*, or yearly tribute. The instinct of traffic is as natural to the Muscovite as to the Hebrew—and he is both a shrewd and bold speculator. He began as a pedler; then perhaps he kept a *lavka*, or petty shop; from thence speculated on corn, or oil, or hemp, or hides; he has undertaken government contracts, and had the capital and spirit to bribe high enough to obtain them, and then to bribe to evade the fulfilment of them. He has been, or may become, Lord Mayor of St. Petersburg, or of his native town; but he is seldom ambitious of any honours, which he looks upon as a pretext for fleecing him,—unless, indeed, he gets one of the crosses, which dangle by scores about the breasts of the hungry *employés* and officers;—for this at once makes him a nobleman, and enables him to purchase slaves. He has probably now attained the summit of his wishes, and realized the ideas of perfect felicity of a Russian of his class; in his estimate of which the possession of a fat wife, a fat cat, and a fat horse have a considerable share.

His ordinary mode of life is frugal, he never abandons his fermented cabbage, his buckwheat gruel, his luscious oil, his fish-pies, and his raw salt herring and onion; but when he invites any one to his table, every imaginable luxury from every quarter of the globe is stored upon it. Nevertheless, he scarcely ever concludes a bargain in his business, without dropping into a fruit-shop. These fruiterers are at once wine-merchants, grocers, fruiterers, cheesemongers, and oil and Italian warehousemen, and make a most tempting display of their goods. Here a certain number of bottles of champagne or London porter are drunk, with a luncheon of Caviar or a few oysters. The average price of oysters (which are not found in the brackish waters of the Baltic) is, in St. Petersburg, about a shilling apiece, which raises them infinitely in the estimation of the Russians, who do not object either to their being occasionally high-flavoured.

In the warm weather, the great luxury is the water-melon, which arrives in great quantities from Southern Russia, and at home, in his profuse moments, the bearded merchant may be seen sitting with one of these cool fruits, into the heart of which he has scooped a hole, serving him as a hat, the juice trickling down and anointing his patriarchal beard.

He drives out, when in a carriage, with four horses, because this is a privilege which, as a first-guild merchant, he holds in common with the nobility—and, in fact, the only one.

The costume of his wife and daughter is, in common, homely and dowdy, but on great occasions they appear in public in all the magnificence of pink and sky-blue satins, marabout feathers, and expensive furs and diamonds.

With regard to himself, his principal hobby is in his horse. For his own sledge he estimates the beauty of the animal by his breadth and fatness; for the race-course he is naturally influenced by certain breeds and performance. He seldom drives and never rides,—as, in fact,

no Muscovite unmixed with Cossack or Polish blood willingly does; but yet he does not hesitate to give five hundred to fifteen hundred pounds for a horse—always for what he considers his beauty and his weight, or his speed as a trotter.

So much has been said about the rapid rate of travelling, and the extraordinary powers of endurance of Russian horses, that a stranger is led to expect much, and is consequently disappointed. The national breeds of Russian horses, if we except the ponies, natural to all northern countries, having been principally derived from the Tartar, they contain far more breeding, *i. e.* more of the Arab blood from which all excellence is derived, than the horses of France, Germany, Belgium, or Holland, and are consequently more lasting, but are bony, angular, side-necked, and unsightly, far from being fast, and want of care and a cold climate, and coarse food, have rendered their appearance still more unsightly.

Wherever an equestrian population has paid more attention, as in the instance of the Cossacks and Tartars, the breed has less deteriorated, and is an exceedingly serviceable one. Some reigns back an attempt was made, and has been since continued, to ameliorate it by crossing it with Arabian and English thoroughbred blood. The result was the production of excellent horses, but which retained the angularity and ungraceful form of the Muscovite horse;—in consequence of which heavy Flemish and Mecklenburg mares were introduced and crossed with the English barb and Arab. Studs were formed all over the country, and from this stock all the cavalry and carriage-horses are supplied; but as breeding was not understood, half-breds and half-breds were constantly mingled, so that only the useless and showy points of blood are conspicuous.

The Orloff breed—the most renowned in Russia, especially the Orloff trotters—spring from the same origin. They are very large in size, and from the age of one year are harnessed to light sledges, and never allowed to break trot; so that an Orloff trotter has, perhaps, never galloped or cantered since he was foaled, and thus having lost all instinct of the pace, if a wolf were at his heels, would still *trot* away from it.

When put to their utmost speed, these horses therefore trot at an astonishing pace. But the race which generally takes place on the race-course on the frozen Neva, opposite the palace, is seldom more than a verst or two-thirds of a mile in length, more frequently half that distance. They cannot therefore be compared with English or American trotters. No doubt that these cannot attain an equal speed for short distances; though even for five miles the Orloff horses would stand no chance—firstly, from inherent want of blood, and secondly, from want of condition, being always as fat as the horses in the life-guard barracks.

With regard to the powers of endurance of the Cossack horse, extraordinary tales are told, as in all countries where no heavy wagers test the marvels related. The stories of wonderful performances are so constantly and so well authenticated, that one could hardly have doubted their immense superiority over our own horses, had not the matter been set at rest by a remarkable trial towards the close of the late emperor's reign.

A wager was laid by Mr. Gibson, the English consul, that two English horses would beat any two Cossack horses which could be selected, at a race of fifty versts, or upwards of thirty-three English miles. This took place long after the Cossack horses had been improved by the admixture of English and Arabian blood, and Mr. G. had no particular horses in his view. He commissioned a friend to send two hunters for the purpose. Two tolerably well bred, but at that date naturally not thoroughbred hunters were sent out to him, whilst the Russians selected out of some fifty thousand of the best horses in the Cossack country. The race took place in the presence of the emperor Alexander; regiments of Cossacks were dispersed along the line to keep it clear, thousands of pounds were betted on the issue of the match, and an immense concourse of people assembled to witness it.

It commenced under these disadvantages for the Englishman: firstly, that they had grown men to ride, whilst the Cossack horses were ridden at feather weight; and secondly, that one of the two English horses fell dead lame at starting. The other, at the halfway station, arrived whilst the two Cossacks were far out of sight, and being full of contempt for his antagonists, he dismounted, both to refresh himself and his steed; meanwhile the Cossacks came up and passed onwards.

Now it happened that one of the Counts Orloff, commander of the Cossack horsemen stationed to keep the line, was deeply interested in the issue of the race, and by a very ingenious if not very creditable piece of jockeyship, he had contrived to be made acquainted at every instant with its progress. For this purpose the Cossacks had private orders, whenever the Russians were ahead, to hold their lances perpendicular, when the English were foremost to drop them horizontally. As the horsemen were in sight of each other, this signal was in a few minutes telegraphed from one to the other, up to the count. At about the middle of the race, where the English horse had stopped, the lances, after being constantly down, were suddenly raised up, and Orloff, imagining that now the bottom of the Cossacks was beginning to tell, made sure of victory, and betted another hundred thousand roubles on the event; but alas! he was caught in his own trap—the lances went up again—the English horse came in at last, in miserable plight it is true, but the Cossack horses never came in at all, either dying or being obliged to be killed where they had fallen.

With regard to the fast travelling in Russia, because the horses are always galloping with a short stride, and kicking up the snow, which generally forms an admirable railroad, and because six or eight are harnessed to a sledge or carriage, foreigners are apt to imagine that they go very fast. But is probable that even by dint of bribery, exhortations, and the distress of his master's horses, to which the driver may be allured, no private individual accomplishes an average of fifteen versts an hour, which is ten miles, and eleven versts is much more common. The emperor, indeed, travels fast, but then horses constantly drop dead in the harness, and those who do not will never again perform a similar feat.

Next to the emperor, the *feld jaegers*, or couriers, manage to obtain

the greatest velocity; you may see one dashing round the corner just after the bearded merchant. A common sledge, or light cart, or *talega*, is dragged along at the gallop of three ragged-looking post-horses, harnessed abreast, and constituting the *troika*. They are driven by a peasant, the *feld jaeger* himself, in an uniform not easily distinguishable from that of a field-officer—a gray cloak with furred collar, and a cocked hat with streaming white cock's feathers. He has, perhaps, just arrived from a journey of a couple of thousand miles, in charge of despatches, without halting for half an hour on the road, and he is certainly a most extraordinary personage, because meet him when and where you will, he looks as smart and as spruce as if prepared for parade, and you see him whirl along through the dirt or snow, sitting upright in a seat without even a back to it. He keeps himself warm by exercising his whip on the backs of post-boys and post-masters, and receives a salary of about sixty pounds for going a distance equal to the circumference of the earth in a season: but then although he is allowed money for post-horses, no post-master dares take t, because he would revenge himself by driving the whole team to death; and consequently his perquisites become very lucrative.

Let us next turn to that dashing family-sledge, with its cloth of pale blue, lined and edged with black bearskin, to match the liveries of the coachman and postilion, whose caftans and velvet-caps are of the same azure hue, trimmed with silver lace and some kind of pale fur. The four black, glossy horses are harnessed, leaders to wheelers as usual, with traces twice the length of each horse, and which are kept separate by a cross-bar which occasionally trails in the snow. Two footmen are on the foot-board, the broad silver lace on their coats and cocked hats embroidered with the owner's arms. The slave-coachman is a portly and handsome-looking personage, but especially distinguished by a black, silky, bushy beard, as ebon in hue as any Turkish pasha ever dyes this hairy ornament. The beauty and the beard of the coachman is considered essential to the perfection of the Russian equipage this one was won at *écarte* by his present mistress from another lady a few nights ago, or exchanged for a cashmere shawl.

The noble proprietress of this equipage reclines, with her daughters, listlessly in the sledge. There is a pallid languor about all these, which gives them an exotic appearance, if we may be allowed the expression, which no doubt arises from their being confined so large a portion of the year at an African temperature. If not intermingled with Georgian, Polish, or Livonian families, they are sure not to be beautiful, but are never vulgar in appearance; but you must never look into their mouths, particularly after the contrast which the ivory teeth of the grinning coachman present, thrown in relief by his dark beard. The costume of these ladies is always the last Parisian fashion, except that they use the most expensive materials, and prefer the most delicate colours. Some pale tinted satin covers their cloaks, lined through with furs of inestimable value, of which the handsomest part is shown at the collar, the cloak is worth, perhaps, ten thousand roubles.

Whilst speaking of furs we cannot but observe how little they are generally understood in England. Our fair countrywomen are really seen to wear rubbish, which a Russian lady's maid would disdain. And

this is not because, as is commonly imagined, furs are cheap and abundant in Russia. On the contrary, strange as it may appear, the great mass of furs used in Russia comes from London, and every fur is worth fifty or a hundred per cent. more there than in England. Even the famous Siberian sable is not Siberian, it comes from the Kurile islands in the Pacific, whither the Russian government every other year despatch a vessel or two, which completes the circuit of the world, and returns laden with the productions of this distant possession.

In London, one constantly sees well-dressed women with imitation sables, although the real skin does not cost above twelve shillings, the darkest-coloured from twenty to thirty; but the sable of the Kurile islands may run as high as six guineas a single skin, and is seldom under four in price, whilst in the beauty of its long, thick, light-feeling, and dark-coloured hair, there is more difference than in the price. This is the sable used by the Russian dames; but in addition to this, two furs are generally worn in Russia, which are almost unknown in England—the most valuable of all furs—the sea-otter and the black fox. The former is used for officers' cloak-collars, and this narrow strip cannot be obtained under ten pounds, in its most inferior qualities. The black fox is used for ladies' cloaks and muffs—a single collar of it is worth at least sixty guineas.

The countess or the princess and her daughter converse only in French. Their sledge is now full of the last novels by Sand, Paul de Kock, Eugene Sue, and Soulié.

As woman is everywhere, they are more generous and less selfish in disposition than the men, and consequently less servile. They contemn all that is Russian and idolize what is foreign—especially what is French. If you could read the secret wishes of those pale girls, what do you think they are? You may feel disposed to believe that at least their thoughts turn on matrimony, but not at all; it is ten to one if they are not longing or plotting or scheming some plan to get abroad, and take wing away from that vast prison-house—the Russian empire. In this feeling their noble mother fully sympathizes with them, and whilst waiting, albeit in vain, in the hope of realising their dreams, they will go home and repose their full confidence in the French tutor and the Swiss governess.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE CARTOONS.

A. Well, and so you have seen the cartoons?

M. I have indeed.

A. And are of course delighted and astonished?

M. Greatly delighted, but by no means astonished.

A. What! not astonished, when I know you to have been one of the most determined scoffers at the possibility of English artists turning out any thing at all passable, in the way of historical art.

M. You misrepresent what I asserted. Refer to my last letter from Paris; you will find something to this effect:—"Be assured that if any thing good is done it will be done by very young men, and by men utterly unknown to the public." And I was right; there is not a known man among the gainers of prizes, either first, second, or third. The presents of 100*l.* have been made to some old hands of the Academy certainly, but it is a moot point whether the bad taste that offered, or the worse taste that accepted, these "sops" is most to be deplored.

A. That's all very well; but you know I do not care a fig for your Academy squabbles. Undoubtedly the mass of the academicians are most wretched sticks; but the very fact of your "native artists" having executed these fine cartoons is a proof that I am right in what I have always contended,—that a bad institution will never prevent first-rate merit making its way.

M. True; but it ought to aid merit.

A. Of course; but as it does not, it is only to the discredit of the Academy, and not to the detriment of the arts. Depend upon this, if any of your men are first-raters, out they would have come, Academy or no Academy. I think the Academy does as much as it can; what you want, is for the government to do more. *All an artist wants is a place wherein he may exhibit his pictures:* after that it is an affair betwixt himself and the public. What on earth prevents the government providing such a place for the annual exhibition of as many works as artists choose to send? I am persuaded that men of ability ask no more than this. But as I said, I care nothing for your Academy squabbles, I want your opinion on the cartoons. Who are the great guns? which is A. 1?

M. It is scarcely fair to place any one of the three first before the other two; each is nearly first-rate in its way; but I am inclined to think that Armitage is the man who gives the greatest promise, and from whom the greatest things may be expected. I cannot, however, place Watts in the same rank with Armitage and Cope, for obvious reasons. In the first place his picture wants—at least to me it appears to want—the very first quality of a great work—originality. In Cope and Armitage, on the contrary, this quality immediately strikes any observer who has been accustomed to study paintings. Among all the multitudes of battle-pictures, and prints, ancient and modern, that I have seen in different countries, I cannot recall to my memory any thing at all resembling the composition and treatment of the Invasion. In looking at Watts's cartoon, on the contrary, any one only slightly familiar with works of art, must be instantly struck with its very evident plagiarisms. Indeed to me the whole thing has a borrowed look; here is a whole figure, there a limb, and there is a posse, that we are acquainted

with. In short, as I said it strikes me generally as wanting originality. —Do not mistake me—I think it a very fine thing, worthy certainly of a first prize, but I cannot put it in competition with the other two. For fear, however, that you should consider me too vague in my condemnation, I must particularize faults. The head of Caractacus is I think a failure in conception; and as this head is the only important one in the composition; the failure is the more evident. It is a mean, powerless, and almost brutal head; right perhaps as to the head of a savage, but utterly wrong for a poetical conception of the head of Caractacus. The son is the Antinous, almost *verbatim*, and the figure blowing the horn, on the left of the picture, reminds one too much of something similar, if not absolutely the same, in Raphael's "Triumph of Galatea. The drawing is generally good, but by no means forcible. The author has evidently studied far more from plaster than from life. I must not forget to tell you of a very brilliant and original idea in this drawing. In the back ground, on the right hand side of the picture, there is an old Roman soldier, crippled, it is to be inferred, in some early war against the Britons, who utters a malediction on the captive Caractacus, as he paces like a fettered lion along the streets of Rome. The accessories are correct, and the execution most beautiful.

A. I have generally heard much higher opinions on the merits of Watts's cartoon, but your objections appear to have some foundation; at all events your observations do not resemble the vague and absurd criticisms that we get now and then from the newspapers and magazines. I am convinced that we should soon improve our painters if we could improve our critics.

M. I do not think that painters care one farthing for the opinions of critics; at least those who are professedly such; no opinion is of much value to a painter unless it come from one practically acquainted with the art. I may fully appreciate the moving qualities of a fine overture played by a large band, but I must have a considerable knowledge of music before I am competent to advise and instruct the performers; and a musician would very justly laugh at my strictures, if he were aware that not only I played on no instrument, but that I actually did not know a note of music.

A. Very true. And this is the reason why you see whole pages of twaddle written, not on the picture, but on supposed beauties and intentions that never entered the mind of the painter, but which the poetical imagination of the critic confers on the performance. I will show you some day a paper I have by me on "Critics, Collectors, and Amateurs." Meanwhile to proceed—now for Armitage.

M. I confess that I have a very strong predilection for Armitage—because I am very fond of pictures of action, and I believe that it is in action that the pluck of a painter will be exhibited. If a painter can add to this action very correct drawing, fine composition, and marvellous truth of expression in the heads, then I think that he promises fairly to be first-rate in the art; and I believe that Armitage will be first-rate in all that constitutes a painter.

A. Will be first-rate?

M. Of course. Do you think it possible that any man of imagination such as this can show his power in a single page? Could you judge of Byron by his "Corsair," or of Shakspeare by "Macbeth?" Of the

merits of each of those works of course you might, judge but of the versatility of their genius (and true genius is always versatile)—the universal power, knowledge, and capabilities of the men—you could not fathom until you had read deeper into their productions. This is one of the misfortunes, or rather faults, of your Academy. If a man sends three or four pictures, each in a different style and different class of art, want of room, or want of something else, obliges them to reject three, and hang the fourth—out of sight. Thus versatility, one of the greatest merits in a painter, has no chance of becoming known to the public, and he is judged, and condemned, perhaps, by one picture, and that probably his worst.

A. Hang the Academy!

M. That would, perhaps, be fit retribution:—hang them "high as Haman," and out of sight—but to resume. I have heard it remarked that the figure of Cæsar is a failure, because he does not stand well, and because he is turned towards his own party, and consequently *from* the enemy. I think it is perfectly correct that he should do so. The officer who would cheer on his troops to some desperate effort, would naturally, for a moment, before he led them on, turn the light of his countenance upon his hesitating men, and point towards the foe they dreaded. This is the instant of time seized by the painter, and for many reasons it is the best. Be assured that Armitage studied that figure, and came to truer conclusions respecting its propriety, than either you and I are capable of. As to his standing unsteadily, just put yourself into a boat, its head on shore, and then tell a couple of hands to shove it high and dry upon the beach:—you will then find yourself standing with the unsteady firmness of Cæsar on the deck of his galley. These are the only objections I have heard. The beauties are many and masterly. Look at that study of the old Roman warrior hanging on the bridle of the barbarian horse. What admirable drawing in the foreshortening of the head and chest of the fierce soldier. Observe the head of the standard-bearer, and some old men's heads to the left of him. How original and fine is the group of Roman soldiers dragging on a rope—one with his back turned, and the cord cutting under his shoulder-blade. The horse's head, and the savage on his back, who hurls the javelin—woe to him it pierces!

A. Come, come, no rhapsodies; a picture of a battle always drives you crazy.

M. Not ordinary ones; but this is so fresh and original in every part, that I really am rather wild about it. In the distance on the right there is another desperate conflict going on, around a galley; this is a beautiful demi-tint, and is a picture in itself; and the long lines of the white cliffs of Albion form a fitting background to a drawing that gives a greater promise for high art in England, than any thing that England has recently produced.

A. I find you constantly talk of the *promise* of these pictures. Are not these the men that will be chosen to decorate the walls of one of the finest buildings of modern times?

M. Some of them probably will; but however brilliant their *début*, I cannot think that government will be justified in entrusting to their *present* powers the decorations of a building that will remain as a perpetual monument of our taste and capability in the nineteenth century.

A. Then you are still of the opinion that British artists are not capable of painting frescoes for our British Houses of Parliament?

M. Once for all, I do not consider art of any nation. Were I in power, I would have the best architects and the best painters, wherever I could find them; and be assured that if I could get such men as Cornelius, Kaulbach, Hess, or Schnorr, to paint the walls of our Parliament House, the love of the sublime and grand in art would influence me over all other considerations. Let me remind you of what we saw together in Munich, the Nibelungen Leid, by Schnorr; John Huss, by Hess; the Fight of the Huns; and, above all, Kaulbach's Destruction of Jerusalem. When English artists will open their eyes to the astounding powers of the German painters, and the English government and England's nobility take a leaf from the King of Bavaria's book of the arts, we may perchance compete with other nations in our public monuments, but not till then.

A. Then it will never be; for as a nation, I fear we have not the taste necessary. We purchase old pictures, it is true, because it is the fashion to have paintings in one's houses, and because we cannot err in giving a large sum for a picture, or the supposed picture, of a master that the admiration of ages has stamped with a value; but we dare not spend the like sums upon our modern men, because want of taste might then be made evident, and because we do not love art for the sake of art. But we are wandering from our subject. Cope stands next.

M. Cope's cartoon is very fine; undoubtedly the finest, as a whole, in the exhibition. Every thing it contains is so simple, and yet so profound in study. Nothing can be finer than the centre group, unless it be the group of the "Twelve." The listening faces of the men who hold him, the murderer himself, the eagerness of his accusers, and the fine figure of the dead man, evince qualities in Mr. Cope of the very highest order. His cartoon is one of the very few in the exhibition tha is of himself alone. Armitage has a decided smack of the "school." Horsley, Townsend, and a majority of the best performers in the collection, have, I should be inclined to think, studied in Germany, and their drawings more or less bear evidence of the fact. But Cope appears to have neither reminiscences nor predilections, but is "himself alone," in every line.

A. It is evident then, after all, that the best of our British artists owe their success to foreign schools.

M. Without being certain, as I only know from the effects of their pictures, I should decidedly say that the best cartoons have been done by men who have studied either in Paris or Germany. Armitage, we know, has done so; Horsley and Townsend, I should think, have learned in Dusseldorf or Munich; but I should very much like to ascertain in what schools the whole of the gainers of prizes have acquired their practical knowledge; it would be a good guide for the younger aspirants who have not yet decided where to go.

A. Then you approve of schools?

M. Did you ever see any thing great done by what are called self-taught artists? When you get a few first-rate men in London, who are capable, and who will condescend to start atéliers, you will get on rapidly. In these atéliers, a boy may be taught in a few years *all that can be taught.* If he has genius, he becomes a great painter; if not,

he finds his level; but mind, whatever he does, however low in class of art he is obliged to descend, he will at least be correct in the technicalities and the mechanical process of painting. Thus, in France, out of a great number who go through the course of study necessary for an historical painter, many who have not strength to reach that height in art, fill up subordinate places with grace and success. Gudin, Isabey, Le Poetdevin, as painters of marine, where the human figure predominates, are unsurpassed in Europe. No marine painters who have not had their complete education, can possibly compete with such men as these; nor is it fair to put them in competition. Genre, again, that most beautiful class of painting in the French school, is only one step below the historical, requiring as complete an education, but not the commanding talent that the historical style requires. *The painter who has not received in his early youth a thorough grounding in a good school, will have through life a perpetual uphill fight to wage against his want of knowledge,* and never have a shadow of a chance against even men of far less talent who have been well taught.

A. Now then for the 200*l.* prizes.

M. To Horsley's "St. Augustine preaching to Ethelbert and Bertha, his Christian Queen," I see nothing to object. It is a fine work, and worthy of its premium; but I think that either the "Fight for the Beacon," or Bell's "Cardinal Bouchier," should change places with Mr. Selons's "Boadicea." This is, I think, one of the worst mistakes made by the judges, and it is a bad one. "Cardinal Bouchier urging the Dowager Queen of Edward IV. to give up from sanctuary the Duke of York," is a very fine picture, true in conception and beautiful in execution; but the very best picture in that class ought to rank below a very good picture of the class of "Boadicea." It is Genre increased to life size, and is properly but an easel picture. Mr. Selons's "Boadicea haranguing the Icini" is in the highest class of art, and has but one fault, a certain mannerism in the drawing, which, although very correct, has not quite the truth of nature. But look at the poetry in it, the verve, the variety, and even the labour; the finish is exquisite in every part, the drawing very pure and graceful, and the expression of heads most appropriate. The group of the two daughters crouched, grovelling as it were at the feet of their mother at the bottom of the car, prostrate and writhing in the utter hopelessness of their fate, is alone worth both the 200*l.* prizes together. The head of a man restraining a horse, the heads of the two horses, and the whole of the right-hand group, are most beautiful efforts of art; and all the work is so firm, and yet so free—appears to have been done with so much ease, notwithstanding it is so full of difficulties—that I cannot help thinking that Mr. Selons has, to say the least, been very unfortunate. Most assuredly, however, his time will come; and if, as you say, high art will be encouraged in England when English painters evince a capability for high art, undoubtedly this cartoon will very shortly be transferred to canvass, for a more beautiful subject could not grace the galleries of your rich collectors of the frousy old abortions of the brown schools.

In Townsend's cartoon, "The Fight for the Beacon," nothing is aimed at but expression of action; this is well rendered certainly; but I deny either the anatomy or the action of the principal figure to be true to nature, and it cannot be doubted that the giant is too huge even for a giant. The choice of subject is excellent, and evinces originality of

mind, but the cartoon has no single quality that authorizes the judges to place it in the 200*l.* list, while the drawing of Selons, or those of Parris and Frost, are awarded but 100*l.*

Mr. Frost's "Una alarmed by the Fauns and Satyrs," is a beautiful drawing, but formed too much upon models of the classic to give me any very high opinion of the originality of the author's powers; there is too much of what we have long been acquainted with, and nothing of that put in a new or striking light.

I cannot like Severn's "Eleanor," although I have every wish to do so. It is too formal, not to say affected, in every respect. It has a great fault in a picture—that of not carrying you into the age it treats of;—notwithstanding a sufficient correctness in costume, the figures appear like modern ladies and gentlemen in masking at dresses. A great error in conception strikes all observers. Had the poison so far "overcrowed" the spirit of Edward, as to have reduced him to the verge of death, the mere drawing of the poison from the wound by the devoted Eleanor, could not have saved his life. In Mr. Severn's cartoon, Edward appears quite dead. There is nothing *intense* enough; the proprieties of subject, time, and place, are sacrificed to the graces and the prettinesses of art. Notwithstanding, however, the faults of this cartoon, I am of opinion that, as a painter of frescoes, few or none among the competitors would succeed better than Mr. Severn. The author of "Eleanor" is capable of better things, but he must be more severe.

A. What do you think of the 100*l.* presents, and the non-gainers of prizes?

M. If you think they are worth attention, we will look at them together, and "report progress."

EXTRACTS FROM MY INDIAN DIARY.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

No. VII.

A vow of vengeance against the bears of Gurrug accomplished—A good shot—Narrow escape of the Doctor—The *suttie*—The Rajah of Kolapoor—Mahratta horsemen.

I CONCLUDED the last chapter with a solemn vow of vengeance. The reader shall now be informed how that vow was kept.

Dharwar, March 20th.—Immediately on our return to Dharwar, we despatched scouts to scour the country and gain intelligence of the two bears that attacked our horses on the march from Belgaum; and this morning a messenger arrived with the gratifying intelligence that two bears of unusual size had been marked down on the side of a rocky hill about fifteen miles from hence.

My brother and I, accompanied by Dr. Macphee, immediately started on horseback, and fortunately reached the ground before the game had been disturbed. They were lying asleep in a snug corner under cover of a projecting rock, and might both have been despatched without trouble

had it not been for the imprudence of the Doctor, who fired a charge of "grit shot" into one of them before they were properly surrounded. The wounded bear started up with a loud roar, and made off at an awkward gallop, while his companion, putting her head between her legs, rolled over the edge of the rock, plunged into thick cover, and although pursued by the whole party, except myself, succeeded in making her escape.

I gave chase to the wounded bear, and from knowing the country well, managed to head him by cutting across a shoulder of the hill. The moment I showed myself the animal rose upon his hind legs with a savage growl and prepared to do battle; but he had hardly expanded his broad chest, when he dropped at my feet with a bullet through his heart. He uttered one roar, the blood gushed in torrents from his mouth, and sinking to the ground with his head between his fore-paws, as if composing himself to sleep, he expired without a struggle.

We now commenced a tedious chase after the bear that had escaped, and with infinite trouble succeeded in tracking her, through dense underwood, to another hill about a mile from the one on which she had been started.

Here we lost all traces of her amongst the rocks, but the nature of the ground afforded some clue to our further search. The hill was composed of a rugged pile of enormous stones, intermixed with brushwood, and on the side to which we had carried the trail, presented a perpendicular face of scarped rock from thirty to forty feet high, along the top of which ran a ledge about two feet wide, which the natives informed us led to some deep fissures, likely to afford shelter to the hunted bear.

We now felt satisfied that we had tracked her to her lair, and laid our plans accordingly.

It was arranged that my brother and the Doctor should proceed along the ledge of the rock accompanied by a skilful tracker, while I guarded the only apparent outlet at the opposite extremity, and that the *shikaries* who accompanied us, should take up commanding positions on various parts of the hill, to observe the motions of the bear in case she attempted to break away by some other pass, that might have escaped our notice.

I was making my way to my post, through the tangled brushwood that skirted the base of the rock, and my brother had climbed some distance up the hill for the purpose of stationing the look-out men, when the doctor, who had been left on the ledge at the top of the precipice, moved forward a few paces to obtain a view beyond a projecting point of rock that concealed the remainder of the rugged pathway. He had hardly thrust his long neck beyond the impediment, when he drew back with a shout of astonishment, and levelling his long fusee, shouted at the top of his voice,

"Come here some o' you, come here! The deevil is grinning in my very face."

I could not from where I stood command a view of the bear, but judging from the direction of the doctor's fusee, as he brought the sight to bear upon her, it appeared that she could not be more than forty yards from him.

"Hold your hand, Doctor!" cried my brother; "till I get down to you."

"I canna'," exclaimed the Doctor, in despairing accents, "the rampawgin deevil is coming at me with every hair on her back standing on end, and she's amaist at the grippin' o' me."

"Reserve your fire then till she is close to you, and make sure work of it."

But the words were hardly uttered when Mons. Meg exploded, with her usual cannonlike report, making the Doctor stagger back from the violence of the recoil, and the bear, uttering a savage roar, rushed forward at a charging pace.

She was evidently hard hit, for her fore-quarters were streaming with blood, but she was still strong and active.

I fired the moment she came in sight, but with unsteady aim, for the bullet rebounding from a rock under her feet, went whistling idly over the hill.

"The spare gun—the spare gun, ye d—d black pagan!" shouted the Doctor, holding out his discharged weapon with one hand to fend off the enraged bear, and extending the other behind him to grasp the spare gun carried by his attendant. But the cowardly knave had fled at the first appearance of danger, and was already a hundred yards from the spot.

The bear was now pressing hard upon the Doctor, and seizing the barrel of the gun in her teeth, wrenched it out of his hands. Another moment and his head would have been between her jaws; but the doctor, with wonderful presence of mind, sprung boldly over the precipice, alighting on the top of a thick bush which broke his fall, and, although stunned and bleeding, he reached the ground without sustaining any material injury.

The bear, to our astonishment, took the leap without hesitation, and was on the point of seizing her unresisting victim, when my brother, who had by this time reached the platform overhead, levelled his rifle with his usual coolness, and the shot was answered by a hoarse bubbling cry that relieved my mind from a load of anxiety; for although I could neither see the doctor nor the bear, owing to the thick underwood that intervened, I knew well from that peculiar cry, that the death-shot had been administered.

On reaching the spot where the Doctor lay, I found him just recovering his senses, and struggling violently to disengage himself from the carcase of the bear, which was lying across him quite dead, with his cap firmly grasped between her jaws.

It appeared that she was in the very act of seizing the Doctor by the head, when my brother fired with such beautiful coolness and precision. The ball passed through her heart, and she fell dead with the cap in her mouth, leaving the head uninjured.

The poor doctor was so stunned and confused, that it was some time before we could make him understand that his formidable antagonist was actually dead; and he sat for at least ten minutes, gazing in stupified wonder at her bleeding carcase, before he could find words to return thanks for his almost miraculous escape.

Thus fell the two noted bears of Gurrug, and thus was our vow of vengeance accomplished.

Soon after the above adventure, my brother and I, accompanied by the Doctor and a young civilian, made another excursion to the western

coast, where we had good sport as usual. But as my readers have had more than a fair proportion of sporting adventures lately, I shall confine my extracts from the notes taken on this occasion to the description of a *suttie*, or self-immolation of a Hindoo widow, which we happened to witness.

The *suttie* took place at a village a few miles from our camp, and horrible as it may sound to stand by and see a fellow-creature—a woman—burnt to death, yet my brother, and the young civilian, being the only magistrates in the neighbourhood, considered it their duty to attend the ceremony, in hopes of dissuading the infatuated victim from her purpose, or failing of this, at least to rescue her in the event of her springing off the pile; for if no Europeans were present, the brutal Brahmins, would, under such circumstances, thrust her back into the flames; and instances have occurred where the woman's life has been saved by the interposition of a magistrate, even after the fatal pile has been lighted.

When we arrived at the spot, we found a number of Brahmins erecting the funeral pile close to the sea; and it excited feelings of unutterable disgust, to see the relations of the unfortunate widow laughing and jesting as they arranged the horrid apparatus. They appeared to look forward with pleasure to the approaching tragedy, and no one seemed to bestow a thought on the fearful sufferings which the victim of superstition must endure ere the sacrifice was completed.

The pile was composed of logs of wood interspersed with layers of dry straw, sugar-canes, and other combustibles; this was covered with a mat, and to render it still more inflammable, was saturated with *ghee*, or clarified butter. The height of the erection might be about four feet, the breadth being just sufficient to admit of two bodies lying side by side; and above it was a platform of dried wood, so constructed as to fall upon the bodies, as soon as the fire consumed the slight props by which it was supported.

After about two hours spent in building the pile, a confused din of trumpets and tomtoms announced the arrival of the widow, preceded by the corpse of her husband, and followed by a crowd of friends and relations. She was a beautiful young creature not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, and my blood ran cold as I saw her led forth like a lamb to the slaughter.

Much as I had heard of the courage displayed by Indian women in the act of self-immolation, I did not believe it possible that one so young, and of so delicate a frame as the present victim, could behold the dreadful apparatus prepared for her destruction without a shudder. But no traces either of sorrow or of fear were visible on her placid countenance. She seemed to have taken leave of this world for ever, and to have fixed her every thought on the prospect of meeting her husband in eternity.

Her pale, interesting features, gave the most perfect idea of resignation. And her firm step and self-possessed manner satisfied us that no exciting or stupifying drugs had been administered to prepare her for the awful ceremony.

We had come determined to save the poor creature if possible, and were more than ever anxious to do so now that we had seen her.

While the corpse was being prepared for the funeral pile, we insisted

on being allowed an interview with the intended victim, and made use of every argument we could think of to dissuade her from her purpose. We offered to make her a handsome allowance for life, and to protect her from the malice of the priests if she only consented to live. But all was of no avail. The accursed Brahmins had done their work too well.

If a widow refuses to sacrifice herself, those crafty hypocrites, those ministers of the devil, expell her from her caste with curses and ignominy; she is looked upon as a degraded being; she cannot marry again; she becomes an outcast, shunned and despised by all; and even her nearest relatives dare not countenance her. In the temples women are daily exhorted to this act of self-immolation, by promises of eternal happiness, and threatened with poverty, scorn, and infamy, if they allow the natural love of life to prevail.

Is it then to be wondered at that poor, ignorant creatures, thus urged and threatened by a crafty priesthood, prefer death, even a firey death on the funeral pile, to life purchased at such a price?

The poor girl appeared grateful for the interest we took in her; and a tear—the first we had seen her shed—trembled on her long silken eyelashes as she thanked us; but her resolution remained unshaken. She presented each of us with a cocoa-nut, which she begged us to keep for her sake; and waving her hand with the air of an inspired being, she motioned us to withdraw.

To my dying day I shall never forget that scene.

As we turned to depart, I saw a devilish smile of triumph steal over the countenance of the officiating priest.

The corpse having been stripped, and washed in the sea, was stretched naked as it was upon the ground in front of the funeral pile; and the widow, seating herself at the head, prepared to take leave of her relations. It was very affecting to see her aged mother throw herself at her daughter's feet, kiss them, and bid her farewell.

The poor girl's firmness could not withstand this trial—she wept bitterly—but it was only for a moment. Waving her hand as if wishing to be left to her own thoughts, she appeared to forget every thing upon earth, and with her face raised to heaven called incessantly on her Gods. Her attitude was that of intense devotion; and except when disturbed by persons kissing her feet, or making her touch cocoa-nuts, which are then esteemed holy, she never moved a limb.

During this time the priests chanted passages from their sacred books, promising eternal happiness to their poor victim if she kept up her courage and completed the sacrifice. When they had finished, the corpse was laid upon the funeral pile, and the widow, unassisted, walked three times round it. Having completed the third round, her little brother knelt at her feet and kissed them, while her father poured oil upon her head; and the unfeeling monsters who surrounded her, many of them women, raised a joyful shout, mingled with peals of laughter, as if exulting at the near approach of the last awful ceremony. It was fearful to behold such hardness of heart, particularly among women.

The young widow's earthly career was now drawing rapidly to a close. A few moments more, and she would be suffering the most horrible of deaths. But her eye quailed not, nor did her lips quiver.

She ascended the fatal pile as if it had been her bridal-bed; and stretching herself by the side of the loathsome corpse, already in an advanced stage of decay, she clasped it in her arms, and rested her beautiful head on the breast, which was literally a weltering mass of corruption.

It was fearful to behold the living and the dead thus united; to contrast the rounded limbs and graceful figure of that fair girl, with the bloated, grinning corpse which she held in her embrace. My heart sickened at the sight, and a feeling of deadly faintness came over me; but I had strength to see the tragedy completed.

I was close to the pile, and watched the poor victim's countenance narrowly; it was pale as death, but perfectly placid. She never moved a muscle, and appeared more like a marble image than a living being. Even on the brink of eternity, with the prospect of so fearful a death before her eyes, the fortitude inspired by a blind and devoted superstition, supported her through the trial.

When all the preparations were completed, a horrid yell was raised, and a number of men rushed, with lighted torches, towards the pile, shouting, dancing, and screaming like demons. In an instant the whole was in flames. Heaps of burning straw fell on the two bodies. The death shriek of the wretched victim was drowned amidst the roar of a thousand voices.

The bickering flames rose high above the pile. All was one glowing mass of fire, and the poor creature's sufferings were ended. Once I saw her struggle, but it was only for a moment, and dreadful though her agony must have been, it could not have lasted above a few seconds. The wind was high, and the dry wood burnt with such fury, that in a few minutes, more than half of the pile was consumed, and no one would have guessed that two human bodies were smouldering in the midst of it.

As we turned to leave the accursed spot, the worthy doctor, who had hitherto remained a silent but deeply affected spectator of the dreadful ceremony, found it impossible any longer to restrain his indignation, and striding up to the principal Brahmin, he gave vent to his outraged feelings, by damning him to his heart's content in choice Malabar, of all known languages, the one most abounding in powerful anathemas.

The haughty Brahmins, accustomed to lord it over the timid Hindoo, stood perfectly aghast at being thus bearded, in presence of his disciples, by an unbelieving kaffer. He was "something more than wrath," and would doubtless have roasted poor Macphee alive had he possessed the power to do so. As it was, he had to brook the insult as best he might, while the doctor, spitting on the ground in token of his utter disgust, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and walked away evidently much relieved by this outpouring of his wrath.

Since the time I write of, the Indian government have, on the principle of "better late than never," succeeded in putting a stop to these barbarous sacrifices. But I look upon it as a lasting disgrace to the British nation, that such diabolical cruelty should have been so long tolerated.

It used to be said, that it might endanger the country to interfere with the superstitious observances of the natives. A feeble excuse for

still more feeble policy. Did we not, many years before, when our hold upon the country was much less firm than at the time I write of, put a stop to the unnatural practice of sacrificing female children? And what dangerous consequences ensued? None whatever; the mass of the people blessed us for our interference. Why then were *sutties* tolerated? Who were the instigators and perpetrators of those heathenish rights? A very small proportion of the population. None but high-caste Brahmins burnt their widows; and had we then, as we have now, declared any one guilty of murder who assisted at such a ceremony; or, by threats or promises, instigated others to do so, we should not only have acted a manly and a Christian part, but have saved thousands of victims from a miserable death; and, as the result proves, without in the slightest degree diminishing our influence in the country.

On our way back from the coast, we made a detour to the northward, and at Menritch met Lord C——, the Governor of Bombay, who was making a progress through the southern Mahratta country, to visit the native chiefs.

To those who delight in barbarous pageantry, this would have been a fine opportunity for indulging their propensity. The whole country appeared to keep holiday; and *durbars* and processions were of daily and hourly occurrence.

The Rajah of Kolapoor, almost the last prince of the once powerful Mahratta race, and the only one whose court still flourishes in the true semibarbarous style, who was one of many whom we visited. He is a little black, vulgar-looking man; and his court, like that of most Indian princes, exhibits a curious mixture of magnificence and tawdry finery. He received us most graciously, and did his best to amuse us with nautches, reviews, and hunting-parties.

I have, in a previous chapter, described the method of running down the antelope with hunting-leopards, which is the rajah's favourite sport, but one not at all suited to my taste. The reviews were more interesting, and I was much pleased with the gallant bearing of the Mahratta horsemen.

They are fine-looking men, well mounted on tall, active, native horses, and armed with a sword, and a lance about twelve feet long. In the use of this latter weapon, they are unrivalled, and in their exercises perform feats which, to those who have not witnessed them, must sound almost incredible; that of picking up a tent-peg on the point of a lance, struck me as one of the most extraordinary. A tent-peg, as thick as a man's arm, and upwards of two feet long, is driven firmly into the ground, till only a few inches remain above the surface, and a man exerting his utmost strength, cannot pull it up. The horseman rides past this at speed, and striking it with the point of the lance, jirks it out of the ground, and carries it off.

By what peculiar knack a man is enabled to do this with a slender bamboo spear, I never could understand; but it appears to be done without any effort on the part of the horseman, and almost invariably at the first attempt.

THREE LESSONS DRAWN FROM LIFE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

But still your finger on your lip, I pray.
HAMLET.

INTRODUCTORY—MUM!

WHERESOEVER that admonitory and interjectional monosyllable "Mum!" is in most familiar and frequent use, a kind of freemasonry prevails. Depend upon it, he from whose lips it issues, and he to whose ears it is addressed, very well understand each other. A volume, large as the catalogue of last year's lies, could not possibly say more than these three letters say; and all the signs, gestures, and motions that ever rendered pantomime intelligible, are utterly pointless and inexpressive, compared with the quiet knowing glance, and the simple pressure of the finger on the lip, by which that low, noiseless, but wonderfully eloquent sound should always be accompanied.

"Mum" is an injunction to secresy and silence, generally implying something of cunning, knavery, mischief, in the work to be concealed. It was never yet uttered in connexion with any grand crime. It is impossible to conceive, that in any case of strong and terrible necessity for caution and secresy—any momentous occasion of treason or assassination—for example, it ever rose to the white lips of conspirators mutually apprehensive of betrayal through each other's rashness or treachery.

We cannot, for an instant, imagine the ghastly murderer, reeking with the warm blood of innocence, looking into the horrid eyes of his fellow-monster, and breaking the dreadful silence with such a whisper. Nor are villains of a few grades above these, much more likely to enjoin silence in such a fashion. The instinct of secresy is common to them all: the lesson conveyed in "mum," they had learned by heart before they began. They do not feel any necessity for telling a companion in guilt to keep his own council. After a flat burglary, it would seem at best superfluous for the rogues to assemble, with the view of warning each other to keep a still tongue in the head. The only thief who could not do so, was a young one, who, full of conceit because he had robbed in company with a celebrated highwayman, went about boasting everywhere of the fact.

It is not amongst such personages, then, that the term would ever be uttered. Its meaning would be understood, perhaps, continually, but not expressed. And yet, all ye subtle spirits who preside over mortal villany; ye imps of darkness who cloak from prying eyes the roguish doings of men; ye cunning ministers of knowledge who delight in instructing apt humanity in the great art of swindling on the safe side of the law—bear witness, what a world of honourable fraud and treachery, of respectable lying, cheating, and slandering, of legal stabbing in the dark, the little monosyllable covers!

What is there of knavery in friendship, of infidelity in love—what of

social plotting, malice, or intrigue—that is not sealed up in the sound, and made safe and snug by the fingers pressed upon the mouth!

"Mum" is the real name—not a doubt of it—of a vast number of highly respectable persons, who, in court-guides and trade-directories, figure unconsciously under all kinds of aliases. Ask this gentleman what was the name of his grandfather—mum! Ask that merchant how he was called when he sold mutton-pies in Threadneedle-street—mum! Ask the most exemplary and affectionate of wives, if she remembers the name of that lively young gentleman who so very often, before she was married—mum! Or ask the best of husbands what on earth it is that carries him with such marvellous frequency and regularity to Number 7, in so quiet and respectable a street as—mum! We have known, with more or less of personal ground for regret, many members of the Mum family.

I.

Jonas Fairbrow was for fifty years a leading man in the first city in the world. All his sayings, wherever they were heard, were considered to be as good as his doings—and these were equal to the best. Not a breath of dishonour ever fell momentarily upon his bright name; not the slightest trace of crookedness was ever discoverable in his open, honest, straightforward mode of business.

Every body, however professionally suspicious, and however little skilled in other kinds of character, was firmly persuaded that he thoroughly knew Jonas Fairbrow. Not to see through *him*, indeed, would have been esteemed a sort of blindness—a mental dulness equal to an incapacity for seeing a reflection in a mirror, or pebbles at the bottom of a lucid stream.

So clear seemed his entire character, presented to the searching eye at all points of it, that there was, as far as appearances went, nothing whatever in it to hide, and concealment seemed impossible. No eye, carefully examining a piece of amber, but must see whether grubs and worms were enclosed in it or not; and with as much apparent certainty would any wriggling, grubbing qualities have been detected in the character of Fairbrow—if they had been there.

The lustre that shone in him was the lustre of justice, of probity, of honour—not of generosity, of chivalrous munificence. He did not profess to be influenced by any of those flashy qualities that rather dazzle and blind us, than lighten our way, as a good example should do. True, he would now and then contribute to a fund for some benevolent purpose, when he saw in the public advertisement that it was supported by persons whom he approved; and he allowed his name to be inscribed (gold letters on a purple ground) in a conspicuous part of the parish church, as a beneficent patron of the charity-school. Yet although it might be thus said of him, that he loved his neighbour as himself, it was with the qualification suggested by the reflection, that in point of fact he had many neighbours, and that to act too handsomely by one of them to-day, would be to incur the shame of acting too shabbily by another to-morrow. He was, for the most part, content to be just—liberal when he could—never less than independent—but always just.

Other men, when they were settling a large account, or paying cash down, never thought of handing in the odd twopence-halfpenny; but Jonas Fairbrow was as particular on the penny-point as the pound one—nay, if but one farthing was due from him, upon an account of thousands, that humble coin he would insist upon rendering unto Cæsar, as a thing that, being rightly his, could not be rightly kept from him. Other men, moreover, would often receive or pay trifling sums without much anxiety about twopenny stamps—Jonas Fairbrow would as soon have committed the oversight of paying when he should receive—merging his own identity as a creditor in that of a debtor—as have lost sight of the state's interest in the transaction.

So scrupulous, so conscientious even to a fault was he, in all business dealings, large and small. His repute, as we have intimated, was in proportion. Diogenes, if he had lived in our day, would assuredly have blown out his candle, and invited himself to take a seat after his long walk, the instant he had found out Jonas. Found out Jonas! Alack, this is an unlucky phrase, and prematurely brings on the catastrophe.

Jonas Fairbrow was, in truth, a wonderful scoundrel.

What the world said of him was very true, that he would not cheat you of a farthing; but this was not in reality because he was too honest, but because he was too knowing to play at hazard for such coin. He considered integrity to be too valuable a commodity, weighed according to the prejudices of the world, to be parted with for small sums. His doctrine was, that honesty was always the best policy, when the amount to be otherwise obtained was not worth having.

Instead of a farthing, you should have tried him with a thousand pounds;—which means that you should *not;* for Jonas, who had but the week before remembered, on meeting you after a long absence, that he had been unavoidably indebted to you, during all that time, in the sum of one shilling and ninepence, the balance of an old account, would assuredly repay himself for this conscientious effort of the memory, by overreaching you in the grand matter.

Faithful in trifles, he secured a confidence on which he built successfully when a fortune had to pass through his fingers. Daringly rob you of the least particle of it, he certainly would not; but quietly and safely appropriate it to his own uses, in some way, he certainly would. Put yourself in his power inadvertently—by the omission of some necessary form, by an unconsidering reliance upon his arrangements, by a carelessness of disposition, or a confidence in his good name—and Jonas Fairbrow was just the man to take every advantage of the circumstance, that cunning could suggest or law would allow. To the general eye,

> Earth had not any thing to show more fair

than the conscience of the respected trader—or more leprous when it was looked upon from within. The difference all resolved itself into "mum."

The magic word was ever his password to success—his secret key to enormous wealth. All his open and public transactions prospered, for he had the benefit of unbounded faith reposed in his sagacity and trustworthiness; but his more private movements brought him to the mine of Plutus by much shorter cuts—and there were myriads of them ever winning him into their secret depths.

In the face of day, his reputation for plain-dealing would not permit him to take more than a fair rate of interest; but under cover of "mum," three hundred per cent. would by no means come amiss. Publicly, no fortunate investment could be found, for the money you deposited in his hands; but mum!—and then what excellent securities offered, what channels of profit opened up, what windfalls every breeze brought!

Most people could tell how Jonas Fairbrow advanced the round sum of money required to set up the young Brothers as traders direct to Golconda; but (on account of "mum"), few understood how, when his claim upon the house thus established had passed in the course of business into other hands, the flourishing concern suddenly changed hands too, becoming the sole property of somebody unknown before, while the profits mysteriously found their way into the coffers of Jonas.

Every body in like manner could appreciate the motive with which the good man got from his embarrassed friend a list of his business debts, and then nobly paid all the creditors in full; and every body too could talk of such an act as this; but "mum" was the word when the good man proceeded with prodigious success to take possession, and carry on the business by proxy, until his friend, now without a sixpence to be sure, but thanks to the bounty of Jonas entirely free from debt, should happily discover some means of repurchasing it—that is, of paying off his *one* creditor, by whom the hundred had been replaced.

Without the impunity, the independence of action, ensured by an observance of the real meaning of "mum," such things as these could not conveniently be effected. Some natures would not scruple indeed—but generally speaking, there would be less comfort in taking open advantage of a friend's ruin.

The affairs of a corporation, the management of large contracts, of public trusts, of private guardianships—above all, cases, whether private or public, in which the principle of responsibility is not directly kept in view—would often wear a materially different aspect when suddenly subjected to investigation, if that profoundly moral maxim which is concentrated—centralized, it might almost be said, in the heart of the language—in the word "mum," had not been a special favourite with all parties concerned.

The honoured, the respectable, the conscientious Jonas was a profound rascal, who never violated a single law, good or bad, in his life; an "incarnation" of treachery, who never broke any engagement he ever made; an impostor and a cheat, whose dealings the world decided to be integrity itself.

In the course of his fifty years of prosperity and power, he had filled half as many prisons with the victims of his policy; which the public voice, nevertheless, still pronounced to be "the best." Nay, it bestowed upon him fresh honours, while he gathered together fresh riches—as though he had secured to himself every virtue belonging to the poor wretch whom he had driven into crime, with the same ease that he had acquired all the property of the poor wretch whom he had driven into beggary.

The public only saw his hand ever upon his heart—they could not always see that most suspicious index to character, the forefinger on the lip; laid—if the seeming contradiction may be allowed—speakingly on the lip. They heard him discourse, as they fondly thought, out of the

fulness of his heart; their ears caught not that muttered word of mystery, in whose low, sly significance half his biography is written.

They talked of giving him a public funeral; but so numerous are his descendants, many not unworthy of him, in the first city of the world, that the precedent was considered to be an awkward one. It is well, no doubt, for some reasons to remember such men; but better, for other and deeper ones, to blot them from the memory. If monuments they must have, because they have left money to pay for them, the inscription should be an impressive one—the epitaph should be

MUM!

II.

Mrs. Aspenall, when first we knew her, was in the bloom of youth; in the spring of that early wifehood, which, where the wedded lover has not yet had time to take to drinking, nor his beloved the perversity to take to the vapours, is perhaps preferable to any system of widowhood hitherto devised for the relief and accommodation of the sex. She was something of a flirt, but much more of a romp—giddy with her own sleepless and untirable sense of enjoyment, and bent on making all whom she really liked as giddy as herself.

The characteristic by which she was everywhere best known—which displayed itself in her large laughing eyes to all who looked into them—which equally told its story to all ears in the quick full tones of a voice charmingly sweet and frank—was her open-heartedness. Most certain it was, at the same time, that she was not at all particular in what she said to any body, and for a whole quarter of an hour she would rattle away over the ups and downs of a story, without being at the moment in the least degree aware, that she was absolutely inventing the tale as she went on, and that there was not one single word of truth in the full and particular statement, of which she was quite ready on the spot to vouch the accuracy.

But it is certain that by this she intended not the slightest deception, and merely yielded to a rather unsafe habit of uttering at once, and without reflection, whatsoever might chance to start up in her ardent, childish, unsuspicious mind. She said all she thought at the time, and when more thoughts rushed into her head, she uttered them also—and if she should happen to think once more, she spoke as promptly on the same principle—or if not, she talked without thinking.

What she gave utterance to at five o'clock, might not agree exactly with what she said at six—but it was true to her feelings when first spoken, and that was enough for her. She always declared that she never could be responsible for any after ideas springing up in her brain to contradict her original notions; and thus it is easy enough to see what a tissue of lively, giddy, whimsical mistakes and anomalies, were Mrs. Aspenall's opinions and conversations.

Still it is as easy to see that whatever confusion might thus be produced, her mind was always clear in the midst of it all, and that there was no reserve about the giddy enchantress. So innocent and goodnatured was she, that her own personal friends actually spoke well of her.

Hers was an extreme case, it must be owned. Not one even of her intimate lady gossips gave her an ill word above once a week.

Yet do not fancy that because her own sex liked her, Mrs. Aspenall was not handsome, for she was—deucedly handsome. And do not suppose because the women only gave her an ill-word or so once a week, that she was a dowdy—or could not boast a constant and brilliant succession of new dresses, ornaments, and *bijouterie*—for she could; to an extent that eclipsed half May Fair in which she lived, and set Bloomsbury dying of a disease compounded of amazement and envy.

Indeed, next to her characteristic of open-mindedness, Dress was the thing that she would be best known by—if this can truly be said in the case of one who was rarely, if ever, seen twice in the same attire. The natural feminine liking for change, amounted in Mrs. Aspenall to a passion—and this passion, like many other violent and unconquerable ones, sought to keep itself constantly stimulated by means of obstacles and difficulties; for it would feed on none but rare foreign food.

As many incomparable pairs of gloves and stockings, as much matchless lace and silk, as costly a crowd of jewelled ornaments of every device, except that of last year, she was ready to receive from all corners of the earth, monthly, as would have ensured to the famous Messrs. Anybody, of St. James's, a really dazzling display for a whole season; and so fast did the fashions flash and fade before the eyes of her friends, each becoming her better than the last, that there was no time for envy to take root, and still less for the more tedious speculations of wonder natural in other cases of a less enormous prodigality;—such as, where all the money came from—whether they were all paid for—what gold-mine her silly husband expected to find—or who the tradesmen were that, with such criminal insanity, gave her unlimited credit.

We repeat that for these, and perhaps many more less goodnatured surmises still, applicable and popular among affectionate friends in ordinary cases, there was in this especial one barely time; so rapidly were changes effected, and with such new fascinations did each successive fashion invest the irresistible Mrs. Aspenall.

Her popularity with her sex (such a delightful contradiction was she!) actually increased, as she contrived to look lovelier; and when she figured once more in new patterns, and colours of the most tasteful yet luxuriant kind, her female friends absolutely admired without envy, and praised without a sneer. And she deserved this rare fortune; for of any littleness, any grudging, any depreciation of the pretensions of others, she was manifestly incapable. It was but to look into her face to see that she was the soul of honour.

Never, as that face distinctly proclaimed, could the high spirit within, though volatile and giddy, stoop to procure the lavish adornments of external beauty, by any means below the purest.

Never could that goodnatured heart be prompted by a blinding vanity, to bring irretrievable ruin upon a husband, rather than forego the superfluous trimmings of a pride rendered so contemptible. Never could that honourable nature descend so far from its own lofty level, as to make common cause with the daring and despicable swindler, tricking some deluded tradesman without the mockery of an excuse for such heartless profligacy. Never, above all, could that beautiful instinct of the delicate Woman, which, amidst all her hoydenisms and loud laughter, ever kept

her exquisitely feminine, be so untrue to itself as to permit her to be betrayed into debt, with all the scheming, falsehood, humiliation, and disgrace that, under such circumstances, inevitably follow in its train.

Oh! no. Sweet Mrs. Aspenall was the last woman in the world, who could have procured all those expensive luxuries for which she had such a taste, by dint of keeping her name in every tradesman's book, who could not afford to give such credit, and dared not ask for his money. She could not be guilty of any meanness—such sordid trickery was out of the question.

If this had been her plan, moreover, all would have known it as freely as herself. How was it possible that she could be invariably open-minded, with such oppressive matters to conceal! how rattle on always so unrestrainedly, when there was so much in reserve!

"Unless to serve or save somebody very near and dear to you," said we to her one day, "would it be possible for you to keep a secret—with that transparent countenance, and your unchecked habit of letting speech run away with thought?"

"Oh, yes! to be sure," returned she, with a laugh that showed how far her feeling was from displeasure; "I never had but one secret, and that I have kept close enough. Never was I sly but on one point, and what it is, I don't now at all mind confessing to you—"

"Nay, I mustn't—"

"Oh, but you must. I want you to be in my confidence. The fact is, I have always been very sly *about my smuggling!*"

"About your sm—"

"Hush-h!" said she, "*mum!*"

And with her long finger placed on her rosy mouth, and a look that said she should come and tell us all about it presently, she glided to the door of the apartment to welcome in a visiter, whom we, in our astonishment and horror, expected to see transform himself into a custom-house officer of great experience, under her very eyes!

"My smuggling! Sly about my smuggling!" Powers of mystery, who made a riddle of man's nature, here unravel woman's; and of all woman's, the complex Mrs. Aspenall's! The words just quoted we echoed, awake or asleep, the long night through.

"My smuggling—I have always been sly about my smuggling!" Oh! all ye quintessences of nature's purest qualities, which, wonderfully commingling, constitute the divinity that is in woman! then Mrs. Aspenall was a smuggler after all!

Here was the soul of honour for you! Here the nature that could scarcely compass the imagination of a meanness! Here the spirit that, gay and giddy as it might seem, would start up in beautiful and instinctive scorn of trickery and deception! As for fraud—

> As far from fraud, as heaven from earth,

had appeared until this moment that queen of the motley tribe of smugglers. But now the lofty and ingenuous being, all nobleness and simplicity, had fallen from her pedestal into the thickest of the mire wherein the mercenary and degraded are content to grovel.

The spirit of truth had palmed off falsehoods by the score; the child-like heart had shown the plague-spots of the world upon it; and the gentle, frank-hearted woman had become a slave to her vanity, a dupe

to her cunning—the victim of her poor, sordid desire to shine, at reduced cost and by secret contrivance—by evading the law, defrauding the state, and deriding the most sacred obligations of honour.

"Sly about my smuggling!" The words were not out of our ears the whole night. That a woman of sense, a creature of sensibility, a thing of delicate imagination, a being accustomed to feel and to reflect, should ever have conceived the one most unnatural idea of all—that she could possibly look more beautiful in smuggled velvet, silk, and lace.

Sleep, induced by the constant reiteration of the word "smuggling," came upon us at last; the latest feeling being such a sensation as might have been produced by the light finger of Mrs. Aspenall pressed upon our lips, with a soft, expressive "mum," murmured in the half-dreaming ear. And then followed a brilliant spectacle, which we shall endeavour, however faintly, to portray.

"In a magnificent saloon, glittering with lights, innumerable as the stars, but brighter,—and decorated profusely with wonderfully-scented flowers just gathered in Araby,—sat upon her throne of purest ivory, the Queen of the Isle of Honour; incomparably attired, and surrounded by a court of ladies, lovelier than thousands of clustered lilies, winging and whirling about like fireflies, and glittering like diamond-beetles around their insect-queen.

"Presently entered there, among the maids of honour, who adorned the favoured isle, one more lovely and majestic than the rest, and her brilliant attire eclipsed in lustre every dress in the court, save the queen's only. The distinguished beauty turned her face to a full blaze of light—it was no other than the charming Mrs. Aspenall herself. At the head of the long line of maids of honour, all whose gay costumes looked dim and faded beside hers, she was about to be presented to the smiling queen of the isle; when just as she approached, an eminent lady (it was the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Honour) seated at the royal right hand, an unaccountable change took place all in an instant, beginning with Mrs. Aspenall,—whose finery at once fell off like unhappy Cinderella's. Her rich rare lace hung in tatters; her drapery disappeared, as though instantaneously devoured by myriads of moral moths; her jewels turned to toads' eyes, and her golden ornaments into coffin-nails. In less than a sixty-thousandth part of a second, her gorgeous attire was but a miserable bunch of rags, and of these there were not enough to keep her warm; for she stood shivering in the midst of the spacious and desolate hall, alone and in darkness; a scarecrow that had frighted away all that was lovely, innocent, and noble among the ladies of the Isle of Honour."

MUM!

III.

LITTLE Johnny Stint was said to have been born with a wooden ladle in his mouth. The mouth was a wide one, to be sure, but he was always as chary and economical of the words which came out of it, as he was scant of good things to put into it.

The silver spoons of the world did not treat their brother of a less fortunate destiny with much consideration. As a child he was a mere picker-up of scraps from the nurseries of the well-fed; as a boy, he was kicked upon errands rather than sent upon them; and as a young man,

the utmost favour he ever obtained from the fair, was the permission graciously accorded him by a maid-of-all-work at a school, to come and clean the boots and shoes for her on a Saturday—to which were subsequently added, as a voluntary token that her heart was softening, the knives and forks.

A ray of hope once shot across his mind, as standing under a parlour-window in a quiet suburb, he heard a young lady singing to the dislocated remains of a piano, the touching ballad,

She loved him because he was poor.

"Because he was poor!" mentally ejaculated the neglected Stint. "Well, that is an odd reason. How fond she would have been of me! She would have loved me better at night than at morning, and more on Wednesday than on Tuesday."

But Johnny, though so poor and hopeless, was an upright little fellow. His wants were few, and his wishes not much more numerous. He never flinched from a little sharp work if it brought him in any thing; and if he disliked his lot, he had too scanty a supply of words to indulge in long complaints. He went on his way not rejoicing, but whistling moodily; much happier perhaps than people thought him, if they thought about him at all; and infinitely more honest than they had any notion of, when they carelessly said of him—

"You may trust Johnny; he is too humble for temptation, and too insignificant to be a rogue."

When he had less to eat than usual, he curtailed his appetite, as he best could; and when he had a little extra supply, he stored it in a right saving spirit against the next necessitous season. But never was he known to break off the loose corner of a loaf which he was sent to purchase; or to pocket a single potato out of the eight-and-twenty pounds which he was always ready to bring from the next market on the chance of getting a penny or two for his pains.

In this creeping existence he continued for some time after he had arrived at those years of discretion at which discreetness is so scarce; growing more indifferent to privation, but somewhat less used to it; as honest as at first, and a little more contented than ever; when one day, in a lonely spot—nobody near, and his pockets almost empty—Johnny Stint found a purse.

Having picked it up and examined the prize—having with trembling fingers, and with dim, straining, disbelieving eyes, counted the gold and silver it contained—Johnny looked all around, as if in expectation of seeing the frantic owner of the treasure ready to rush upon him, and screaming "That's mine." But not a creature was within view. Johnny then looked up to heaven, as though means might be miraculously supplied of depositing the purse there, until the true claimant should appear; and then again he gazed all around him, examined the bright contents once more, exercised his little powers of arithmetic with the same result as at first; and then returning the pieces one by one, closed his hand as tightly as he could upon the precious store, and buried both hand and purse in the depth of a capacious breeches-pocket.

On he walked, looking very often on the ground, glancing here and there, as though other purses might be scattered about—and not unfrequently he looked up to the sky, as though the treasure could only have

dropped thence—with a notion, too, in his mind, that somebody there had already made a note of its amount, as well as of the name of the finder.

On he walked still, with varying feelings, but one uppermost of all—the feeling of a man who has done a good day's work for himself.

"He ought to give me half-a-crown out of this," said Johnny Stint to himself, as he trudged along, squeezing the solid purse in his hand, as if he never could be sure enough that he held it at the very bottom of his pocket in delightful security.

"Two shillings, or even half-a-crown," repeated John, a little misgivingly, but inwardly sure of a reward of some magnitude.

But other thoughts presently succeeded to these calculations of reward founded on the loser's gratitude. Johnny Stint thought of the loser's present feelings—of his despair, his agony; of the purposes to which he might have been about to apply the money; of the debts he might have contemplated paying; of the wife and children who might be doomed to misery by the want of it;—but then his thoughts as speedily recurred to the joy which the now unhappy loser would experience on the restoration of his treasure, not a farthing missing. And lastly, his silent meditations wandered back (selfishness is the universal vice, and Johnny must be pardoned) to the old point—the reward.

"At least," was his modest reflection, "he can hardly do less than give me a shilling, for this is a good long walk."

Just as he arrived at this comforting conclusion, he arrived also at a wayside public-house. His heart felt as warm within him as the hand that burned with the clutch of the gold; and he paused, inspired with the novel idea of cooling both with a small draught of the smallest ale that was to be had for money. He had a few halfpence left, and was confident of a grand supply soon.

Boldly therefore he approached, perhaps with something of a little swagger (but this may be imaginary), to make the unusual call, when around the door of the beer-shop he found a small group of persons aiding in the search for a sixpence which had been dropped by a tiny urchin who could not look about for it for crying.

"Father 'll give anybody a halfpenny who'll find it for me, that he will," sobbed out the boy.

"Will he!" broke in a harsh voice from a corner of the settle at the door of the house; "then he'll give more than I got when I found a purse all full o' gold and silver in the turnip-field across yonder."

The little assembly, all except the broken-hearted urchin, turned to look at the speaker; and Johnny Stint in particular riveted his eyes upon him.

The man had on a labourer's dress much the worse for wear; he had a sullen face which drink had not improved; and there was about him a reckless and disorderly air, which was any thing but prepossessing.

"Ay," said he, between the puffs of his tobacco-smoke, observing that his remark had drawn inquiring looks upon him, "more than I ever got when I picked up Squire Goulden's purse two year ago. He never handed out a ha'penny, though I found it off the squire's property, trudged wi' it four mile to the hall, and gi'ed it into his own hand. Blistered be it wi' the hot goold! All I got was to be told I had stolen some on it, for there was more in't when 'twas lost; and instead o' coming

here wi' the reward o' honesty, I went wi' constable to jail, till they liked to let me out. That comes o' poor men finding rich men's money."

Johnny Stint was all ear; yet his eyes were by no means idle. They searched the face of the speaker, as if by close looking his eyes could hear too. But as the man's voice ceased, the countenance resumed its expression of sullen indifference, not unmixed with savage scorn, and a thicker cloud of tobacco-smoke was the only sign of further emotion visible.

John, who had at first been rudely moved, in his way, by the boy's trouble, now stood looking on while others were searching about, without feeling the slightest interest in their success. His glances fell carelessly round, and then settled again upon the face of the smoker, who was at least equally indifferent to all that was going on. Then did John Stint turn his eyes down the lane before him, which led from the town towards which he had been wending, and across wide fields; and with a half-convulsive grip of the purse in his pocket, which his right hand had never quitted, he turned from the house without calling for the ale, and slowly bent his steps towards the open country.

When he had gone a good way down the lane, he stopped and looked back, but again went on; and then presently, after a second pause, he turned suddenly and came back up the lane at a much quicker pace, as if with the intention of returning to the beer-shop, or of making his way into the town. But he once more stopped, looking neither up at the sky nor on the path before him, but intently at the distant houses; then glancing about him, he drew his right hand from his pocket, and gazed keenly at it without unclosing it. It was slowly returned, and with the action his face was again turned towards the fields, which he approached with seemingly irresolute steps. One final pause he made at the end of the lane, and then he hurried onwards across the grass, and was seen no more.

What were the meditations of poor Johnny Stint as he hastened on his devious and solitary course across country—what were his speculations concerning Squire Goulden, and the probabilities of his being the owner of the second purse—what his fears of being accused of theft because unable to prove that the money given up was exactly the amount of the money found—what his new-born and intoxicating ideas (if any) of another kind of life from that moment to be commenced by himself under the spur of a terrible temptation—nobody ever knew.

But this is known to many: that in a noted city, some hundred miles away from the scene we have just quitted, little Johnny Stint was greatly esteemed and patronized, about three years afterwards, as Mr. John Stint, landlord of the Crown hotel. The surrounding gentry nodded, and the best of tradespeople shook hands. He was a flourishing and highly respectable member of society, and seemed to know it.

Stint belied his name, for profusion was the order of the day at the crack hotel. Customers who ran a long score, would sometimes gratefully wonder whence their prosperous host had sprung—how, from opening a little daily eating-house for mechanics, he had leaped into the proprietorship of the famous "Crown;" but on this subject as on every thing that related to the past, there was one explanatory monosyllable

employed as a wind-up by all—landlord as well as guests—and it was made more impressive by the forefinger being placed upon the lip, a knowing nod completing the mysterious emphasis.

Of the future, Mr. Stint was less shy of talking—although, as of old, he never talked too much. His doings, however, unfortunately for him, outstripped his sayings. He promised to erect a new billiard-room—but he betook himself to hazard of an afternoon. He engaged to keep an excellent stable, suited to a splendid establishment—but he was seduced into the glory of breeding racers—and what was worse, of betting upon them.

At length—or rather after no great lapse of time—when the dice were in his hand and a trusty partner at his elbow, "mum" became the favourite word in the mouth of Mr. John Stint, and sadly to his loss of credit, he forgot that even so small a monosyllable might possibly be overheard—the admonition to silence, thus acting as the precursor to detection. So, too, however cleverly the loss of a race might be projected, the magic phrase "mum," which had power to seal a jockey's lips to day, had no effect in stopping his ears to the offer of a better bribe to-morrow; and by such gaps in his system of secrecy was our miserable little hero somewhat rapidly reduced from respectable John Stint to roguish little Johnny.

It was in this latter character that he was one day transported for stealing a silver spoon which had lately been his own property.

Alas! for the wooden ladle with which he was born! Had he kept it yet a little longer, held it fast when sorely tempted to fling it away, it would have fed him after some fashion, and been changed in the end to an inheritance, richer than plates and dishes of purest gold.

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

MORAL RUINS.

Lives there an old man who has not sometimes felt humiliated, as he looked backward through the long vista of his past life, in contemplating the various idols whom he has successively enshrined and worshipped, and then contemptuously hurled down from their thrones and altars? Yet why be mortified? the world has ever been playing the same stultifying game, and the individual man is but a microcosm. Melancholy enough is it to think that the builder of the pyramids, left no stone to tell his name; that the wide-spread earth is covered with the stupendous remains of edifices, of whose architects and even of whose purposes we are utterly ignorant; but what are these material ruins, these down-toppling stones, crumbling back into dust, that we should mourn their rottenness? Fashioned by hands of flesh, formed of perishable materials, it is natural that they should gradually waste away until they disappear utterly. Ah me! how much more sad, how much more humiliating to human pride to contemplate the *moral* ruins with which the world is so thickly overspread! How much more heart-subduing a spectacle to survey the overthrown and scattered remnants of human creeds, laws, and opinions, than the mere wreck of the temples, halls, and domes, which they had called into

existence! It would seem as if the former, springing from the soul of man, should participate in its immortality, and yet they are scarcely less evanescent than the quick-dying body, and we appear to set up codes and creeds, like so many ninepins, for the mere pleasure of bowling them down. Every age undermines and dilapidates the opinions which its predecessor had elaborately built up, only to receive the same treatment at the hands of its successor. Turn which way we will our path is strewed with a mortifying agglomeration of moral ruins.

QUID PRO QUO.

The great use their power to master the little, and the little take advantage of the weaknesses of the great to master them in return.

CHARITY SERMONS.

Like the briefs, authorized by letters patent, to which they have succeeded, charity sermons have begun to wear themselves out by their frequency, and to experience the usual effects produced by familiarity.

"A specious appearance does much," said a begging preacher to his decorous-looking flock, "but an appearance of specie does more. Last year when I preached for the Penitentiary, I saw nothing but shillings in the plate. You must have thought, my brethren, that I was preaching for a *twelve-penny-tentiary*."

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE ABRAHAM RAIMBACH.*

This handsome volume, containing the autobiography of a man highly distinguished in his art, and therefore well justified in recording the "appliances and means" which led to that distinction, though it is not amenable to criticism (being printed for private circulation only) is so full of interesting matter connected with subjects that are attracting great attention at the present moment, that our readers will thank us for placing before them a few extracts from its pages; while its editor—a son of the deceased writer—will not, we trust, complain of our trenching on that privacy which his modesty alone has induced him to covet. We shall make no excuse for choosing our extracts chiefly from the personal rather than the professional parts of the narrative, our object being the amusement of the largest number of our readers, not a critical estimate of the book itself, which is not fairly before us for that purpose.

Napoleon during his Consulship.—Precisely at twelve o'clock, the first consul descended the great staircase of the *château*, and, mounting his favourite white horse, and surrounded by a numerous *état-major*, among whom the Mameluke Roustan was conspicuous by his eastern costume, was saluted with military honours, music, drums, trumpets, and the shouts of the assembled multitude. After some preliminary inspection, which occupied nearly an hour, Bonaparte

* Memoirs and Recollections of the late Abraham Raimbach, Esq., &c. &c. (Unpublished.)

rode up and down the respective lines at a hand-canter, accompanied by his brilliant staff, all glittering in golden splendour. He himself was dressed in a blue uniform, entirely destitute of ornament, plain cocked-hat, white pantaloons, and jockey-boots—boots with tops—and was a little in advance of his company. As he approached the end of the line that was within a few yards of my station, I had a very distinct view of his person; and it made that kind of impression on me that the recollection of it is still fresh in my memory at the moment I am now writing—a lapse of five-and-thirty years. He appeared small in person, *thin*, of a placid, grave expression, and a complexion of a clear, yellowish brown, quite equal and unvaried in colour.

It was impossible to avoid remarking the deep and universal feeling of pride and admiration with which the French regarded their youthful hero—he was then about thirty-two years old, but looked scarcely so much, perhaps from the slightness of his figure.

Tom Paine in Paris.—Few men ever had greater influence in their time for good or evil than Thomas Paine. As the able and active disseminator of those democratic and irreligious principles which, though apparently crushed and extinguished,

Still in their ashes burn their wonted fires,

and threaten from time to time to set the world again in a revolutionary blaze, this extraordinary man was a subject of interest and curiosity, both in what he had been and in what he had become. He was now a fallen meteor—poor, friendless, and almost dependent for his daily bread upon the casual bounty of some of his compassionate fellow-countrymen. He was at this time constantly to be seen at an obscure *cabaret* in an obscure street in the faubourg St. Germain (Café Jacob, Rue Jacob). The scene, as we entered the room from the street—it was on the groud-floor—was, under the circumstances, somewhat impressive. It was on a summer's evening, and several of the tables were occupied by men, apparently tradesmen and mechanics, some playing at the then universal game of dominoes, others drinking their bottle of light, frothy, but pleasant beer, or their little glass of liqueur, while in a retired part of the room sat the once-dreaded demagogue, the supposed conspirator against thrones and altars, the renowned Thomas Paine! He was in conversation with several well-dressed Irishmen, who soon afterwards took leave, and we placed ourselves at his table. His general appearance was mean and poverty-stricken. The portrait of him engraved by Sharp, from Romney's picture, is a good likeness; but he was now much withered and care-worn, though his dark eye still retained its sparkling vigour. He was fluent in speech, of mild and gentle demeanour, clear and distinct in enunciation, and his voice exceedingly soft and agreeable. The subject of his talk of course being political, resembled very much his printed opinions; and the dogmatic form in which he delivered them seemed to evince his own perfect self-conviction of their truth. Among many predictions that subsequent events have not verified, he expressed himself quite confident that the Bank of England would never resume cash payments.

Singular origin of Wilkie's "Distraining for Rent."—Early in this year (1812) he had decided on trying the success of an exhibition of his works collectively, and for this object engaged a commodious and well-situated room in Pall Mall (No. 87), in which were displayed twenty-nine of his pictures, ten of which were sketches of larger subjects, then also in the room, and seven of the remaining nineteen had been previously seen by the public at the annual exhibition of the six preceding years at Somerset House. The Wilkie Gallery was by far the most popular exhibition of the day, and was attended by throngs, while other pictorial attractions were comparatively deserted by the public. The profits, notwithstanding, were by no means proportionate; as, in addition to the necessary expenses of rent, fitting up, attendants, wages, advertisements, and posting-bills, a most untoward circumstance must be added to the debit side of the account—namely, the seizure of the pictures for rent, due by the person of whom Wilkie hired the rooms to the original landlord. The distraint was regularly made, and some of the pictures (the Rent Day, Vil-

lage Holiday, &c.) scheduled at a valuation by the broker, sufficient, in his estimation, to cover his employer's demand, and a man in due form placed in possession. The broker, as was his duty, put a very low price for greater security on the articles selected, though the sum of ten or twelve pounds for the Rent Day would seem somewhat ridiculous, from excess of caution. This vexatious interference was got over, of course, by the one only method—that of Wilkie paying the debt and costs in the first instance, and seeking his remedy against the debtor by deducting the future rent accruing for his use of the rooms. He was not so great a loser by this event as was at one time feared he might have been; and something may, I think, be fairly set off if the strong impression made upon Wilkie's mind by the occurrence led, as I believe it did, to the production of one of his pictures of the highest degree of excellence—namely, Distraining for Rent, which was the subject he commenced immediately afterwards.

Wilkie in Paris.—Among the incidental occurrences of this excursion Wilkie's proceedings with the French printsellers should not be forgotten, as strikingly illustrative of the modest and unassuming perseverance belonging to his character. He had taken with him a few impressions of the Village Politicians, then recently published, with the view of introducing the engraving to the knowledge of the Parisians, and his method of proceeding was to sally out in a morning with a roll of the prints under his arm, and call at the shops of the different dealers, submitting his merchandise to their inspection. As might be expected, he met with but small encouragement in his painstaking efforts from these patrons of the art on this occasion (strongly contrasting with subsequent success), while his own candour and conscious superiority were displayed in his frank and humorous relation of the circumstances attending each unsuccessful application. The printsellers, not aware of the quality of their applicant, generally admitted that the engraving was not without some merit, but that the subject was utterly unsuited to the refined and classical taste of the French nation, and was evidently only calculated for the *Low* Countries (*Les Pays Bas*). They all, to a man, declined to venture the smallest speculation in the *article*, though offered them on terms that might have tempted them on ordinary occasions. These negotiations ended, *re infecta*, by some impressions being left on sale or return with a M. Delpech when Wilkie came back to England. Before he quitted Paris, however, he had the satisfaction to hear that one had been sold; the purchaser was leader of the band at one of the theatres, the *Odeon*. The sale of the Wilkie prints in France has since become very extensive.

This volume (which is a very favourable specimen of the typographical skill and care of Mr. Frederick Shoberl, jun., of Rupert-street) has sufficient of popular interest to justify its being offered to the general public—the rather that three-fourths of it are devoted to *personal* sketches of the various artists, and other celebrated men, with whom the writer came into contact, during his long and varied career.

THE BANKER'S WIFE.*

WHATEVER the Juliets of the literary world may say or think, there is much "in a name"—much both of ill and of good: and if the work we are now called upon to notice had happened to have made its appearance anonymously, it would have offered a notable proof of both branches of the proposition. Mrs. Gore's name in the title-page will of course at once carry it into general circulation among the readers

* The Banker's Wife; or, Court and City. By Mrs. Gore, authoress of "Mothers and Daughters," "Mrs. Armytage." &c.

of narrative fiction, and will thus far prove the *good* of "a name." But had it been published anonymously, though it might have lingered for a few short weeks on the shelves of the circulating libraries, it would, after a brief period, have started into that sudden fame and popularity with all classes of readers, from the most thoughtless to the most thinking, which now it will be long in reaching, even if it attain them at all. The "name" of its writer, first as that of a woman, and secondly, as that of a popular "novelist," will long keep it out of the hands of those "grave and reverend signors," who are the chief dispensers of that reputation which they cannot compass for themselves, and who, till they allow Mrs. Gore to convince them of the fact by such books as "The Banker's Wife," will never be satisfied that a *woman* has been gifted with faculties of observing and setting forth the features of our common nature, for the mingled delight and benefit of all, for which they may look in vain among their own lordly sex. The truth is that "The Banker's Wife" should have been written by a man; or it should have been left possible (by an anonymous title-page) to suppose it so written. It would then have passed for the most masterly and instructive exposition that was ever put on paper, of that lucre-lust which is the most fatal and besetting vice of high civilization, and which half neutralizes all the virtues of that condition—its Aaron's rod—which, however, swallows up all the other vices of our time, only to disgorge them again in a more loathsome form than they possessed before. Of this "monster" vice of our day—the vilest in its origin, yet the most vast and all pervading in its effects, Mrs. Gore has here drawn a picture more moving and impressive to the moral sense than the loftiest fiction of old romance, or the most soul-subduing dream of modern "sentiment;" yet more true to the damning facts that daily beset the hearths and homes of every one of us than the most dry of ancient "chronicles," or the most popular of "histories."

Let not the *mere* novel-reader feel alarmed by this opening glance at the new production of his favourite writer; its "gaieties" are at the least as light, as sparkling, and as profuse as its "gravities" are weighty, sterling, and stamped with the impresses of moral and social truth. If "The Banker's Wife" is perhaps the most valuable and important contribution its accomplished author has yet made to that inestimable portion of our contemporary literature which aims at making its readers happier, by making them wiser and better, it is certainly inferior to none among the brilliant company of its predecessors, in those inexhaustible powers of entertainment in which this remarkable writer yields to none of her living rivals, and to a very few dead ones.

"The Banker's Wife" is, as we have intimated at the outset of our remarks, notably a tale of the present day—of the actual day and hour in which we live; and its second title of "Court and City," bespeaks the wide range taken by its scenes and characters. In this respect none of Mrs. Gore's novels appeal to the tastes and associations of a more numerous body of readers. Besides the Banker, Hamlyn, the hero of the story,—who wavers between "Court" and "City," and by rights belongs to neither,—we have the exclusive and aristocratic Vernons, the half-and-half Middeburys, the exotic but warmhearted and delightful old Nabob, Colonel Beaumont, the "fine" and fastidious Captain of the Blues, the frank and natural heir to the vast estate and ducal rank of the Rotherwoods, the gentle and suffering

Mrs. Hamlyn, "the Banker's Wife;" her pretty and piquant daughters; and, in short, a host of characters, each filling his or her appointed office in the living drama which the inexhaustible invention and untiring spirit of this admirable writer have here placed before us, with all the force and vividness of an old chronicler, added to all the ease, grace, and fluency of a modern improvisatrice.

THE SPAS OF GERMANY.

The indefatigable author of "The Spas of Germany," is evidently not a man to let the grass grow under his feet. So far from sitting down content with the European reputation achieved by his admirable book under the above title, and letting it grow gradually obsolete by means of the very changes and improvements which itself has effected, and is every year effecting, in the various places it describes, he has been diligently observing and noting those changes as they have occurred from time to time since his work was first published; and he now gives to the world the result of his unfailing activity and industry, in the form of a copious "Supplement" to "The Spas of Germany," in which he brings down his information concerning every one of them to the present time, and places the reader *au courant* of their actual condition and character, without (as the custom too often is) calling upon him to purchase a new edition of the entire work. This Supplement takes up each of the German Spas at the point where the author found and left them when he wrote his former descriptive, medical, and social account to them five or six years ago, and (having recently visited them for that express purpose) notes every change and amelioration that time, taste, or the exigencies of their infinitely enlarged body of annual visiters have given rise to,—bringing his varied and important information up to the actual period at which we write; for some of his remarks (in the shape of foot-notes) indicate that he is among the described localities at the very moment when this Supplement is passing through the press.

Dr. Granville has also given us an account, in this publication, of several new Spas, of great interest and importance (such as Homburg for instance, one of the Taunus group of Spas), which circumstances had allowed to escape his attention, or which have been discovered and tested since the date of his book; and of others, to which he had not previously done that justice which their disturbed merits claimed at his hands (such as the highly interesting and important one of Cannstadt, in the charming valley of the Neckar), he has here treated with that minuteness of detail which was the abounding merit of the descriptions in his volume entitled "The Spas of Germany." The result will be, that every possessor of the volume just named, will find this supplement absolutely indispensable to the completeness of his work; while, to those who grudge the expense of the general treatise in question, the present supplement will serve as an adequate guide and companion to several of the most effective as well as attractive Spas which Germany can boast. And this is especially the case in regard to those two—Homburg and Cannstadt—to which we have already referred.